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LOS ANGELES

The

WORKS

of

SHAKESPEARE,

Volume the ninth:

containing,

Troilus *and* Creſſida;
Cymbeline;
King Lear.

LONDON:
Printed for J. *and* R. TONSON *in the Strand.*

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TROILUS
and
CRESSIDA.

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PROLOGUE.

In *Troy*, there lies the ſcene. From iſles of *Greece*
The princes orgillous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of *Athens* ſent their ſhips
Fraught with the miniſters and inſtruments
Of cruel war: Sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from the *Athenian* bay
Put forth toward *Phrygia:* and their vow is made,
To ranſack *Troy*; within whoſe ſtrong immures
The raviſh'd *Helen*, *Menelaus'* queen,
With wanton *Paris* ſleeps, And that's the quarrel.
To *Tenedos* they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there diſgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: Now on *Dardan* plains
The freſh and yet unbruiſed *Greeks* do pitch
Their brave pavilions: *Priam*'s ſix-gated city
(Dardan, and *Thymbria*, *Ilias*, *Chetas*, *Troyan*,
And *Antenoridas)* with maſſy ſtaples,
And correſponſive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperrs up the ſons of *Troy*.
Now expectation, tickling ſkittiſh ſpirits,
On one and other ſide, *Trojan* and *Greek*,
Sets all on hazard: And hither am I come,
A prologue arm'd,—but not in confidence
Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but ſuited
In like conditions as our argument,—
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firſtlings of thoſe broils,
'Ginning in the middle; ſtarting thence away
To what may be digeſted in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleaſures are,
Now good, or bad, 'Tis but the chance of war.

28 v. *Note.* 29 *Beginning*

Perſons repreſented:

Agamemnon, *the* Greek *General:*
Menelaus, *his Brother.*
Achilles, *a valiant* Grecian:
Patroclus, *his Favourite:*
Therſites, *a Droll, his Follower.*
Ulyſſes,
Neſtor, Grecian *Commanders.*
Ajax, *and*
Diomedes,
Calchas, *a Prieſt, and* Trojan, *following the* Grecian *Party.*
Servant to Diomed.
Priam, *King of* Troy:
Hector,
Paris,
Troilus, *his Sons:*
Helenus, *and*
Deiphobus,
Margarelon, *baſtard Son to* Priam.
Æneas, *a valiant* Trojan.
Pandarus, *Uncle to* Creſſida.
Serv. to Creſſida; *Serv. to* Troilus; *Serv. to* Paris.

Helen, *Wife to* Menelaus.
Andromache, *Wife to* Hector.
Caſſandra, *Daughter to* Priam.
Creſſida, *Daughter to* Calchas.

Soldiers and divers Attendants, Greek *and* Trojan.

Scene, Troy; *and Plains adjoining.*

TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Troy. *Before* Priam'*s Palace.*

Enter TROILUS, *arm'd*; PANDARUS *following*.

Tro. Call here my varlet, I'll unarm again:
Why ſhould I war without the walls of *Troy*,
That find ſuch cruel battle here within?
Each *Trojan*, that is maſter of his heart,
Let him to field; *Troilus*, alas, hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

Tro. The *Greeks* are ſtrong, and ſkilful to their ſtrength,
Fierce to their ſkill, and to their fierceneſs valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than ſleep, fonder than ignorance;
Leſs valiant than the virgin in the night,
And ſkill-leſs as unpractiſ'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no farther. He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, muſt tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarry'd?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you muſt tarry the boulting.

Tro. Have I not tarry'd?

Pan. Ay, the boulting; but you muſt tarry the leav'ning.

Tro. Still have I tarry'd.

Pan. Ay, to the leav'ning: but here's yet in the word —hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating the oven, and the baking; nay, you muſt ſtay the cooling too, or you may chance burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herſelf, what goddeſs e'er ſhe be,
Doth leſſer blench at ſufferance than I do.
At *Priam*'s royal table do I ſit;
And when fair *Creſſid* comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor!—when ſhe comes,—When is ſhe thence?

Pan. Well, ſhe look'd yeſter-night fairer than ever I ſaw her look; or any woman elſe.

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,
As wedged with a ſigh, would rive in twain;
Leſt *Hector* or my father ſhould perceive me,
I have (as when the ſun doth light a ſtorm)
Bury'd this ſigh in wrinkle of a ſmile:
But ſorrow, that is couch'd in ſeeming gladneſs,
Is like that mirth fate turns to ſudden ſadneſs.

Pan. An her hair were not ſomewhat darker than *Helen*'s, (well, go to) there were no more compariſon between the women,—But, for my part, ſhe is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praiſe her,— But, I would, ſomebody had heard her talk yeſterday, as I did. I will not diſpraise your ſiſter *Caſſandra*'s wit: but—

Tro. O, *Pandarus!* I tell thee, *Pandarus*,—

[15] traitor then ſhe [21] a ſcorne

When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In *Creſſid*'s love: Thou anſwer'ſt, She is fair;
Pour'ſt in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait; her voice
Handl'ſt in thy diſcourſe: — O that her hand!
In whoſe compariſon all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whoſe ſoft ſeizure
The cygnet's down is harſh, in ſpirit of ſenſe
Hard as the palm of plowman! — this thou tell'ſt me,
As true thou tell'ſt me, when I ſay — I love her;
But, ſaying thus, inſtead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'ſt in every gaſh that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

PAN. I ſpeak no more than truth.

TRO. Thou doſt not ſpeak ſo much.

PAN. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as ſhe is: if ſhe be fair, 'tis the better for her; an ſhe be not, ſhe has the mends in her own hands.

TRO. Good *Pandarus!* Why, how now, *Pandarus?*

PAN. I have had my labour for my travel; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and between, but ſmall thanks for my labour.

TRO. What, art thou angry, *Pandarus?* what, with me?

PAN. Becauſe ſhe's kin to me, therefore ſhe's not ſo fair as *Helen:* an ſhe were not kin to me, ſhe would be as fair o'friday as *Helen* is on ſunday. But what care I? I care not, an ſhe were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

TRO. Say I, ſhe is not fair?

PAN. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a

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[10] harſh, and ſpirit

fool, to ſtay behind her father; let her to the *Greeks*; and ſo I'll tell her, the next time I ſee her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i'th' matter.

Tro. *Pandarus,*—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet *Pandarus,*—

Pan. Pray you, ſpeak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[*Exit* Pandarus. *Alarums heard.*

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude
ſounds!
Fools on both ſides! *Helen* muſt needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too ſtarv'd a ſubject for my ſword.
But *Pandarus*—O, gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to *Creſſid*, but by *Pandar*;
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woo,
As ſhe is ſtubborn-chaſt againſt all ſuit.
Tell me, *Apollo*, for thy *Daphne*'s love,
What *Creſſid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we?
Her bed is *India*; there ſhe lies, a pearl:
Between our *Ilium*, and where ſhe reſides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wand'ring flood;
Ourſelf, the merchant; and this ſailing *Pandar*,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Other Alarums. Enter Æneas.

Æne. How now, prince *Troilus*? wherefore not afield?

Tro. Because not there; This woman's anſwer ſorts,
For womaniſh it is to be from thence.
What news, *Æneas*, from the field to-day?

Æne. That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.

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19 ſtubborne, chaſt,

Tro. By whom, *Æneas?*
Æne. *Troilus*, by *Menelaus*.
Tro. Let *Paris* bleed: 'tis but a ſcar to ſcorn;
Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus'* horn. [*Alarums.*
Æne. Hark! what good ſport is out of town to-day!
Tro. Better at home, if *would I might* were *may*.
But, to the ſport abroad; — Are you bound thither?
Æne. In all ſwift haſte.
Tro. Come, go we then together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. A Street.*

Enter CRESSIDA, *and* Servant.

Cre. Who were thoſe went by?
Ser. Queen *Hecuba*, and *Helen*.
Cre. And whither go they?
Ser. Up to the eaſtern tower,
Whoſe height commands as ſubject all the vale,
To ſee the battle. *Hector*, whoſe patience
Is, as the virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:
He chid *Andromache*, and ſtrook his armorer;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the ſun roſe, he was harneſſ'd light,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foreſaw
In *Hector*'s wrath.
Cre. What was his cauſe of anger?
Ser. The noiſe goes, this: There is among the *Greeks*
A lord of *Trojan* blood, nephew to *Hector*;
They call him, *Ajax*.
Cre. Good; And what of him;
Ser. They ſay, he is a very man *per ſe*,
And ſtands alone.

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19 as a Vertue

Cre. So do all men; unleſs they are drunk, ſick, or have no legs.

Ser. This man, lady, hath rob'd many beaſts of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churliſh as the bear, ſlow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath ſo crowded humours, that his valour is cruſh'd into folly, his folly ſauced with diſcretion: there is no man hath a virtue, that he hath not a glimpſe of; nor any man an attaint, but he carries ſome ſtain of it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry againſt the hair: He hath the joints of every thing: but every thing ſo out of joint, that he is a gouty *Briareus*, many hands and no uſe; or purblinded *Argus*, all eyes and no ſight.

Cre. But how ſhould this man, that makes me ſmile, make *Hector* angry?

Ser. They ſay, he yeſterday cop'd *Hector* in the battle, and ſtrook him down; the diſdain and ſhame whereof hath ever ſince kept *Hector* faſting and waking.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here?

Ser. Madam, your uncle *Pandarus*.

Cre. *Hector*'s a gallant man.

Ser. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good morrow, uncle *Pandarus*.

Pan. Good morrow, couſin *Creſſid:* What do you talk of?—Good morrow, *Alexander:*—How do you, couſin? When were you at *Ilium?*

Cre. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? Was

Hector arm'd, and gone, ere ye came to *Ilium? Helen* was not up, was ſhe?

CRE. *Hector* was gone; but *Helen* was not up.

PAN. E'en ſo; *Hector* was ſtirring early.

CRE. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

PAN. Was he angry?

CRE. So he † ſays here.

PAN. True, he was ſo; I know the cauſe too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there's *Troilus* will not come far behind him; let them take heed of *Troilus*; I can tell them that too.

CRE. What, is he angry too?

PAN. Who, *Troilus? Troilus* is the better man of the two.

CRE. O *Jupiter!* — there's no compariſon.

PAN. What, not between *Troilus* and *Hector?* Do you know a man, if you ſee him?

CRE. Ay; if I ever ſaw him before, and knew him.

PAN. Well, I ſay, *Troilus* is *Troilus*.

CRE. Then you ſay as I ſay; for, I am ſure, he is not *Hector*.

PAN. No, nor *Hector* is not *Troilus*, in ſome degrees.

CRE. 'Tis juſt to each of them; he is himſelf.

PAN. Himſelf? Alas, poor *Troilus!* I would, he were,—

CRE. So he is.

PAN. —condition, I had gone bare-foot to *India*.

CRE. He is not *Hector*.

PAN. Himſelf? no, he's not himſelf; 'Would, a were himſelf! Well, the gods are above; Time muſt friend, or end: Well, *Troilus*, well, — I would, my heart were in her body! No, *Hector* is not a better man than *Troilus*.

CRE. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th'other's not come to't; you ſhall tell me another tale, when th'other's come to't. *Hector* ſhall not have his wit this year:

Cre. He ſhall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities:

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: *Helen* herſelf ſwore th'other day, that *Troilus*, for a brown favour, (for ſo 'tis, I muſt confeſs)—Not brown neither.

Cre. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to ſay truth, brown and not brown.

Cre. To ſay the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above *Paris.*

Cre. Why, *Paris* hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then, *Troilus* ſhould have too much: if ſhe prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praiſe for a good complexion. I had as lieve, *Helen*'s golden tongue had commended *Troilus* for a copper noſe.

Pan. I ſwear to you, I think, *Helen* loves him better than *Paris.*

Cre. Then ſhe's a merry *Greek*, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am ſure ſhe does. She came to him th'other day into the compaſt window,—and, you know, he has not paſt three or four hairs on his chin.

Cre. Indeed, a tapſter's arithmetick may ſoon bring

[5] his will this

his particulars therein to a total.

PAN. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother *Hector*.

CRE. Is he ſo young a man, and ſo old a lifter?

PAN. But, to prove to you that *Helen* loves him;—ſhe came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,—

CRE. *Juno* have mercy!—How came it cloven?

PAN. Why, you know, 'tis dimpl'd: I think, his ſmiling becomes him better than any man in all *Phrygia*.

CRE. O, he ſmiles valiantly.

PAN. Does he not?

CRE. O, yes; an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

PAN. Why, go to then: But, to prove to you that *Helen* loves *Troilus*;—

CRE. *Troilus* will ſtand to the proof, if you'll prove it ſo.

PAN. *Troilus?* why, he eſteems her no more than I eſteem an addle egg.

CRE. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i'the ſhell.

PAN. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how ſhe tickl'd his chin;—Indeed, ſhe has a marvel's white hand, I muſt needs confeſs:

CRE. Without the rack.

PAN. And ſhe takes upon her to ſpy a white hair on his chin:

CRE. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

PAN. But, there was ſuch laughing;—Queen *Hecuba* laugh'd, that her eyes ran o'er:

CRE. With milſtones.

PAN. And *Caſſandra* laugh'd:

CRE. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes;—Did her eyes run o'er too?

PAN. And *Hector* laugh'd:

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that *Helen* ſpy'd on *Troilus'* chin.

Cre. An't had been a green hair, I ſhould have laugh'd too.

Pan. They laugh'd not ſo much at the hair, as at his pretty anſwer.

Cre. What was his anſwer?

Pan. Quoth ſhe, *Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

Cre. This is her queſtion.

Pan. That's true; make no queſtion of that. *One and fifty hairs*, quoth he, *and one white: That white hair is my father, and all the reſt are his ſons.* Jupiter! quoth ſhe, *which of these hairs is* Paris *my husband? The forked one*, quoth he; *pluck't out, and give it him.* But, there was ſuch laughing! and *Helen* ſo bluſh'd, and *Paris* ſo chaf'd, and all the reſt ſo laugh'd, that it paſs'd.

Cre. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, couſin, I told you a thing yeſterday; think on't.

Cre. So I do.

Pan. I'll be ſworn, 'tis true; he will weep you—an 'twere a man born in *April.*

Cre. And I'll ſpring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle againſt *May.* [*Retreat heard.*

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we ſtand up here, and ſee them, as they paſs toward *Ilium?* good niece, do; ſweet niece *Creſſida.*

Cre. At your pleaſure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent † place; here we may ſee moſt bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they paſs by; but mark *Troilus* above the reſt.

Flouriſh. Enter certain Troops, and paſs over;
Æneas *with them.*

Cre. Speak not ſo loud.

Pan. That's † *Æneas*; Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of *Troy*, I can tell you; But mark *Troilus*; you ſhall ſee anon.

Antenor *paſſes over.*

Cre. Who's that?

Pan. That's † *Antenor*; he has a ſhrowd wit, I can tell you; and he's man good enough: he's one o'th' ſoundeſt judgments in *Troy*, whoſoever; and a proper man of perſon: — When comes *Troilus*? — I'll ſhew you *Troilus* anon; if he ſee me, you ſhall ſee him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You ſhall ſee.

Cre. If he do, the rich ſhall have more.

Hector *paſſes over.*

Pan. That's † *Hector*, that, that, look you, that; There's a fellow! — Go thy way, *Hector*; — There's a brave man, niece; — O brave *Hector*! — Look how he looks; there's a countenance; Is't not a brave man?

Cre. O, a brave man.

Pan. Is a not? it does a man's heart good — Look you, what hacks are on his helmet? look you yonder, do you ſee? look you there: There's no jeſting: laying on; take't off who will, as they ſay: there be hacks.

Cre. Be those with ſwords?

Pan. Swords? any thing, he cares not; an the devil come to him, it's all one: By god's lid, it does one's heart good:—Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris:*

Paris *paſſes over.*

look ye yonder, niece; Is't not a gallant man too, is't not?—Why, this is brave now· Who ſaid, he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do *Helen*'s heart good now. Ha! 'would I could ſee *Troilus* now!—you ſhall ſee *Troilus* anon.

Helenus *paſſes over.*

Cre. Who's that?

Pan. That's *Helenus*,—I marvel, where *Troilus* is;—that's *Helenus*;—I think, he went not forth to-day;—that's *Helenus.*

Cre. Can *Helenus* fight, uncle?

Pan. *Helenus?* no;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well:—I marvel, where *Troilus* is!—Hark; do you not hear the people cry, *Troilus? Helenus* is a prieſt.

Troilus *paſſes over.*

Cre. What ſneaking fellow comes yonder?

Pan. Where? yonder? that's *Deiphobus:* 'Tis *Troilus!* There's a man, niece!—hem!—Brave *Troilus!* the prince of chivalry!

Cre. Peace, for ſhame, peace.

Pan. Mark him; note him;—O brave *Troilus!*—look well upon him, niece; look you, how his ſword is bloody'd, and his helm more hack'd than *Hector*'s; And how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth!—he ne'er ſaw three and twenty. Go thy way, *Troilus*, go thy way; had I a ſiſter were a grace, or a daughter a goddeſs, he ſhould take his choice. *Paris? Paris* is dirt to him; and, I warrant, *Helen*, to change, would give money to boot.

Other Troops paſs over.

CRE. Here come more.

PAN. Aſſes, fools, dolts; chaff and bran, chaff and bran, porredge after meat. I could live and die i'the eyes of *Troilus.* Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws. I had rather be ſuch a man as *Troilus*, than *Agamemnon* and all *Greece.*

CRE. There is among the *Greeks*, *Achilles*; a better man than *Troilus.*

PAN. *Achilles?* a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

CRE. Well, well.

PAN. Well, well? Why, have you any diſcretion? have you any eyes? do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good ſhape, diſcourſe, manhood, learning, gentleneſs, virtue, youth, liberality, and ſuch like, the ſpice and ſalt that ſeaſon a man?

CRE. Ay, a minc'd man: and then to be bak'd with no date in the pye,—for then the man's date's out.

PAN. You are ſuch a woman! a man knows not at what ward you lye.

CRE. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my ſecreſy, to defend mine honeſty; my maſk, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all theſe: and at all theſe wards I lye, at a thouſand watches.

PAN. Say one of your watches.

CRE. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefeſt of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unleſs it ſwell paſt hiding, and then it's paſt watching.

PAN. You are ſuch another!

Enter Troilus' *Boy.*

Boy. Sir, my lord would inſtantly ſpeak with you.

PAN. Where?

Boy. At your own houſe; there he unarms him.

PAN. Good boy, tell him I come: [*Exit* Boy.] I doubt, he be hurt. — Fare ye well, good niece.

CRE. Adieu, uncle.

PAN. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

CRE. To bring, uncle, —

PAN. Ay, a token from *Troilus.* [*Exit.*

CRE. By the ſame token — you are a bawd. —
Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full ſacrifice,
He offers in another's enterpriſe:
But more in *Troilus* thouſand fold I ſee,
Than in the glaſs of *Pandar*'s praiſe may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing;
Things won are done, joy's ſoul lies in the doing:
That ſhe belov'd knows nought, that knows not this, —
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:
That ſhe was never yet, that ever knew
Love got ſo ſweet, as when desire did ſue:
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach, —
Atchievement is, command; ungain'd, beſeech:
Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that ſhall from mine eyes appear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The* Grecian *Camp. Before a Tent.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES,
MENELAUS, *and Others.*

AGA. Princes,

What grief hath ſet this jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample propoſition, that hope makes
In all deſigns begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeneſs: checks and diſaſters
Grow in the veins of actions higheſt rear'd;
As knots, by the conflúx of meeting ſap,
Infect the ſound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his courſe of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come ſhort of our ſuppoſe ſo far,
That, after ſeven years' ſiege, yet *Troy* walls ſtand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not anſwering the aim,
And that unbody'd figure of the thought
That gave't ſurmised ſhape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abaſh'd behold our works;
And think them ſhames, which are, indeed, nought elſe
But the protractive trials of great *Jove*,
To find persiſtive conſtancy in men?
The fineneſs of which metal is not found
In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
The wiſe and fool, the artiſt and unread,
The hard and ſoft, ſeem all affin'd and kin:
But, in the wind and tempeſt of her frown,
Diſtinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath maſs, or matter, by itſelf
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.
NES. With due obſervance of thy godlike ſeat,
Great *Agamemnon*, *Neſtor* ſhall apply
Thy lateſt words. In the reproof of chance

[1] theſe Jaundies [7] diverts [28] v. *Note.*

Lies the true proof of men: The ſea being ſmooth,
How many ſhallow bauble boats dare ſail
Upon her patient breaſt, making their way
With those of nobler bulk?
But let the ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Thetis*, and, anon, behold
The ſtrong-rib'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moiſt elements
Like *Perſeus*' horſe: Where's then the ſaucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd ſides but even now
Co-rival'd greatneſs? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toaſt for *Neptune*. Even ſo
Doth valour's ſhew, and valour's worth, divide
In ſtorms of fortune: For, in her ray and brightneſs,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize,
Than by the tiger: but when the ſplitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies flee under ſhade, Why, then, the thing of courage,
As rouz'd with rage, with rage doth ſympathize,
And, with an accent tun'd in ſelf-ſame key,
Returns to chiding fortune.
  ULY. *Agamemnon*,—
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of *Greece*,
Heart of our numbers, ſoul and only ſpirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be ſhut up,—hear what *Ulyſſes* ſpeaks.
Beſides the applause and approbation,
The which,—moſt mighty for thy place and ſway,—
And thou moſt reverend for thy ſtretcht-out life,—
I give to both your ſpeeches,—which were ſuch,
As *Agamemnon* and the hand of *Greece*
Should hold up high in braſs; and ſuch again,

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18 fled under 21 Retires

As venerable *Neſtor*, hatch'd in ſilver,
Should with a bónd of air (ſtrong as the axle-tree
On which heaven rides) knit all the *Greekiſh* ears
To his experienc'd tongue,—let it pleaſe both,—
Thou great, and wiſe,—to hear *Ulyſſes* ſpeak.
Aga. Speak, prince of *Ithaca:* and we leſs expect
That matter needleſs, of importleſs burthen,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank *Therſites* opes his maſtiff jaws,
We ſhall hear muſick, wit, and oracle.
Uly. *Troy*, yet upon her baſis, had been down,
And the great *Hector*'s ſword had lack'd a maſter,
But for theſe inſtances.
The ſpecialty of rule hath been neglected;
And, look, how many *Grecian* tents do ſtand
Hollow upon this plain, ſo many hollow factions.
When that the general is not lik'd o'the hive,
To whom the foragers ſhall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthieſt ſhews as fairly in the maſk.
The heavens themſelves, the planets, and this center,
Obſerve degree, priority, and place,
Inſiſture, courſe, proportion, ſeaſon, form,
Office, and cuſtom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet, *Sol*,
In noble eminence enthron'd and ſpher'd
Amid'ſt the other; whoſe med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aſpécts of planets evil,
And poſts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad: But, when the planets,
In evil mixture, to diſorder wander,
What plagues, and what porténts? what mutiny?

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4 yet let 6 and be't of leſſe 9 Maſticke 17 like the

What raging of the ſea? ſhaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and marry'd calm of ſtates
Quite from their fixure? O, when degree is ſhak'd,
Which is the ladder of all high deſigns,
The enterprise is ſick! How could communities,
Degrees in ſchools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commérce from dívidáble ſhores,
The primogeniture and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, ſcepters, laurels,
But by degree, ſtand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that ſtring,
And, hark, what diſcord follows! each thing meets
In meer oppugnancy: The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the ſhores,
And make a ſop of all this ſolid globe:
Strength ſhould be lord of imbecility,
And the rude ſon ſhould ſtrike his father dead:
Force ſhould be right; or, rather, right and wrong
(Between whose endleſs jar juſtice resides)
Should lose their names, and ſo ſhould juſtice too.
Then every thing includes itſelf in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an univerſal wolf,
So doubly ſeconded with will and power,
Muſt make perforce an univerſal prey,
And, laſt, eat up himſelf. Great *Agamemnon*,
This chaos, when degree is ſuffocate,
Follows the choaking.
And this neglection of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward in a purpose

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10 primogenitive

It hath to climb: The general's diſdain'd
By him one ſtep below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: ſo every ſtep,
Exampl'd by the firſt pace that is ſick
Of his ſuperior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodleſs emulation:
And 'tis this fever that keeps *Troy* on foot,
Not her own ſinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakneſs ſtands, not in her ſtrength.
Nes. Moſt wisely hath *Ulyſſes* here diſcover'd
The fever whereof all our power is ſick.
Aga. The nature of the ſickneſs found, *Ulyſſes*,
What is the remedy?
Uly. The great *Achiles*, — whom opinion crowns
The ſinew and the forehand of our hoſt, —
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our deſigns: With him, *Patroclus*,
Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
Breaks ſcurril jeſts;
And with ridiculous and aukward action
(Which, ſlanderer, he imitation calls)
He pageants us. Sometime, great *Agamemnon*,
Thy topleſs deputation he puts on;
And, like a ſtrutting player, — whose conceit
Lies in his ham-ſtring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and ſound
'Twixt his ſtretch'd footing and the ſcaffoldage, —
Such to-be-pity'd and o'er-reſted ſeeming
He acts thy greatneſs in: and when he ſpeaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unſquar'd,
Which, from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* drop'd,

Would ſeem hyperboles. At this fuſty ſtuff,
The large *Achilles*, on his preſſ'd bed lolling,
From his deep cheſt laughs out a loud applauſe;
Cries, *Excellent! 'tis* Agamemnon *juſt.*
Now play me Neſtor; *hem, and ſtroak thy beard,*
As he, being 'dreſt to ſome oration.
That's done; as near as the extreameſt ends
Of parallels, like as *Vulcan* and his wife:
Yet good *Achilles* ſtill cries, *Excellent!*
'Tis Neſtor *right: Now play him me,* Patroclus,
Arming to anſwer in a night alarm.
And then, forſooth, the faint defects of age
Muſt be the ſcene of mirth; to cough, and ſpit,
And, with a palsy fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet: and at this ſport
Sir Valour dies; cries, *O, enough,* Patroclus;
Or give me ribs of ſteel! I ſhall ſplit all
In pleaſure of my ſpleen. And in this faſhion
All our abilities, gifts, natures, ſhapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Atchievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or ſpeech for truce,
Succeſs, or loſs, what is, or is not, ſerves
As ſtuff for these two to make paradoxes.
NES. And in the imitation of these twain
(Whom, as *Ulyſſes* ſays, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice) many are infect.
Ajax is grown ſelf-will'd; and bears his head
In ſuch a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad *Achilles*: keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feaſts; rails on our ſtate of war,
Bold as an oracle: and ſets *Therſites*

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[8] as like as [26] Who as

(A ſlave, whoſe gall coins ſlanders like a mint)
To match us in compariſons with dirt;
To weaken and diſcredit our exposure,
How rank ſoever rounded in with danger.
ULY. They tax our policy, and call it cowardiſe;
Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Foreſtal preſcience, and eſteem no act
But that of hand: the ſtill and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands ſhall ſtrike,
When fitneſs calls them on; and know, by measure
Of their obſervant toil, the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;
They call this—bed-work mappery, closet war:
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great ſwing and rudeneſs of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine;
Or those, that with the fineneſs of their ſouls
By reason guide his execution.
NES. Let this be granted, and *Achilles'* horſe
Makes many *Thetis'* ſons. [*Trumpet heard.*
AGA. What trumpet's that? look, *Menelaus.*
MEN. From *Troy.*

Enter ÆNEAS.

AGA. What would you 'fore our tent?
ÆNE. Is this great *Agamemnon*'s tent, I pray you?
AGA. Even this.
ÆNE. May one, that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair meſſage to his kingly ears?
AGA. With ſurety ſtronger than *Achilles'* arm
'Fore all the *Greekiſh* heads, which with one voice
Call *Agamemnon* head and general.
ÆNE. Fair leave, and large ſecurity. How may

A ſtranger to thoſe moſt imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?
Aga. How?
Æne. I aſk, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a bluſh
Modeſt as morning when ſhe coldly eyes
The youthful *Phœbus:*
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon?*
Aga. This *Trojan* ſcorns us; or the men of *Troy*
Are ceremonious courtiers.
Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd.
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would ſeem ſoldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, ſtrong joints, true ſwords; and, *Jove*'s accord,
Nothing ſo full of heart. But peace, *Æneas*,
Peace, *Trojan*; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthineſs of praise diſtains his worth,
If that the prais'd himſelf bring the praise forth:
What the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows; that praise, ſole pure, tranſcends.
Aga. Sir, you of *Troy*, call you yourſelf *Æneas?*
Æne. Ay, *Greek*, that is my name.
Aga. What's your affair, I pray you?
Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for *Agamemnon*'s ears. [*Troy*.
Aga. He hears nought privately, that comes from
Æne. Nor I from *Troy* come not to whiſper him:
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To ſet his ſenſe on the attentive bent,
And then to ſpeak.
Aga. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not *Agamemnon*'s ſleeping hour:

That thou ſhalt know, *Trojan*, he is awake,
He tells thee ſo himſelf.
Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy braſs voice through all these lazy tents ;—
And every *Greek* of mettle, let him know,
What *Troy* means fairly ſhall be ſpoke aloud.
[*Trumpet ſounds.*
We have, great *Agamemnon*, here in *Troy*
A prince called *Hector*, *Priam* is his father,
Who in this dull and long-continu'd truce
Is ruſty grown ; he bad me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose ſpeak. Kings, princes, lords !
If there be one, among the fair'ſt of *Greece*,
That holds his honour higher than his ease;
That ſeeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear ;
That loves his miſtreſs more than in confeſſion,
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves)
And dare avow her beauty, and her worth,
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of *Trojans* and of *Greeks*,
Shall make it good, or do his beſt to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever *Greek* did compaſs in his arms ;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of *Troy*,
To rouze a *Grecian* that is true in love :
If any come, *Hector* ſhall honour him ;
If none, he'll ſay in *Troy*, when he retires,
The *Grecian* dames are ſun-burnt, and not worth
The ſplinter of a lance. Even ſo much.
Aga. This ſhall be told our lovers, lord *Æneas*;

If none of them have ſoul in ſuch a kind,
We left them all at home: But we are ſoldiers;
And may that ſoldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets *Hector*; if none elſe, I am he.
Nes. Tell him of *Neſtor*, one that was a man
When *Hector*'s grandſire ſuck'd: he is old now;
But, if there be not in our *Grecian* hoſt
One noble man, that hath one ſpark of fire
To anſwer for his love, Tell him from me,—
I'll hide my ſilver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;'
And, meeting him, will tell him, That my lady
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaſt
As may be in the world: His youth in flood,
I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.
Æne. Now heavens forbid ſuch ſcarcity of youth!
Aga. Amen.—
Fair lord *Æneas*, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion ſhall I lead you, ſir.
Achilles ſhall have word of this intent;
So ſhall each lord of *Greece*, from tent to tent:
Yourſelf ſhall feaſt with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.
[*Exeunt All but* Uly. *and* Neſ.
Uly. *Neſtor*,—
Nes. What ſays *Ulyſſes*?
Uly. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to ſome ſhape.
Nes. What is't?
Uly. Blunt wedges rive hard knots: The ſeeded [pride

'9 v. *Note.*

That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank *Achilles*, muſt or now be crop'd,
Or, ſhedding, breed a nurſery of like evil,
To over-bulk us all.
Nes. Well, ſir, and how?
Uly. This challenge that the gallant *Hector* ſends,
However it is ſpread in general name,
Relates in purpoſe only to *Achilles*.
Nes. The purpoſe is perſpicuous even as ſubſtance,
Whoſe groſſneſs little characters ſum up:
And, in the publication, make no ſtrain,
But that *Achilles*, were his brain as barren
As banks of *Lybia*,—though, *Apollo* knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will with great ſpeed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find *Hector*'s purpoſe
Pointing on him.
Uly. And wake him to the anſwer, think you?
Nes. Yes;
It is moſt meet; Whom may you elſe oppoſe,
That can from *Hector* bring thoſe honours off,
If not *Achilles?* Though't be a ſportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the *Trojans* taſte our dear'ſt repute
With their fin'ſt palate: And truſt to me, *Ulyſſes*,
Our imputation ſhall be oddly poiz'd
In this wild action: for the ſucceſs,
Although particular, ſhall give a ſcantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in ſuch indexes, although ſmall pricks
To their ſubſéquent volumes, there is ſeen
The baby figure of the giant maſs
Of things to come at large. It is ſuppos'd,

He, that meets *Hector*, iſſues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our ſouls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere, from forth us all, a man diſtill'd
Out of our virtues; Who miſcarrying,
What heart receives from hence, a conquering part,
To ſteel a ſtrong opinion to themſelves? [meet,
Uly. Give pardon to my ſpeech;—Therefore 'tis
Achilles meet not *Hector*: Let us, like merchants,
Firſt ſhew foul wares, and think perchance they'll ſell;
If not,
The luſtre of the better ſhall exceed,
By ſhewing the worſe firſt. Do not conſent,
That ever *Hector* and *Achilles* meet;
For both our honour and our ſhame, in this,
Are dog'd with two ſtrange followers.
Nes. What are they?
I ſee them not with my old eyes; What are they?
Uly. What glory our *Achilles* ſhares from *Hector*,
Were he not proud, we all ſhould ſhare with him:
But he already is too inſolent;
And we were better parch in *Africk* ſun,
Than in the pride and ſalt ſcorn of his eyes,
Should he 'ſcape *Hector* fair: If he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion cruſh
In taint of our beſt man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockiſh *Ajax* draw
The ſort to fight with *Hector*: Among ourſelves,
Give him allowance for the better man:
For that will phyſick the great *Myrmidon*,
Who broils in loud applauſe; and make him fall
His creſt, that prouder than blue *Iris* bends.

If the dull brainleſs *Ajax* come ſafe off,
We'll dreſs him up in voices: If he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion ſtill,
That we have better men. But, hit or miſs,
Our project's life this ſhape of ſenſe aſſumes,—
Ajax employ'd plucks down *Achilles'* plumes.
Nes. Now I begin to reliſh thy advice;
And I will give a taſte of it forthwith
To *Agamemnon:* go we to him ſtraight.
Two curs ſhall tame each other; Pride alone
Muſt tar the maſtiffs on, as 'twere their bone. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The ſame. Another Part of it.*

Enter THERSITES, AJAX *following.*

Aja. *Therſites,*—

The. *Agamemnon*—how if he had biles? full, all over generally?

Aja. *Therſites,*—

The. And thoſe biles did run? Say ſo, did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core?

Aja. Dog,—

The. Then there would come ſome matter from him; I ſee none now.

Aja. Thou bitch-wolf's ſon, can'ſt thou not hear? Feel then. [*ſtriking him.*

The. The plague of *Greece* upon thee, thou mungrel beef-witted lord!

Aja. Speak then, thou unſalted leaven, ſpeak: I will beat thee into handſomeneſs.

7 Now *Ulyſſes,* I

The. I ſhall ſooner rail thee into wit and holineſs: but, I think, thy horſe will ſooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canſt ſtrike, canſt thou? a red murrain o'thy jade's tricks!

Aja. Toad-ſtool, learn me the proclamation.

The. Doſt thou think, I have no ſenſe, thou ſtrik'ſt me thus?

Aja. The proclamation.

The. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Aja. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

The. I would, thou did'ſt itch from head to foot, and I had the ſcratching of thee; I would make thee the loathſom'ſt ſcab in *Greece.*

Aja. I ſay, the proclamation.

The. Thou grumbl'ſt and raileſt every hour on *Achilles:* and thou art as full of envy at his greatneſs, as *Cerberus* is at *Proſerpina's* beauty; ay, that thou bark'ſt at him.

Aja. Miſtreſs *Therſites!*

The. Thou ſhould'ſt ſtrike him.

Aja. Cob-loaf!

The. He would pound thee into ſhivers with his fiſt, as a ſailor breaks a biſket.

Aja. You whorſon cur! [*beating him.*

The. Do, do.

Aja. Thou ſtool for a witch!

The. Ay, do, do: Thou ſodden-witted lord! thou haſt no more brain, than I have in mine elbows; an *aſſinego* may tutor thee: Thou ſcurvy valiant aſs! thou art here but to thraſh *Trojans*; and thou art bought and ſold among thoſe of any wit, like a *Barbarian* ſlave. If thou uſe to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, Thou thing of no

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21 punne thee 28 *Aſinico*

bowels, thou!

Aja. You dog! [*beating him.*

The. You ſcurvy lord!

Aja. You cur!

The. *Mars* his ideot! do, rudeneſs; do, camel; do, do.

Enter Achilles, *and* Patroclus.

Ach. Why, how now, *Ajax?* wherefore do you thus?— How now, *Therſites?* what's the matter, man?

The. You ſee him † there, do you?

Ach. Ay; What's the matter?

The. Nay, look upon him.

Ach. So I do; What's the matter?

The. Nay, but regard him well.

Ach. Well, why I do ſo.

The. But yet you look not well upon him: for, whoſoever you take him to be, he is *Ajax.*

Ach. I know that, fool.

The. Ay, but that fool knows not himſelf.

Aja. Therefore I beat thee.

The. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus † long. I have bob'd his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine ſparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a ſparrow. This lord, *Achilles, Ajax,*—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I tell you what I ſay of him:

Ach. What?

The. I ſay, this *Ajax*—

Ach. Nay, good *Ajax.* [*ſtaying him.*

The. has not ſo much wit—

Ach. Nay, I muſt hold you.

The. as will ſtop the eye of *Helen*'s needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Ach. Peace, fool!

The. I would have peace and quietneſs, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

Aja. O thou damn'd cur! I ſhall —

Ach. Will you ſet your wit to a fool's?

The. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will ſhame it.

Pat. Good words, *Therſites.*

Ach. What's the quarrel?

Aja. I bad the vile owl, go learn me the tenure of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

The. I ſerve thee not.

Aja. Well, go to, go to.

The. I ſerve here voluntary.

Ach. Your laſt ſervice was ſufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary: *Ajax* was here the voluntary, and you as under an impreſs.

The. E'en ſo? a great deal of your wit too lies in your ſinews, or elſe there be liars: *Hector* ſhall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; a'were as good crack a fuſty nut with no kernel.

Ach. What, with me too, *Therſites?*

The. There's *Ulyſſes* and old *Neſtor,* — whoſe wit was mouldy ere your grandſires had nails on their toes, — yoke you like draft oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

Ach. What, what?

The. Yes, good ſooth; *To,* Achilles! *to,* Ajax! *to!*

Aja. I ſhall cut out your tongue

The. 'Tis no matter; I ſhall ſpeak as much wit as thou, afterwards.

Pat. No more words, *Therſites*; peace.

24 ere their Grandſires

THE. I will hold my peace when *Achilles'* brach bids me, ſhall I?

ACH. There's for you, *Patroclus.*

THE. I will ſee you hang'd, like clot-poles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit ſtirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

PAT. A good riddance.

ACH. Marry, this, ſir, is proclaim'd through all our
That *Hector*, by the firſt hour of the ſun, [hoſt:
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and *Troy*,
To-morrow morning call ſome knight to arms,
That hath a ſtomach; and ſuch a one, that dare
Maintain — I know not what; 'tis traſh. Farewel,

AJA. Farewel. Who ſhall anſwer him?

ACH. I know not, it is put to lottery; otherwiſe,
He knew his man. [*Exeunt* ACH. *and* PAT.

AJA. O, meaning you: I'll go learn more of it. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. Troy. *A Room in* Priam's *Palace.*

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS,
PARIS, *and* HELENUS.

PRI. After ſo many hours, lives, ſpeeches ſpent,
Thus once again ſays *Neſtor* from the *Greeks*;
Deliver Helen, *and all damage elſe*—
As honour, loſs of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what elſe dear that is conſum'd
In hot digeſtion of this cormorant war,—
Shall be ſtrook off:—*Hector*, what ſay you to't?

HEC. Though no man leſſer fears the *Greeks* than I,
As far as toucheth my particular, yet,
Dread *Priam*,
There is no lady of more ſofter bowels,

[a] brooch

More ſpungy to ſuck in the ſenſe of fear,
More ready to cry out—*Who knows what follows?*
Than *Hector* is: The wound of peace is ſurety,
Surety ſecure; but modeſt doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that ſearches
To the bottom of the worſt. Let *Helen* go:
Since the firſt ſword was drawn about this queſtion,
Every tithe ſoul, 'mongſt many thousand dismes,
Hath been as dear as *Helen*; I mean, of ours:
If we have loſt ſo many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours; nor worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reason, which denies
The yielding of her up?
TRO. Fie, fie, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a ſcale
Of common ounces? will you with counters ſum
The vaſt proportion of his infinite?
Or buckle-in a waſte moſt fathomleſs,
With ſpans and inches ſo diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly ſhame!
HEL. No marvel, though you bite ſo ſharp at reasons,
You are ſo empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great ſway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your ſpeech hath none, that tells him ſo?
TRO. You are for dreams and ſlumbers, brother prieſt,
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:
You know, an enemy intends you harm;
You know, a ſword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels then, when *Helenus* beholds

A *Grecian* and his ſword, if he do ſet
The very wings of reason to his heels;
And fly like chidden *Mercury* from *Jove*,
Or like a ſtar diſorb'd? Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's ſhut our gates, and ſleep: Manhood and honour
Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cram'd reason: reason and reſpect
Make livers pale, and luſtihood deject.
HEC. Brother, ſhe is not worth what ſhe doth coſt
The holding.
TRO. What is aught, but as 'tis valu'd?
HEC. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his eſtimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itſelf,
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the ſervice greater than the god;
And the will doats, that is inclinable
To what infectiouſly itſelf affects,
Without ſome image of the affected's merit.
TRO. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindl'd by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous ſhores
Of will and judgment; How may I avoid,
Although my will diſtaſte what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to ſtand firm by honour:
We turn not back the ſilks upon the merchant,
When we have ſoil'd them; nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unreſpective place,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris ſhould do ſome vengeance on the *Greeks*:

Your breath of full conſent belly'd his ſails ;
The ſeas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him ſervice : he touch'd the ports deſir'd ;
And, for an old aunt, whom the *Greeks* held captive,
He brought a *Grecian* queen, whoſe youth and freſhneſs
Wrinkles *Apollo*'s, and makes pale the morning.
Why keep we her ? the *Grecians* keep our aunt :
Is ſhe worth keeping ? why, ſhe is a pearl,
Whoſe price hath launch'd above a thouſand ſhips,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you'll avouch, 'twas wiſdom *Paris* went,
(As you muſt needs, for you all cry'd—*Go, go*)
If you'll confeſs, he brought home noble prize,
(As you muſt needs, for you all clap'd your hands,
And cry'd—*Ineſtimable !*) why do you now
The iſſue of your proper wiſdoms rate ;
And do a deed that fortune never did,
Beggar the eſtimation which you priz'd
Richer than ſea and land ? O theft moſt baſe ;
That we have ſtoln what we do fear to keep !
Baſe thieves, unworthy of a thing ſo ſtoln ;
That in their country did them that diſgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place !
CAS. [*within.*] Cry, *Trojans*, cry !
PRI. What noiſe, what ſhriek is this ?
TRO. 'Tis our mad ſiſter, I do know her voice.
CAS. [*within.*] Cry, *Trojans !*
HEC. 'Tis *Caſſandra.*

Enter CASSANDRA, *wildly.*

CAS. Cry, *Trojans*, cry ! lend me ten thouſand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.
HEC. Peace, ſiſter, peace.

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21 But theeves

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkl'd old,
Soft infancy, that nothing can'ſt but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that maſs of moan to come.
Cry, *Trojans*, cry, practiſe your eyes with tears!
Troy muſt not be, nor goodly *Ilion* ſtand;
Our fire-brand brother *Paris* burns us all.
Cry, *Trojans*, cry! a *Helen*, and a woe:
Cry, cry! *Troy* burns, or elſe let *Helen* go.
[*Exit* CASSANDRA.

Hec. Now, youthful *Troilus*, do not these high ſtrains
Of divination in our ſiſter work
Some touches of remorſe? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no diſcourſe of reason,
Nor fear of bad ſucceſs in a bad cause,
Can qualify the ſame?

Tro. Why, brother *Hector*,
We may not think the juſtneſs of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because *Caſſandra*'s mad; her brain-ſick raptures
Cannot diſtaſte the goodneſs of a quarrel,
Which hath our ſeveral honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all *Priam*'s ſons:
And *Jove* forbid, there ſhould be done amongſt us
Such things as might offend the weakeſt ſpleen
To fight for and maintain!

Par. Elſe might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings, as your counſels:
But I atteſt the gods, your full conſent
Gave wings to my propenſion, and cut off

All fears attending on ſo dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my ſingle arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To ſtand the puſh and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I proteſt,
Were I alone to paſs the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris ſhould ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the purſuit.
PRI. *Paris*, you ſpeak
Like one beſotted on your ſweet delights:
You have the honey ſtill, but these the gall;
So to be valiant, is no praise at all.
PAR. Sir, I propose not meerly to myſelf
The pleasures ſuch a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the ſoil of her fair rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ranſack'd queen,
Diſgrace to your great worths, and ſhame to me,
Now to deliver her poſſeſſion up
On terms of baſe compulſion? can it be,
That ſo degenerate a ſtrain as this
Should once ſet footing in your generous bosoms?
There's not the meaneſt ſpirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or ſword to draw,
When *Helen* is defended; nor none ſo noble,
Whose life were ill beſtow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where *Helen* is the ſubject: then, I ſay,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large ſpaces cannot parallel.
HEC. *Paris*, and *Troilus*, you have both ſaid well;
And on the cause and queſtion now in hand

Have gloz'd, but ſuperficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom *Ariſtotle* thought
Unfit to hear moral philoſophy:
The reaſons, you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot paſſion of diſtemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; For pleaſure, and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true deciſion. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners; Now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the husband? if this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection;
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benummed wills, reſiſt the ſame;
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb thoſe raging appetites that are
Moſt diſobedient and refráctory:
If *Helen* then be wife to *Sparta*'s king,—
As, it is known, ſhe is,—theſe moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, ſpeak aloud
To have her back return'd: Thus to perſiſt
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. *Hector*'s opinion
Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheleſs,
My ſpritely brethren, I propend to you
In reſolution to keep *Helen* ſtill;
For 'tis a cauſe that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and ſeveral dignities.

TRO. Why, there you touch'd the life of our deſign:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving ſpleens,

I would not wiſh a drop of *Trojan* blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy *Hector*,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A ſpur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame, in time to come, canónize us:
For, I presume, brave *Hector* would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As ſmiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hec. I am yours,
You valiant off-ſpring of great *Priamus*.—
I have a roiſting challenge ſent amongſt
The dull and factious nobles of the *Greeks*,
Will ſtrike amazement to their drowzy ſpirits:
I was advértiz'd, their great general ſlept,
Whilſt emulation in the army crept;
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE III. *The* Greek *Camp*. *Before* Achilles' *Tent*.

Enter THERSITES.

The. How now, *Therſites?* what, loſt in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant *Ajax* carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy ſatiſfaction! 'would, it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilſt he rail'd at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll ſee ſome iſſue of my ſpiteful execrations. Then there's *Achilles*,—a rare engineer· If *Troy* be not taken 'till these two undermine it, the walls will ſtand 'till they fall of themſelves. O thou great thunder-darter of *Olympus*, forget that thou art *Jove* the king of gods; and, *Mercury*, loſe all the ſerpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*; if ye take not that little little leſs-than-little wit from them that they have! which ſhort-arm'd ignorance itſelf knows is ſo abundant ſcarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a ſpider, without drawing the maſſy iron, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ach! for that, methinks, is the curſe dependant on those that war for a placket. I have ſaid my prayers! and devil, envy, ſay amen. What ho! my lord *Achilles!*

Enter PATROCLUS.

PAT. Who's there? *Therſites?* Good *Therſites*, come in and rail.

THE. If I could have remember'd a gilt counterfeit, thou would'ſt not have ſlipt out of my contemplation: but it is no matter, Thyſelf upon thyſelf! The common curſe of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bleſs thee from a tutor, and diſcipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction 'till thy death! then if ſhe, that lays thee out, ſays—thou art a fair corſe, I'll be ſworn and ſworn upon't, ſhe never ſhrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's *Achilles?*

PAT. What, art thou devout? waſt thou in prayer?

THE. Ay; The heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

ACH. Who's there?

PAT. *Therſites*, my lord.

ACH. Where, where?— Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digeſtion, why haſt thou not ſerv'd thyſelf in to my table ſo many meals? Come, what's *Aga-*

6 Irons 32 into

memnon?

THE. Thy commander, *Achilles*;— Then tell me, *Patroclus*, what's *Achilles?*

PAT. Thy lord, *Therſites*; Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyſelf?

THE. Thy knower, *Patroclus*; Then tell me, *Patroclus*, what art thou?

PAT. Thou may'ſt tell, that know'ſt.

ACH. O, tell, tell.

THE. I'll decline the whole queſtion. *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*; *Achilles* is my lord; I am *Patroclus'* knower; and *Patroclus* is a fool.

PAT. You raſcal!

THE. Peace, fool; I have not done.

ACH. He is a priviledg'd man.—Proceed, *Therſites.*

THE. *Agamemnon* is a fool; *Achilles* is a fool; *Therſites* is a fool; and, as aforeſaid, *Patroclus* is a fool.

ACH. Derive this; come.

THE. *Agamemnon* is a fool, to offer to command *Achilles*; *Achilles* is a fool to be commanded of *Agamemnon*; *Therſites* is a fool, to ſerve ſuch a fool; and *Patroclus* is a fool poſitive.

PAT. Why am I a fool?

THE. Make that demand of thy creator; it ſuffices me, thou art.—Look you, who comes here?

Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES,
DIOMEDES, *and* AJAX.

ACH. *Patroclus*, I'll ſpeak with nobody:—Come in with me, *Therſites.* [*Exit.*

THE. Here is ſuch patchery, ſuch jugling, and ſuch knavery! all the argument is—a cuckold, and a whore; A good quarrel, to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon· Now the dry *ſerpigo* on the ſubject! and war, and lechery, confound all. [*Exit.*

Aga. Where is *Achilles?*

Pat. Within his tent; but ill-diſpos'd, my lord.

Aga. Let it be known to him, that we are here.
He ſent us meſſengers; and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him:
Let him be told ſo; left, perchance, he think
We dare not move the queſtion of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Pat. I ſhall ſo ſay to him. [*Exit.*

Uly. We ſaw him at the op'ning of his tent,
He is not ſick.

Aja. Yes, lion-ſick, ſick of a proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride; But why, why? let him ſhew us a cause.—A word, my lord.

[*drawing* Agamemnon *apart.*

Nes. What moves *Ajax* thus to bay at him?

Uly. *Achilles* hath inveigl'd his fool from him.

Nes. Who? *Therſites?*

Uly. He.

Nes. Then will *Ajax* lack matter, if he have loſt his argument.

Uly. No; you ſee, he is his argument, that has his argument; *Achilles.*

Nes. All the better; their fraction is more our wiſh, than their faction: But it was a ſtrong composure, a fool could diſunite·

Uly. The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untye. Here comes *Patroclus.*

Re-enter Patroclus.

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[6] ſent our Meſſengers

Nes. No *Achilles* with him.
Uly. The elephant hath joints, but none for courteſy;
His legs are for neceſſity, not for flexure.
Pat. *Achilles* bids me ſay—he is much ſorry,
If any thing more than your ſport and pleaſure
Did move your greatneſs, and this noble ſtate,
To call upon him; he hopes, it is no other,
But, for your health and your digeſtion ſake,
An after-dinner's breath.
Aga. Hear you, *Patroclus*;—
We are too well acquainted with theſe anſwers:
But his evasion, wing'd thus ſwift with ſcorn,
Cannot out-fly our apprehenſions.
Much attribute he hath; and much the reason,
Why we aſcribe it to him: yet all his virtues,—
Not virtuouſly on his own part beheld,—
Do, in our eyes, begin to loſe their gloſs;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholſome diſh,
Are like to rot untaſted. Go and tell him,
We come to ſpeak with him: And you ſhall not ſin,
If you do ſay—we think him over-proud,
And under-honeſt; in ſelf-aſſumption greater,
Than in the note of judgment: and worthier than himſelf
Here tend the ſavage ſtrangeneſs he puts on;
Diſguiſe the holy ſtrength of their command,
And underwrite in an obſerving kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
His pettiſh lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if
The paſſage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; And add,
That, if he over-hold his price ſo much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine

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[3] are legs for [28] lines

Not portable, lie under this report —
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:
A ſtirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a ſleeping giant: Tell him ſo.

PAT. I ſhall; and bring his anſwer presently.
[*Exit* PATROCLUS.

AGA. In ſecond voice we'll not be ſatiſfy'd,
We come to ſpeak with him: — *Ulyſſes*, enter you.
[*Exit* ULYSSES.

AJA. What is he more than another?

AGA. No more than what he thinks he is.

AJA. Is he ſo much? Do you not think, he thinks himſelf
A better man than I?

AGA. No queſtion.

AJA. Will you ſubſcribe his thought, and ſay—he is?

AGA. No, noble *Ajax*; you are as ſtrong, as valiant,
As wiſe too, no leſs noble, much more gentle,
And altogether more tractable.

AJA. Why ſhould a man be proud?
How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

AGA. Your mind's the clearer, *Ajax*, and your virtues
The fairer. He that's proud, eats up himſelf:
Pride is his own glaſs, his own trumpet, his
Own chronicle; and whate'er praiſes itſelf
But in the deed, devours the deed i'the praiſe.

AJA. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engend'ring of toads.

NES. "And yet he loves himſelf; Is it not ſtrange?"

Re-enter ULYSSES.

ULY. *Achilles* will not to the field to-morrow.

AGA. What's his excuſe?

Uly. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the ſtream of his diſpose,
Without observance or reſpect of any,
In will peculiar and in ſelf admiſſion.
Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair requeſt,
Untent his perſon, and ſhare the air with us?
Uly. Things ſmall as nothing, for requeſt's ſake only,
He makes important: Poſſeſt he is with greatneſs;
And ſpeaks not to himſelf, but with a pride
That quarrels at ſelf breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood ſuch ſwoln and hot diſcourſe,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
And batters 'gainſt itſelf: What ſhould I ſay?
He is ſo plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it
Cry — *No recovery.*
Aga. Let *Ajax* go to him. —
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis ſaid, he holds you well; and will be led,
At your requeſt, a little from himſelf.
Uly. O *Agamemnon*, let it not be ſo!
We'll conſecrate the ſteps that *Ajax* makes,
When they go from *Achilles:* Shall the proud lord, —
That baſtes his arrogance with his own ſeam;
And never ſuffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, ſave ſuch as doth revolve
And ruminate himſelf, — ſhall he be worſhip'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this † thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord
Muſt not ſo ſtale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, aſſubjugate his merit,
As amply titl'd as *Achilles'* is,

By going to *Achilles:*
That were to enlard his fat-already pride;
And add more coals to *Cancer*, when he burns
With entertaining great *Hyperion*.
This lord go to him! *Jupiter* forbid;
And ſay in thunder—Achilles, *go to him.*
Nes. "O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him."
Dio. "And how his ſilence drinks up this applauſe!"
Aja. If I go to him, with my armed fiſt
I'll paſh him o'er the face.
Aga. O, no, you ſhall not go.
Aja. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride:—
Let me go to him.
Uly. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.
Aja. A paltry inſolent fellow,—
Nes. "How he deſcribes himſelf!"
Aja. Can he not be ſociable?
Uly. "The raven chides blackneſs."
Aja. I'll let his humours blood. [patient."
Aga. "He will be the phyſician, that ſhould be the
Aja. An all men were o'my mind,—
Uly. "Wit would be out of faſhion.
Aja. he ſhould not bear it ſo,
He ſhould eat ſwords firſt: Shall pride carry it?
Nes. "An 'twould, you'd carry half."
Uly. "He would have ten ſhares."
Aja. I'll knead him, I will make him ſupple:
Nes. "He's not yet thorough warm: force him with praiſes;"
"Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry."
Uly. My lord, you feed too much on this diſlike.
[*to* Agamemnon.

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29 through v. *Note.*

Nes. Our noble general, do not do ſo.
Dio. You muſt prepare to fight without *Achilles*.
Uly. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.
Here † is a man—But 'tis before his face;
I will be ſilent.
Nes. Wherefore ſhould you ſo?
He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.
Uly. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.
Aja. A whorſon dog, that ſhall palter thus with us!
'Would, he were a *Trojan!*
Nes. What a vice were it in our *Ajax* now—
Uly. If he were proud?
Dio. Or covetous of praise?
Uly. Ay, or ſurly born?
Dio. Or ſtrange, or ſelf-affected? [posure;
Uly. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of ſweet com-
Praise him that got thee, ſhe that gave thee ſuck:
Fam'd be thy tutor; and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd, beyond beyond all erudition:
But he that diſciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let *Mars* divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: and, for thy vigor, lord,
Bull-bearing *Milo* his addition yield
To ſinewy *Ajax*. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a ſhore, confines
Thy ſpacious and dilated parts: Here's *Neſtor*,—
Inſtructed by the antiquary times,
He muſt, he is, he cannot but be wise;—
But pardon, father *Neſtor*, were your days
As green as *Ajax*, and your brain ſo temper'd,
You ſhould not have the eminence of him,
But be as *Ajax*.

Aja. Shall I call you father?
Uly. Ay, my good ſon.
Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord *Ajax.*
Uly. There is no tarrying here; the hart *Achilles*
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general,
To call together all his ſtate of war;
Freſh kings are come to *Troy:* To-morrow, ſirs,
We muſt with all our main of power ſtand faſt:
And here's † a lord, —come knights from eaſt to weſt,
And cull their flower, *Ajax* ſhall cope the beſt.
Aga. Go we to counſel. Let *Achilles* ſleep:
Light boats ſail ſwift, though greater hulks draw deep.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Troy. *A Room in* Priam's *Palace.*

Enter a Servant, *and* PANDARUS.

Pan. Friend, you! pray you, a word: Do not you follow the young lord *Paris?*

Ser. Ay, ſir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You depend upon him, I mean?

Ser. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You depend upon a noble gentleman; I muſt needs praise him.

Ser. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Ser. 'Faith, ſir, ſuperficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord *Pandarus.*

Ser. I hope, I ſhall know your honour better.

Pan. I do deſire it.

Ser. You are in the ſtate of grace?

PAN. Grace! not ſo, friend; honour and lordſhip are my titles: [*Muſick within.*] What muſick is this?

Ser. I do but partly know, ſir; it is muſick in parts.

PAN. Know you the muſicians?

Ser. Wholly, ſir.

PAN. Who play they to?

Ser. To the hearers, ſir.

PAN. At whoſe pleaſure, friend?

Ser. At mine, ſir, and theirs that love muſick,

PAN. Command, I mean, friend?

Ser. Who ſhall I command, ſir?

PAN. Friend, we underſtand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whoſe requeſt do theſe men play?

Ser. That's to't indeed, ſir: Marry, ſir, at the requeſt of *Paris* my lord, who's there in perſon; with him, the mortal *Venus*, the heart-blood of beauty, love's viſible ſoul,—

PAN. Who, my couſin *Creſſida?*

Ser. No, ſir, *Helen*; Could you not find out that by her attributes?

PAN. It ſhould ſeem, fellow, that thou haſt not ſeen the lady *Creſſida.* I come to ſpeak with *Paris* from the prince *Troilus:* I will make a complimental aſſault upon him, for my buſineſs ſeeths.

Ser. Sodden buſineſs! there's a ſtew'd phraſe, indeed!

Enter PARIS *and* HELEN, *attended.*

PAN. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company; fair deſires, in all fair meaſure, fairly guide them!—eſpecially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be

19 loves inviſible

your fair pillow!

HEL. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

PAN. You ſpeak your fair pleaſure, ſweet queen.— Fair prince, here is good broken muſick.

PAR. You have broke it, couſin: and, by my life, you ſhall make it whole again; you ſhall piece it out with a piece of your performance:—*Nell,* he is full of harmony.

PAN. Truly, lady, no.

HEL. O, ſir,—

PAN. Rude, in ſooth; in good ſooth, very rude.

PAR. Well ſaid, my lord! well, you ſay ſo in fits.

PAN. I have buſineſs to my lord, dear queen:—My lord, will you vouchſafe me a word?

HEL. Nay, this ſhall not hedge us out; we'll hear you ſing, certainly.

PAN. Well, ſweet queen, you are pleaſant with me.—But (marry) thus, my lord,—My dear lord, and moſt eſteemed friend, your brother *Troilus*—

HEL. My lord *Pandarus*; honey-ſweet lord,—

PAN. Go to, ſweet queen, go to:—commends himſelf moſt affectionately to you;—

HEL. You ſhall not bob us out of our melody; If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

PAN. Sweet queen, ſweet queen; that's a ſweet queen, i'faith.

PAR. And to make a ſweet lady ſad, is a ſour offence.

HEL. Nay, that ſhall not ſerve your turn; that ſhall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for ſuch words; no, no.

Pan. And, my lord, he deſires you, that, if the king call for him at ſupper, you will make his excuſe.

[27] *Hel.* And [28] *Pan.* Nay

Hel. My lord *Pandarus,*—

Pan. What ſays my ſweet queen; my very very ſweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where ſups he to-night?

Hel. Nay, but my lord,—

Pan. What ſays my ſweet queen?—You muſt not know where he ſups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my diſposer *Creſſida.*

Pan. No, no, no ſuch matter, you are wide; come, your diſposer is ſick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuſe.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why ſhould you ſay—*Creſſida?* no, your poor diſposer's ſick.

Par. I ſpy—

Pan. You ſpy! what do you ſpy?—Come, give me an inſtrument now, ſweet queen.

Hel. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, ſweet queen.

Hel. She ſhall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord *Paris.*

Pan. He! no, ſhe'll none of him; they two are twain.—My couſin will fall out with you.

Hel. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll ſing you a ſong now.

Hel. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, ſweet lord, thou haſt a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Hel. Let thy ſong be love: this love will undo us all. Oh, *Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!*

23 v. *Note.*

PAN. Love! ay, that it ſhall, i'faith.

PAR. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

PAN. In good troth, it begins ſo.

SONG.

Love, love, nothing but love, ſtill more!
For, o, love's bow
ſhoots buck and doe:
the ſhaft confounds
not that it wounds,
but tickles ſtill the ſore.

2.

These lovers cry — Oh, oh, they die!
yet that which ſeems the wound to kill,
doth turn oh oh to ha ha he;
ſo dying love lives ſtill:
oh oh a while, but ha ha ha;
oh oh groans out for ha ha ha;
Hey ho!

HEL. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose.

PAR. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

PAN. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds, — why, they are vipers; Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a'field to-day?

PAR. *Hector*, *Deiphobus*, *Helenus*, *Antenor*, and all the gallantry of *Troy*: I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my *Nell* would not have it ſo. How chance my brother *Troilus* went not?

HEL. He hangs the lip at ſomething; — you know all, my lord *Pandarus.*

PAN. Not I, honey-ſweet queen.—I long to hear how they ſped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuſe?

PAR. To a hair.

PAN. Farewel, ſweet queen.

HEL. Commend me to your niece.

PAN. I will, ſweet queen. [*Exit. Retreat ſounded.*

PAR. They're come from field: let us to *Priam*'s hall,
To greet the warriors. Sweet *Helen*, I muſt woo you
To help unarm our *Hector:* his ſtubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of ſteel,
Or force of *Greekiſh* ſinews; you ſhall do more
Than all the iſland kings, diſarm great *Hector.*

HEL. 'Twill make us proud to be his ſervant, *Paris:*
Yea, what he ſhall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have;
Yea, over-ſhines ourſelf.

PAR. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The ſame.* Pandarus' *Garden.*

Enter a Servant, *and* PANDARUS, *meeting.*

PAN. How now? where's thy maſter? at my couſin *Creſſida*'s?

Ser. No, ſir; he ſtays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS.

PAN. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?

TRO. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit* Servant.

PAN. Have you ſeen my couſin?

TRO. No, *Pandarus:* I ſtalk about her door,
Like a ſtrange ſoul upon the *Stygian* banks

Staying for waftage. O, be thou my *Charon*,
And give me ſwift tranſportance to thoſe fields,
Where I may wallow in the lilly beds
Propos'd for the deſerver! O gentle *Pandarus*,
From *Cupid*'s ſhoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to *Creſſid!*

PAN. Walk here i'th'orchard, I'll bring her ſtraight.
[*Exit* PANDARUS.

TRO. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary reliſh is ſo ſweet,
That it enchants my ſenſe; What will it be,
When that the watry palate taſts indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning deſtruction; or ſome joy too fine,
Too ſubtle-potent, and too ſharp in ſweetneſs,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear beſides,
That I ſhall loſe diſtinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

PAN. She's making her ready, ſhe'll come ſtraight; you muſt be witty now. She does ſo bluſh, and fetches her wind ſo ſhort, as if ſhe were fray'd with a ſprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettieſt villain,—ſhe fetches her breath as ſhort as a new-ta'en ſparrow.
[*Exit* PANDARUS.

TRO. Even ſuch a paſſion doth embrace my boſom:
My heart beats thicker than a fev'rous pulſe;
And all my powers do their beſtowing loſe,
Like vaſſalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majeſty.

12 pallats taſte 14 Sounding 15 ſubtile, potent,

Re-enter PANDARUS, *with* CRESSIDA.

PAN. Come, come, what need you bluſh? ſhame's a baby.— Here ſhe is now: ſwear the oaths now to her, that you have ſworn to me.— What, are you gone again? you muſt be watch'd ere you be made tame, muſt you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i'th' files.— Why do you not ſpeak to her?— Come, draw this curtain, and let's ſee your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend day-light! an 'twere dark, you'd cloſe ſooner.— So, ſo; rub on, and kiſs the miſtreſs. How now, a kiſs in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is ſweet. Nay, you ſhall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i'th' river: go to, go to.

TRO. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

PAN. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but ſhe'll bereave you o'th'deeds too, if ſhe call your activity in queſtion. What, billing again? here's —*In witneſs whereof the parties interchangeably* — Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire. [*Exit* PANDARUS.

CRE. Will you walk in, my lord?

TRO. O *Creſſida*, how often have I wiſh'd me thus?

CRE. Wiſh'd, my lord? — The gods grant! — O my lord,

TRO. What ſhould they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg eſpies my ſweet lady in the fountain of our love?

CRE. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

TRO. Fears make devils of cherubims; they never ſee truly.

CRE. Blind fear, that ſeeing reaſon leads, finds ſafer footing than blind reaſon ſtumbling without fear: To

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28 my teares

fear the worſt, oft cures the worſt.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all *Cupid*'s pageant there is preſented no monſter.

Cre. Nor nothing monſtrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep ſeas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our miſtreſs to deviſe impoſition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty impoſed. This is the monſtruoſity in love, lady, — that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the deſire is boundleſs, and the act a ſlave to limit.

Cre. They ſay, all lovers ſwear more performance than they are able, and yet reſerve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and diſcharging leſs than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monſters?

Tro. Are there ſuch? ſuch are not we: Praiſe us as we are taſted, allow us as we prove; our head ſhall go bare, 'till merit crown it: no perfection in reverſion ſhall have a praiſe in preſent: we will not name deſert, before his birth; and, being born, his addition ſhall be humble. Few words to fair faith: *Troilus* ſhall be ſuch to *Creſſid*, as what envy can ſay worſt, ſhall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can ſpeak trueſt, not truer than *Troilus*.

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, bluſhing ſtill? have you not done talking yet?

Cre. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord; if he flinch, chide me for't.

Tro. You know now your hoſtages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too: our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are conſtant being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they'll ſtick where they are thrown.

Cre. Boldneſs comes to me now, and brings me heart:—
Prince *Troilus*, I have lov'd you night and day,
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my *Creſſid* then ſo hard to win?

Cre. Hard to ſeem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the firſt glance that ever—Pardon me;
If I confeſs much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, 'till now, ſo much
But I might maſter it:—in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridl'd children, grown
Too headſtrong for their mother: See, we fools!
Why have I blab'd? who ſhall be true to us,
When we are ſo unſecret to ourſelves?
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wiſh'd myſelf a man;
Or, that we women had men's priviledge
Of ſpeaking firſt. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I ſhall ſurely ſpeak
The thing I ſhall repent. See, ſee, your ſilence,
Cunning in dumbneſs, from my weakneſs draws
My very ſoul of counſel: Stop my mouth.

Tro. And ſhall, albeit ſweet muſick iſſues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cre. My lord, I do beſeech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpoſe, thus to beg a kiſs:
I am aſham'd; — O heavens, what have I done! —
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.
Tro. Your leave, fair *Creſſid?*
Pan. Leave! an you take leave 'till to-morrow morning,—
Cre. Pray you, content you. [*to* Pan.
Tro. What offends you, lady?
Cre. Sir, mine own company.
Tro. You cannot ſhun yourſelf.
Cre. Let me go try:
I have a kind of ſelf reſides with you:
But an unkind ſelf; that itſelf will leave,
To be another's fool. I would be gone: —
Where is my wit? I know not what I ſpeak.
Tro. Well know they what they ſpeak, that ſpeak ſo wisely.
Cre. Perchance, my lord, I ſhow more craft than love;
And fell ſo roundly to a large confeſſion,
To angle for your thoughts: But you are wiſe;
And then you love not; For to be wiſe, and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.
Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will preſume in you)
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her conſtancy in plight and youth,
Out-living beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew ſwifter than blood decays!
Or, that perſuaſion could but thus convince me,—
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of ſuch a winnow'd purity in love;

[11] goe and try [21] Or elſe you

How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's ſimplicity,
And ſimpler than the infancy of truth.

Cre. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who ſhall be moſt right!
True ſwains in love ſhall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by *Troilus:* when their rimes,
Full of proteſt, of oath, and big compare,
Want ſimilies, truth tir'd with iteration,—
As true as ſteel, as plantage to the moon,
As ſun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the center,—
Yet, after all compariſons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
As true as *Troilus* ſhall crown up the verſe,
And ſanctify the numbers.

Cre. Prophet may you be!
If I be falſe, or ſwerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itſelf,
When water-drops have worn the ſtones of *Troy*,
And blind oblivion ſwallow'd cities up,
And mighty ſtates characterleſs are grated
To duſty nothing; yet let memory,
From falſe to falſe, among falſe maids in love,
Upbraid my falſehood! when they've ſaid — as falſe
As air, as water, wind, or ſandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or ſtep-dame to her ſon;
Yea, let them ſay, to ſtick the heart of falſehood,
As falſe as *Creſſid.*

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: ſeal it, ſeal it; I'll be the witneſs. Here I hold your hand; here, my couſin's; If ever you prove falſe one to another, ſince I have taken ſuch pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be call'd to the world's end after my name, call them all—*Pandars*; let all inconſtant men be *Troilus*'s, all falſe women *Creſſids*, and all brokers-between *Pandars!* ſay, amen.

TRO. Amen.

CRE. Amen.

PAN. Amen. Whereupon I will ſhew you a chamber, and a bed; which bed, because it ſhall not ſpeak of your pretty encounters, preſs it to death: away.

[*Exeunt* TRO. *and* CRE.

And *Cupid* grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here
Bed, chamber, *Pandar* to provide this geer! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The* Grecian *Camp.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMED, AJAX, *and* CALCHAS.

CAL. Now, princes, for the ſervice I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompence. Appear it to your mind,
That, through the ſight I bear in things to come,
I have abandon'd *Troy*, left my poſſeſſions,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myſelf,
From certain and poſſeſt conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; ſequeſt'ring from me all
That time, acquaintance, cuſtom, and condition,
Made tame and moſt familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you ſervice, am become
As new unto the world, ſtrange, unacquainted:
I do beſeech you, as in way of taſte,

[23] to love, [31] into

To give me now a little benefit,
Out of thoſe many regiſter'd in promiſe,
Which, you ſay, live to come in my behalf. [mand.
Aga. What would'ſt thou of us, *Trojan?* make de-
Cal. You have a *Trojan* priſoner, call'd *Antenor,*
Yeſterday took; *Troy* holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefóre)
Deſir'd my *Creſſid* in right great exchange,
Whom *Troy* hath ſtill deny'd: But this *Antenor,*
I know, is ſuch a wreſt in their affairs,
That their negotiations all muſt ſlack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almoſt
Give us a prince of blood, a ſon of *Priam,*
In change of him: let him be ſent, great princes,
And he ſhall buy my daughter; and her preſence
Shall quite ſtrike off all ſervice I have done,
In moſt accepted pay.
Aga. Let *Diomedes* bear him,
And bring us *Creſſid* hither; *Calchas* ſhall have
What he requeſts of us. — Good *Diomed,*
Furniſh you fairly for this enterchange:
Withal, bring word — if *Hector* will to-morrow
Be anſwer'd in his challenge; *Ajax* is ready.
Dio. This ſhall I undertake; and 'tis a burthen
Which I am proud to bear. [*Exeunt* Dio. *and* Cal.
Enter, before their Tent, Achilles,
and Patroclus.
Uly. *Achilles* ſtands i'the entrance of his tent: —
Pleaſe it our general to paſs ſtrangely by him,
As if he were forgot; — and, princes all,
Lay negligent and looſe regard upon him: —
I will come laſt: 'Tis like, he'll queſtion me,

---

[17] paine.

Why ſuch unplauſive eyes are bent, why turn'd on him:
If ſo, I have decision med'cinable,
To uſe between your ſtrangeneſs and his pride,
Which his own will ſhall have desire to drink;
It may do good: Pride hath no other glaſs
To ſhow itſelf, but pride; for ſupple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

AGA. We'll execute your purpoſe, and put on
A form of ſtrangeneſs as we paſs along;—
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or elſe diſdainfully, which ſhall ſhake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.
[*they paſs forward.*

ACH. What, comes the general to ſpeak with me?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainſt *Troy.*

AGA. What ſays *Achilles?* would he ought with us?

NES. Would you, my lord, ought with the general?

ACH. No.

NES. Nothing, my lord.

AGA. The better. [*Exeunt* AGA. *and* NES.

ACH. Good day, good day.

MEN. How do you? how do you? [*Exit* MEN.

ACH. What, does the cuckold ſcorn me?

AJA. How now, *Patroclus?*

ACH. Good morrow, *Ajax.*

AJA. Ha?

ACH. Good morrow.

AJA. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exit* AJAX.

ACH. What mean theſe fellows? know they not *Achilles?* [bend,

PAT. They paſs by ſtrangely: they were uſ'd to
To ſend their ſmiles before them to *Achilles*;

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[2] deriſion

To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.
Ach. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, Greatneſs, once fall'n out with fortune,
Muſt fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,
He ſhall as ſoon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings, but to the ſummer;
And not a man, for being ſimply man,
Hath any honour; but's honour'd for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being ſlippery ſtanders,
The love that lean'd on them as ſlippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not ſo with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did poſseſs,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me ſuch rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is *Ulyſſes:*
I'll interrupt his reading.—
How now, *Ulyſſes?*
Uly. Now, great *Thetis'* ſon?
Ach. What are you reading?
Uly. A ſtrange fellow here
Writes me, That man—how dearly ever parted;
How much in having, or without, or in,—
Cannot make boaſt to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues ſhining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again

To the firſt giver.
Ach. This is not ſtrange, *Ulyſſes.*
The beauty that is born here in the face,
The bearer knows not, but commends itſelf
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itſelf,
(That moſt pure ſpirit of ſenſe) behold itſelf,
Not going from itſelf; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For ſpeculation turns not to itſelf,
'Till it hath travel'd, and is marry'd there
Where it may ſee itſelf: this is not ſtrange at all.
Uly. I do not ſtrain at the poſition,
It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
Who, in his circumſtance, expreſly proves—
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there is much conſiſting)
'Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himſelf know them for ought,
'Till he behold them form'd in the applauſe
Where they're extended; which, like an arch, reverberates
The voice again; or like a gate of ſteel
Fronting the ſun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown *Ajax.*
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horſe;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are,
Moſt abject in regard, and dear in uſe!
What things again moſt dear in the eſteem,
And poor in worth! Now ſhall we ſee to-morrow
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what ſome men do,

ap who like

While ſome men leave to do!
How ſome men creep in ſkittiſh fortune's hall,
While others play the ideots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is faſting in his wantonneſs!
To ſee these *Grecian* lords!—why, even already
They clap the ſubber *Ajax* on the ſhoulder;
As if his foot were on brave *Hector*'s breaſt,
And great *Troy* ſhrinking.
Ach. I do believe it: for they paſs'd by me,
As miſers do by beggars; neither gave to me
Good word, nor look: What are my deeds forgot?
Ulyſ. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-ſiz'd monſter of ingratitudes:
Those ſcraps are good deeds paſt; which are devour'd
As faſt as they are made, forgot as ſoon
As done: Perſeverance keeps honour bright:
To have done, is to hang quite out of faſhion,
Like ruſty mail in monumental mockery.
Then, dear my lord, take you the inſtant way:
For honour travels in a ſtreight ſo narrow,
Where one but goes abreaſt: keep then the path:
For emulation hath a thouſand ſons,
That one by one purſue; If you give way,
Or turn aſide from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all ruſh by,
And leave you hindermoſt; and there you lye,
Like to a gallant horſe fall'n in firſt rank,
For pavement to the abject rear, o'er-run
And trampl'd on. Then what they do in present,
Though leſs than yours in paſt, muſt o'er-top yours:

20 like a ruſty 30 abject, neere

For time is like a faſhionable hoſt;
That ſlightly ſhakes his parting gueſt by the hand;
And with his arms out-ſtretch'd, as he would fly,
Graſps-in the comer: Welcome ever ſmiles,
And farewel goes out ſighing. O, let not virtue ſeek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit, high birth, desert in ſervice,
Love, friendſhip, charity, are ſubjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, —
That all, with one conſent, praise new born gawds,
Though they are made and molded of things paſt;
And give to duſt, that is a little gilt,
More laud than they will give to gold o'er-duſted.
The present eye praiſes the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and compleat man,
That all the *Greeks* begin to worſhip *Ajax*;
Since things in motion ſooner catch the eye,
Than what not ſtirs. The cry went once on thee,
And ſtill it might, and yet it may again,
If thou would'ſt not entomb thyſelf alive,
And caſe thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous miſſions 'mongſt the gods themſelves,
And drave great *Mars* to faction.
Ach. Of this my privacy
I have ſtrong reasons.
Uly. But 'gainſt your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical:
'Tis known, *Achilles*, that you are in love
With one of *Priam*'s daughters.
Ach. Ha! known?

4 the welcome 13 goe to 14 then gilt ore-

ULY. Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchful ſtate,
Knows almoſt every grain of *Pluto*'s gold;
Finds bottom in the uncomprehenſive deeps;
Keeps pace with thought; and almoſt, like the gods,
Does even those thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a myſtery (with whom relation
Durſt never meddle) in the ſoul of ſtate;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath, or pen, can give expreſſure to:
All the commérce that you have had with *Troy*,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit *Achilles* much,
To throw down *Hector*, than *Polixena:*
But it muſt grieve young *Pyrrhus* now at home,
When fame ſhall in our iſlands ſound her trump;
And all the *Greekiſh* girls ſhall tripping ſing,—
Great Hector'*s ſiſter did* Achilles *win*;
But our great Ajax *bravely beat down him.*
Farewel, my lord: I as your lover ſpeak;
The fool ſlides o'er the ice that you ſhould break.
[*Exit* ULYSSES,

PAT. To this effect, *Achilles*, have I mov'd you:
A woman impudent and manniſh grown
Is not more loath'd, than an effeminate man
In time of action. I ſtand condemn'd for this;
They think, my little ſtomack to the war,
And your great love to me, reſtrains you thus:
Sweet, rouze yourſelf; and the weak wanton *Cupid*
Shall from your neck unlooſe his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be ſhook to air.

Ach. Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector?*

Pat. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

Ach. I ſee, my reputation is at ſtake,
My fame is ſhrewdly gor'd.

Pat. O, then beware;
Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themſelves:
Omiſſion to do what is neceſſary
Seals a commiſſion to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, ſubtly taints
Even then when we ſit idly in the ſun.

Ach. Go call *Therſites* hither, ſweet *Patroclus:*
I'll ſend the fool to *Ajax*; and deſire him,
To invite the *Trojan* lords after the combat
To ſee us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am ſick withal,
To ſee great *Hector* in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his viſage
Even to my full of view. A labour ſav'd!

Enter Thersites.

The. A wonder!

Ach. What?

The. *Ajax* goes up and down the field, aſking for himſelf.

Ach. How ſo?

The. He muſt fight ſingly to-morrow with *Hector*; and is ſo prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in ſaying nothing.

Ach. How can that be?

The. Why, he ſtalks up and down like a peacock, a ſtride, and a ſtand: ruminates, like an hoſteſs, that hath no arithmetick but her brain to ſet down her reck'ning: bites his lip with a politick regard, as who ſhould ſay—there were wit in this head, an 'twould out; And ſo there is; but it lies as coldly in him, as fire in a flint, which will not ſhew without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if *Hector* break not his neck i'th'combat, he'll break't himſelf in vain-glory. He knows not me: I ſaid, *Good morrow*, Ajax; and he replies, *Thanks*, Agamemnon: What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He's grown a very land-fiſh, languageleſs, a monſter. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both ſides, like a leather jerkin.

Ach. Thou muſt be my embaſſador to him, *Therſites.*

The. Who, I? why, he'll anſwer no body; he profeſſes not anſwering; ſpeaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in's arms: I will put on his presence; let *Patroclus* make demands to me, you ſhall ſee the pageant of *Ajax*.

Ach. To him, *Patroclus*; Tell him, — I humbly desire the valiant *Ajax*, to invite the moſt valorous *Hector* to come unarm'd to my tent; and to procure ſafe-conduct for his perſon, of the magnanimous, and moſt illuſtrious, ſix-or-ſeven-times-honour'd captain-general of the *Grecian* army, *Agamemnon*: Do this.

Pat. *Jove* bleſs great *Ajax!*

The. Hum!

Pat. I come from the worthy *Achilles:*

The. Ha! [to his tent;

Pat. Who moſt humbly desires you, to invite *Hector*

The. Hum!

Pat. And to procure ſafe-conduct from *Agamemnon.*

The. *Agamemnon?*

Pat. Ay, my lord.

THE. Ha!

PAT. What ſay you to't?

THE. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

PAT. Your anſwer, ſir.

THE. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howſoever, he ſhall pay for me ere he has me,

PAT. Your anſwer, ſir.

THE. Fare you well, with all my heart.

ACH. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

THE. No, but he's out o'tune thus. What muſick will be in him when *Hector* has knock'd out his brains, I know not: But, I am ſure, none; unleſs the fidler *Apollo* get his ſinews to make catlings on.

ACH. Come, thou ſhalt bear a letter to him ſtraight.

THE. Let me bear another to his horſe; for that's the more capable creature.

ACH. My mind is troubl'd, like a fountain ſtir'd;
And I myſelf ſee not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt* ACH. *and* PAT.

THE. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an aſs at it! I had rather be a tick in a ſheep, than ſuch a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Troy. *A Street.*

Enter, from one Side, ÆNEAS; *Servant, with a Torch, preceding: from the other,* PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, *and Others, with* DIOMEDES, *attended; Torches too with them.*

PAR. See, ho! who is that there?
DEI. It is the lord *Æneas.*
ÆNE. Is the prince there in perſon? — [*to his Ser.*
Had I ſo good occaſion to lye long,
As you, prince *Paris,* nothing but heavenly buſineſs
Should rob my bed-mate of my company. [*Æneas.*
DIO. That's my mind too. — Good morrow, lord
PAR. A valiant *Greek, Æneas,* take his hand;
Witneſs the proceſs of your ſpeech, wherein
You told — how *Diomed,* a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.
ÆNE. Health to you, valiant ſir,
During all queſtion of the gentle truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.
DIO. The one and other *Diomed* embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, ſo long, health:
But when contention and occaſion meet,
By *Jove,* I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, purſuit, and policy.
ÆNE. And thou ſhalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward. In humane gentleneſs,
Welcome to *Troy!* now, by *Anchiſes'* life,
Welcome indeed! by *Venus'* hand I ſwear,
No man alive can love, in ſuch a ſort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.
DIO. We ſympathize: — *Jove,* let *Æneas* live,
If to my ſword his fate be not the glory,
A thouſand compleat courſes of the ſun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow!
ÆNE. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worſe.
Par. This is the moſt deſpightful gentle greeting,
The nobleſt hateful love, that ere I heard of. —
What buſineſs, lord, ſo early? [not.
Æne. I was ſent for to the king; but why, I know
Par. His purpose meets you; 'Twas to bring this
To *Calchas'* houſe; and there to render him, [*Greek*
For the enfreed *Antenor*, the fair *Creſſid*:
Let's have your company; — Or, if you please,
Haſte there before us: I conſtantly do think,
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge)
My brother *Troilus* lodges there to-night;
Rouze him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefóre: I fear,
We ſhall be much unwelcome.
Æne. That I aſſure you;
Troilus had rather *Troy* were born to *Greece*,
Than *Creſſid* born from *Troy*.
Par. There is no help;
The bitter diſposition of the time
Will have it ſo. On, lord; we'll follow you.
Æne. Good morrow, all. [*Exit.*
Par. And tell me, noble *Diomed*; 'faith, tell me true,
Even in the ſoul of ſound good-fellowſhip,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair *Helen* beſt,
Myſelf, or *Menelaus?*
Dio. Both alike:
He merits well to have her, that doth ſeek her
(Not making any ſcruple of her ſoylure)
With ſuch a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taſte of her diſhonour)

With ſuch a coſtly loſs of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
You, like a letcher, out of whoriſh loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits poiz'd, each weighs nor leſs nor more;
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

PAR. You are too bitter to your country-woman.

DIO. She's bitter to her country: Hear me, *Paris*,—
For every falſe drop in her bawdy veins
A *Grecian*'s life hath ſunk; for every ſcruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight
A *Trojan* hath been ſlain: ſince ſhe could ſpeak,
She hath not given ſo many good words breath,
As for her *Greeks* and *Trojans* ſuffer'd death.

PAR. Fair *Diomed*, you do as chapmen do,
Diſpraiſe the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in ſilence hold this virtue well,—
We'll not commend what we intend not ſell.
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. Court of* Pandarus' *Houſe.*

Enter TROILUS, *and* CRESSIDA.

TRO. Dear, trouble not yourſelf; the morn is cold.

CRE. Then, ſweet my lord, I'll call my uncle down;
He ſhall unbolt the gates.

TRO. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed; Sleep kill thoſe pretty eyes,
And give as ſoft attachment to thy ſenſes,
As infants' empty of all thought!

CRE. Good morrow then.

TRO. I pr'ythee now, to bed.

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[19] intend to ſell

Cre. Are you aweary of me?

Tro. O *Creſſida*, but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rouz'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cre. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Beſhrew the witch! with venomous wights ſhe [ſtays,
As tediouſly as hell; but flies the graſps of love,
With wings more momentary-ſwift than thought:
You will catch cold, and curſe me.

Cre. Pr'ythee, tarry;
You men will never tarry: —
O fooliſh *Creſſida!* — I might have ſtill held off,
And then you would have tarry'd. Hark, there's one up.

Pan. [*within.*] What! all the doors open here!

Tro. It is your uncle.

Cre. A peſtilence on him! now will he be mocking;
I ſhall have ſuch a life,—

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. How now, how now? how go maidenheads? —
Here, you maid! where's my couſin *Creſſid?*

Cre. Go, hang yourſelf, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? — let her ſay, what: —
What have I brought you to do?

Cre. Come, come; beſhrew your heart! you'll ne'er [be good,
Nor ſuffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! — Alas, poor wench! a poor *capocchia!*
haſt not ſlept to-night? would he not, a naughty man,
let it ſleep? a bug-bear take him!

Cre. Did not I tell you? — 'would he were knock'd
o'the head! — [*Knocking heard.*

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15 What's all 28 wretch—*chipochia*

Who's that at door? — good uncle, go and ſee. —
My lord, come you again into my chamber:
You ſmile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cre. Come, you're deceiv'd, I think of no ſuch thing.— [*Knocking again.*
How earneſtly they knock! — pray you, come in;
I would not for half *Troy* have you ſeen here.
[*Exeunt* Tro. *and* Cre.

Pan. [*going to the Door.*] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? [*opening it.*] How now? what's the matter?

Enter Æneas.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord *Æneas*? by my troth, I knew you not: What news with you ſo early?

Æne. Is not prince *Troilus* here?

Pan. Here! what ſhould he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him;
It doth import him much, to ſpeak with me.

Pan. Is he here, ſay you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be ſworn: — For my own part, I came in late: — What ſhould he do here?

Æne. Who! nay, then: —
Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are ware:
You'll be ſo true to him, to be falſe to him:
Do not you know of him, but yet fetch him hither;
Go. [*As* Pandarus *is going out*,

Enter Troilus.

Tro. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I ſcarce have leiſure to ſalute you,
My matter is ſo raſh: There is at hand

Paris your brother, and *Deiphobus*,
The *Grecian Diomed*, and our *Antenor*
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the firſt ſacrifice, within this hour,
We muſt give up to *Diomedes'* hand
The lady *Creſſida*.

Tro. Is it ſo concluded?

Æne. By *Priam*, and the general ſtate of *Troy*:
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my atchievements mock me! —
I will go meet them: and, my lord *Æneas*,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good my lord, the ſecret'ſt things of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.
[*Exeunt* Tro. *and* Æne.

Pan. Is't poſſible? no ſooner got, but loſt. The devil take *Antenor!* the young prince will go mad. A plague upon *Antenor!* I would, they had broke's neck.

Enter Cressida.

Cre. How now? What is the matter? Who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cre. Why ſigh you ſo profoundly? Where's my lord? gone?
Tell me, ſweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth, as I am above!

Cre. O the gods! — what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'Would thou had'ſt ne'er been born! I knew, thou would'ſt be his death: — O, poor gentleman! — A plague upon *Antenor!*

Cre. Good uncle, I beſeech you on my knees,
'Beſeech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou muſt be gone, wench, thou muſt be gone;

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[13] ſecrets

thou art chang'd for *Antenor :* thou muſt to thy father, and be gone from *Troilus*; 'twill be his death, 'twill be his bane, he cannot bear it.

CRE. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

PAN. Thou muſt.

CRE. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of conſanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no ſoul ſo near me,
As the ſweet *Troilus.*—O you gods divine,
Make *Creſſid's* name the very crown of falſhood,
If ever ſhe leave *Troilus!* Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extreams you can;
But the ſtrong baſe and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep;

PAN. Do, do. [cheeks;

CRE. Tear my bright hair, and ſcratch my praiſed
Crack my clear voice with ſobs, and break my heart
With ſounding *Troilus.* I will not go from *Troy.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. Before* Pandarus' *Houſe.*

Enter Æneas, PARIS, TROILUS,
Diomed, *and Others.*

PAR. It is great morning; and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant *Greek*
Comes faſt upon:—Now, good my brother *Troilus,*
Tell you the lady what ſhe is to do,
And haſte her to the purpoſe.

TRO. Walk in to her houſe;
I'll bring her to the *Grecian* preſently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,

Think it an altar; and thy brother *Troilus*
A prieſt, there off'ring to it his own heart.
[*Exit* TROILUS.

PAR. I know what 'tis to love;
And would, as I ſhall pity, I could help!—
Please you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The ſame. A Room in the ſame.*

Enter PANDARUS, *and* CRESSIDA.

PAN. Be moderate, be moderate.

CRE. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taſte,
And violenteth in a ſenſe as ſtrong
As that which causeth it; How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying droſs;
No more my grief, in ſuch a precious loſs.

Enter TROILUS.

PAN. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah ſweet ducks!

CRE. O *Troilus*, *Troilus!* [*throwing herſelf upon him.*

PAN. What a pair of ſpectacles is here! Let me embrace too. *O heart*, — as the goodly ſaying is,—

————————o heart, o heavy heart,
Why ſigh'ſt thou without breaking?

where he anſwers again,

Because thou can'ſt not ease thy ſmart,
By friendſhip, nor by ſpeaking:

there was never a truer rime. Let us caſt away nothing, for we may live to have need of ſuch a verſe; we ſee it, we ſee it.—How now, lambs?

Tro. *Creſſid*, I love thee in ſo ſtrain'd a purity,
That the bleſt gods—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities—take thee from me.
Cre. Have the gods envy?
Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a caſe.
Cre. And is it true, that I muſt go from *Troy*?
Tro. A hateful truth.
Cre. What, and from *Troilus* too?
Tro. From *Troy*, and *Troilus*.
Cre. Is't poſſible?
Tro. And ſuddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, juſtles roughly by
All time of pauſe, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embraſures, ſtrangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with ſo many thouſand ſighs
Did buy each other, muſt poorly ſell ourſelves
With the rude brevity and diſcharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haſte,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewels as be ſtars in heaven,
With diſtinct breath and conſign'd kiſſes to them,
He fumbles up into a looſe adieu;
And ſcants us with a ſingle famiſh'd kiſs,
Diſtaſted with the ſalt of broken tears. [ready?
Æne. [*within.*] My lord! lord Troilus! is the lady
Tro. Hark! you are call'd: Some ſay, the Genius ſo
Cries, *Come*, to him that inſtantly muſt die.—
Bid them have patience; ſhe ſhall come anon. [wind,
Pan. Where are my tears? rain, rain, to lay this

Or my poor heart will be blown up by the root.
[*Exit* PANDARUS.
CRE. I muſt then to the *Grecians?*
TRO. No remedy.
CRE. A woeful *Creſſid* 'mongſt the merry *Greeks*.—
When ſhall we ſee again?
TRO. Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of heart,—
CRE. I true! how now? what wicked deem is this?
TRO. Nay, we muſt use expoſtulation kindly,
For it is parting from us.
I ſpeak not, *be thou true*, as fearing thee;
For I will throw my glove to death himſelf,
That there's no maculation in thy heart:
But, *be thou true*, ſay I, to faſhion in
My ſequent proteſtation; be thou true,
And I will ſee thee.
CRE. O, you ſhall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true. [ſleeve.
TRO. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this †
CRE. And you this † glove. When ſhall I ſee you?
TRO. I will corrupt the *Grecian* centinels,
To give thee nightly viſitation.
But yet, be true.
CRE. O heavens!—be true, again?
TRO. Hear why I ſpeak it, love: The *Grecian* youths
Are well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing,
And ſwelling o'er with arts and exerciſe;
How novelties may move, and parts with perſon,
Alas, a kind of godly jealouſy
(Which, I beſeech you, call a virtuous ſin)
Makes me afeard.
CRE. O heavens!—

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[25] v. *Note*. [26] guiſt

You love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain then!
In this I do not call your faith in queſtion,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot ſing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor ſweeten talk,
Nor play at ſubtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the *Grecians* are moſt prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell, that in each grace of theſe
There lurks a ſtill and dumb-diſcourſive devil,
That tempts moſt cunningly: but be not tempted.

Cre. Do you think, I will?

Tro. No.
But ſomething may be done, that we will not:
And ſometimes we are devils to ourſelves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Preſuming on their changeful potency.

Æne. [*within.*] Nay, good my lord,—

Tro. Come, kiſs; and let us part.

Par. [*within.*] Brother *Troilus!*

Tro. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring *Æneas*, and the *Grecian*, with you.

Cre. My lord, will you be true?

Tro. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
While others fiſh with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch meer ſimplicity;
Whilſt ſome with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainneſs I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it.

Enter Paris, Diomed, *and* Æneas.

Welcome, ſir *Diomed!* here is the lady,
Which for *Antenor* we deliver you:

At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand;
And, by the way, poſseſs thee what ſhe is.
Entreat her fair; and, by my ſoul, fair *Greek*,
If ere thou ſtand at mercy of my ſword,
Name *Creſſid*, and thy life ſhall be as ſafe
As *Priam* is in *Ilion*.
  Dio. Fair lady *Creſſid*,
So please you, ſave the thanks this prince expects:
The luſtre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to *Diomed*
You ſhall be miſtreſs, and command him wholly.
  Tro. *Grecian*, thou doſt not use me courteouſly,
To ſhame the zeal of my petition to thee,
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of *Greece*,
She is as far high-ſoaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her ſervant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful *Pluto*, if thou doſt not,
Though the great bulk *Achilles* be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.
  Dio. O, be not mov'd, prince *Troilus*:
Let me be priviledg'd by my place, and meſſage,
To be a ſpeaker free; when I am hence,
I'll anſwer to my luſt: And know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth
She ſhall be priz'd; but that you ſay—be't ſo,
I ſpeak it in my ſpirit and honour, no.
  Tro. Come, to the port:—I tell thee, *Diomed*,
This brave ſhall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own ſelves bend we our needful talk.
[*Exeunt* Tro. *and* Cre. *Trumpet heard.*

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13 the ſeale 28 Ile tell

PAR. Hark! *Hector*'s trumpet.
ÆNE. How have we ſpent this morning!
The prince muſt think me tardy and remiſs,
That ſwore to ride before him to the field.
PAR. 'Tis *Troilus*' fault: Come, come, to field with him. [*Exeunt*,

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SCENE V. *The* Grecian *Camp:*

Liſts ſet out; *Attendants, and People, waiting.*
Flouriſh. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, *and Others*; *with* AJAX, *arm'd.*

AGA. Here art thou in appointment freſh and fair,
Anticipating time with ſtarting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to *Troy*,
Thou dreadful *Ajax*; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.
AJA. Thou, trumpet, there's † my purſe.
Now crack thy lungs, and ſplit thy brazen pipe;
Blow, villain, 'till thy ſphered bias cheek
Out-ſwell the cholick of puft *Aquilon:*
Come, ſtretch thy cheſt, and let thy eyes ſpout blood;
Thou blow'ſt for *Hector*. [*Parle ſounded*,
ULY. No trumpet anſwers.
ACH. 'Tis but early days.
AGA. Is not yon' *Diomed*, with *Calchas*' daughter?
ULY. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait,
He riſes on the toe; that ſpirit of his
In aſpiration lifts him from the earth.
Enter DIOMED *and Attendants*, *with* CRESSIDA.

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[14] v. *Note.*

AGA. Is this the lady *Creſſida?*
DIO. Even ſhe.
AGA. Moſt dearly welcome to the *Greeks*, ſweet lady.
NES. Our general doth ſalute you with a kiſs.
ULY. Yet is the kindneſs but particular;
'Twere better, ſhe were kiſſ'd in general.
NES. And very courtly counſel: I'll begin.—
So much for *Neſtor.*
ACH. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.
MEN. I had good argument for kiſſing once.
PAT. But that's no argument for kiſſing now:
For thus popt *Paris* in his hardiment;
And parted thus you and your argument.
ULY. O deadly gall, and theme of all our ſcorns!
For which we loſe our heads, to gild his horns.
PAT. The firſt was *Menelaus'* kiſs; this, mine:
Patroclus kiſſes you.
MEN. O, this is trim!
PAT. *Paris*, and I, kiſs evermore for him.
MEN. I'll have my kiſs, ſir:—Lady, by your leave.
CRE. In kiſſing, do you render, or receive?
PAT. Both take and give.
CRE. I'll make my match to live,
The kiſs you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiſs.
MEN. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.
CRE. You're an odd man; give even, or give none.
MEN. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.
CRE. No, *Paris* is not; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.
MEN. You fillip me o'the head.

Cre. No, I'll be ſworn.
Uly. It were no match, your nail againſt his horn.
May I, ſweet lady, beg a kiſs of you?
Cre. You may.
Uly. I do deſire it.
Cre. Why, beg then.
Uly. Why then, for *Venus'* ſake, give me a kiſs,
When *Helen* is a maid again, and † his.
Cre. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.
Uly. Never's my day, and then a kiſs of you.
Dio. Lady, a word; I'll bring you to your father.
[*Exeunt* Dio. *and* Cre.
Nes. A woman of quick ſenſe.
Uly. Fie, fie upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot ſpeaks; her wanton ſpirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.
O these encounterers, ſo glib of tongue,
That give a coaſting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclaſp the tables of their thoughts
To every tickling reader! ſet them down
For ſluttiſh ſpoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet heard.*
all. The *Trojans'* trumpet.
Aga. Yonder comes the troop.
Flouriſh. Enter Hector, *arm'd*;
Troilus, *and other* Trojans, *with him*;
Æneas *preceding.*
Æne. Hail all the ſtate of *Greece!* What ſhall be done to him
That victory commands? Or do you purpose,
A victor ſhall be known? will you, the knights

Shall to the edge of all extremity
Purſue each other; or ſhall they be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bad aſk.
Aga. Which way would *Hector* have it?
Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.
Ach. 'Tis done like *Hector*; but ſecurely done,
A little proudly, and great deal miſprising
The knight oppos'd.
Æne. If not *Achilles*, ſir,
What is your name?
Ach. If not *Achilles*, nothing.
Æne. Therefore *Achilles*: But, whate'er, know this,—
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themſelves in *Hector*;
The one almoſt as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that, which looks like pride, is courteſy:
This *Ajax* is half made of *Hector*'s blood;
In love whereof, half *Hector* ſtays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half *Hector* comes to ſeek
This blended knight, half *Trojan*, and half *Greek*.
Ach. A maiden battle then? O, I perceive you.
Re-enter Diomed.
Aga. Here is ſir *Diomed*:— Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our *Ajax*: as you and lord *Æneas*
Conſent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermoſt,
Or elſe a breath: the combatants being kin,
Half ſtints their ſtrife before their ſtrokes begin.
[Ajax *and* Hector *enter the Liſts*, Æneas *and* Diomed *marſhaling*: Greeks *range themſelves*

[7] *Aga.* Tis done

on one Side, and Trojans *upon the other, without.*

Aga. *Ulyſſes,*
What *Trojan* is that ſame, that looks ſo heavy?
Uly. The youngeſt ſon of *Priam*, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchleſs; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedleſs in his tongue;
Not ſoon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, ſoon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he ſhews;
Yet gives he not 'till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impar thought with breath:
Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous;
For *Hector*, in his blaze of wrath, ſubſcribes
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love:
They call him, *Troilus*; and on him erect
A ſecond hope, as fairly built as *Hector*,
Thus ſays *Æneas*; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and, with private ſoul,
Did in great *Ilion* thus tranſlate him to me.
[*Trumpets blow to Arms.*
Ajax *and* Hector *fight.*

Aga. They are in action.
Nes. Now, *Ajax*, hold thine own.
Tro. *Hector*, thou ſleep'ſt, awake thee.
Aga. His blows are well diſpos'd: — there, *Ajax*.
Dio. You muſt no more. } *interpoſing.*
Æne. Princes, enough, ſo pleaſe you. } *Trumpets ceaſe.*
Aja. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.
Dio. As *Hector* pleaſes.
Hec. Why then, will I no more: —
Thou art, great lord, my father's ſiſter's ſon,

11 impare

A couſin-german to great *Priam*'s ſeed;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:
Were thy commixtion *Greek* and *Trojan* ſo,
That thou could'ſt ſay — *This hand is* Grecian *all,*
And this is Trojan; *the ſinews of this leg*
All Greece, *and this all* Troy; *my mother's blood*
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this ſiniſter
Bounds-in my father's; by *Jove* multipotent,
Thou ſhould'ſt not bear from me a *Greekiſh* member
Wherein my ſword had not impreſſure made
Of our rank feud: But the juſt gods gainſay,
That any drop thou borrow'dſt from thy mother,
My ſacred aunt, ſhould by my mortal ſword
Be drained out! Let me embrace thee, *Ajax*:
By him that thunders, thou haſt luſty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him † thus:
Couſin, all honour to thee!
  AJA. I thank thee, *Hector*:
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, couſin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.
  HEC. Not *Neoptolemus*' ſire ſo mirable
(On whoſe bright creſt fame with her loud'ſt O yes
Cries, *This is he*) could promiſe to himſelf
A thought of added honour torn from *Hector*.
  ÆNE. There is expectance here from both the ſides,
What further you will do.
  HEC. We'll anſwer it;
The iſſue is † embracement: — *Ajax*, farewel.
  AJA. If I might in entreaties find ſucceſs,
(As ſeld I have the chance) I would deſire

[7] Greeke,

My famous couſin to our *Grecian* tents.
Dio. 'Tis *Agamemnon*'s wiſh; and great *Achilles*
Doth long to ſee unarm'd the valiant *Hector*.
Hec. *Æneas*, call my brother *Troilus* to me:
And ſignify this loving interview
To the expectors of our *Trojan* part;
Deſire them home. — Give me thy hand, my couſin;
I will go eat with thee, and ſee your knights.
Aja. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meet us here.
Chiefs enter the Liſts.
Hec. The worthieſt of them tell me name by name;
But for *Achilles*, my own ſearching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly ſize.
Aga. Worthy of arms, as welcome as to one
That would be rid of ſuch an enemy;
But that's no welcome: Underſtand more clear,
What's paſt, and what's to come, is ſtrew'd with huſks
And formleſs ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with moſt divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great *Hector*, welcome.
Hec. I thank thee, moſt imperious *Agamemnon*.
Aga. My well-fam'd lord of *Troy*, [*to* Tro.] no leſs to you.
Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting; —
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.
Hec. Whom muſt we anſwer?
Æne. The noble *Menelaus*.
Hec. O, you, my lord? by *Mars* his gauntlet, thanks!
Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;
Your *quondam* wife ſwears ſtill by *Venus*' glove:

She's well, but bad me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now, ſir; ſhe's a deadly theme.
Hec. O, pardon; I offend.
Nes. I have, thou gallant *Trojan*, ſeen thee oft,
Lab'ring for deſtiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of *Greekiſh* youth: and I have ſeen thee,
As hot as *Perſeus*, ſpur thy *Phrygian* ſteed,
Deſpiſing many forfeits and ſubduements,
When thou haſt hung thy advanced ſword i'the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;
That I have ſaid to ſome my ſtanders-by,
Lo, Jupiter *is yonder*, *dealing life:*
And I have ſeen thee pauſe, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of *Greeks* have hem'd thee in,
Like an *Olympian* wreſtling: This have I ſeen;
But this thy countenance, ſtill lock'd in ſteel,
I never ſaw 'till now. I knew thy grandſire,
And once fought with him: he was a ſoldier good;
But, by great *Mars*, the captain of us all,
Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.
Æne. 'Tis the old *Neſtor*.
Hec. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That haſt ſo long walk'd hand in hand with time:
Moſt reverend *Neſtor*, I am glad to claſp thee.
Nes. I would, my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courteſy.
Hec. I would, they could.
Nes. Ha!
By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome; I have ſeen the time.
Uly. I wonder now how yonder city ſtands,

When we have here her baſe and pillar by us.
Hec. I know your favour, lord *Ulyſſes*, well.
Ah, ſir, there's many a *Greek* and *Trojan* dead,
Since firſt I ſaw yourſelf and *Diomed*
In *Ilion*, on your *Greekiſh* embaſſy.
Uly. Sir, I foretold you then what would enſue:
My propheſy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yon' towers, whoſe wanton tops do buſs the clouds,
Muſt kiſs their own feet.
Hec. I muſt not believe you:
There they ſtand yet; and modeſtly I think,
The fall of every *Phrygian* ſtone will coſt
A drop of *Grecian* blood: The end crowns all;
And that old common-arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.
Uly. So to him we leave it.
Moſt gentle, and moſt valiant *Hector*, welcome:
After the general, I beſeech you next
To feaſt with me, and ſee me at my tent.
Ach. I ſhall foreſtal thee, lord *Ulyſſes*; Thou!—
Now, *Hector*, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, *Hector*,
And quoted joint by joint.
Hec. Is this *Achilles?*
Ach. I am *Achilles.*
Hec. Stand fair, I pray thee, let me look on thee.
Ach. Behold thy fill.
Hec. Nay, I have done already.
Ach. Thou art too brief; I will the ſecond time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.
Hec. O, like a book of ſport thou'lt read me o'er;

But there's more in me, than thou underſtand'ſt.
Why doſt thou ſo oppreſs me with thine eye?
Ach. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I deſtroy him; whether there, there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make diſtinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great ſpirit flew: Anſwer me, heavens.
Hec. It would diſcredit the bleſt gods, proud man,
To anſwer ſuch a queſtion: Stand again:
Think'ſt thou to catch my life ſo pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead?
Ach. I tell thee, yea.
Hec. Wert thou an oracle to tell me ſo,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that ſtythy'd *Mars* his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wiſeſt *Grecians*, pardon me this brag,
His inſolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—
Aja. Do not chafe thee, cousin;—
And you, *Achilles*, let these threats alone,
'Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't:
You may have every day enough of *Hector*,
If you have ſtomack; the general ſtate, I fear,
Can ſcarce entreat you to be odd with him.
Hec. I pray you, let us ſee you in the field;
We have had pelting wars, ſince you refus'd
The *Grecians*' cauſe.
Ach. Doſt thou entreat me, *Hector*?

To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.
HEC. Thy hand upon that match.
AGA. Firſt, all you peers of *Greece*, go to my tent;
There in the full convive we: afterwards,
As *Hector*'s leiſure and your bounties ſhall
Concur together, ſeverally intreat him. —
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great ſoldier may his welcome know. [*Flouriſh.*
[*Exeunt.* Troilus *ſtays* Ulyſſes.
TRO. My lord *Ulyſſes*, tell me, I beſeech you,
In what place of the field doth *Calchas* keep?
ULY. At *Menelaus*' tent, moſt princely *Troilus:*
There *Diomed* doth feaſt with him to-night;
Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair *Creſſid.*
TRO. Shall I, ſweet lord, be bound to you ſo much,
After we part from *Agamemnon*'s tent,
To bring me thither?
ULY. You ſhall command me, ſir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This *Creſſida* in *Troy?* had ſhe no lover there,
That wails her abſence?
TRO. O, ſir, to ſuch as boaſting ſhew their ſcars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, ſhe lov'd; ſhe is, and doth:
But, ſtill, ſweet love is food for fortune's tooth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The* Greek *Camp. Before* Achilles' *Tent.*

Enter ACHILLES, *and* PATROCLUS.

Ach. I'll heat his blood with *Greekiſh* wine to-night,
Which with my ſcimitar I'll cool to-morrow. —
Patroclus, let us feaſt him to the heighth.

Pat. Here comes *Therſites.*

Enter THERSITES, *with a Letter.*

Ach. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou cruſty batch of nature, what's the news?

The. Why, thou picture of what thou ſeemeſt, and idol of ideot-worſhippers, here's † a letter for thee.

Ach. From whence, fragment?

The. Why, thou full diſh of fool, from *Troy.*

[Achilles *reads.*

Pat. Who keeps the tent now?

The. The ſurgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Pat. Well ſaid, adverſity! and what need these tricks?

The. Pr'ythee, be ſilent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be *Achilles'* male harlot.

Pat. Male harlot, you rogue? what's that?

The. Why, his maſculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the ſouth, the guts-griping, ruptures, loads of gravel i'the back, catarrhs, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of impoſtume, ſciaticas, lime-kilns i'the palm, incurable bone-ach, and the rivel'd fee-ſimple of the tetter, take and take again ſuch prepoſterous diſcoveries!

Pat. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meaneſt thou to curſe thus?

The. Do I curſe thee?

Pat. Why, no, you ruinous but; you whorſon in-

19 male varlot

diſtinguiſhable cur, no.

The. No? why art thou then exaſperate, thou idle immaterial ſkein of ſleive ſilk, thou green ſarcenet flap for a ſore eye, thou toſſel of a prodigal's purſe, thou? Ah, how the poor world is peſter'd with ſuch water-flies; diminutives of nature!

Pat. Out, gall!

The. Finch-egg!

Ach. My ſweet *Patroclus*, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpoſe in to-morrow's battle:
Here is a letter from queen *Hecuba*;
A token from her daughter, my fair love;
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have ſworn. I will not break it:
Fall, *Greeks*; fail, fame; honour, or go, or ſtay;
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey. —
Come, come, *Therſites*, help to trim my tent;
This night in banqueting muſt all be ſpent. —
Away, *Patroclus*. [*Exeunt* Ach. *and* Pat.

The. With too much blood, and too little brain, theſe two may run mad; but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's *Agamemnon*, — an honeſt fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not ſo much brain as ear-wax: And the goodly tranſformation of *Jupiter* there, his brother, the bull, — the primitive ſtatue, and obeliſque memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty ſhooing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg, — to what form, but that he is of, ſhould wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? to an aſs, were nothing; he is both aſs and oxe: to an oxe, were nothing; he is both oxe and aſs.

To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be *Menelaus*, I would conſpire againſt deſtiny. Aſk me not what I would be, if I were not *Therſites*; for I care not to be the louſe of a lazar, ſo I were not *Menelaus*. Hey-day! ſprites, and fires!

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, HECTOR, ULYSSES, Neſtor, DIOMED, TROILUS, *and* MENELAUS, *with Lights.*

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Aja. No, yonder 'tis;
There, where we ſee the lights.

Hec. I trouble you.

Aja. No, not a whit.

Uly. Here comes himſelf to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

Ach. Welcome, brave *Hector*;—welcome, princes all.

Aga. So now, fair prince of *Troy*, I bid good night.
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hec. Thanks, and good night, to the *Greeks'* general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hec. Good night, ſweet *Menelaus*.

The. Sweet draff: Sweet, quoth a'! ſweet ſink, ſweet [ſewer.

Ach. Good night, and welcome, both at once, to thoſe
That go, or tarry.

Aga. Good night. [*Exeunt* AGA. *and* MEN.

Ach. Old *Neſtor* tarries;—and you too, *Diomed*,
Keep *Hector* company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important buſineſs,
The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great *Hector*.

Hec. Give me your hand. [*to* DIO.

Uly. "Follow his torch, he goes to *Calchas'* tent;"

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[22] v. *Note.*

"I'll keep you company."

Tro. "Sweet ſir, you honour me."

Hec. And ſo, good night.

[*Exit* Diomed; Uly. *and* Tro. *following.*

Ach. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt* Achilles, Hector, Ajax, *and* Neſtor.

The. That ſame *Diomed*'s a falſe-hearted rogue, a moſt unjuſt knave; I will no more truſt him when he leers, than I will a ſerpent when he hiſſes: he will ſpend his mouth, and promiſe, like *Brabler* the hound; but when he performs, aſtronomers foretel it; it is prodigious, there will come ſome change; the ſun borrows of the moon, when *Diomed* keeps his word. I will rather leave to ſee *Hector*, than not to dog him: they ſay, he keeps a *Trojan* drab, and uſes the traitor *Calchas*' tent: I'll after. Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. Before* Calchas' *Tent.*

Enter Diomed, *with a Torch.*

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? ſpeak.

Cal. [*within.*] who calls?

Dio. *Diomed:*
Calchas, where is your daughter?

Cal. [*within.*] She comes to you.

Enter Ulysses, *and* Troilus, *at a Diſtance; after them,* Thersites.

Uly. Stand where the torch may not diſcover us.

Enter Cressida.

Tro. *Creſſid* come forth to him!

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cre. Now, my ſweet guardian! — Hark,

A word with you. [*whiſp'ring him.*

TRO. Yea, ſo familiar!

ULY. She will ſing any man at firſt ſight.

THE. And any man
May ſing her, if he can take her cliff; ſhe's noted.

DIO. Will you remember?

CRE. Remember? yes.

DIO. Nay, but do then;
And let your mind be coupl'd with your words.

TRO. What ſhould ſhe remember?

ULY. Liſt!

CRE. Sweet honey *Greek*, tempt me no more to folly.

THE. Roguery.

DIO. Nay, then,—

CRE. I'll tell you what:

DIO. Pho, pho! come, tell a pin: You are forſworn.

CRE. In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?

THE. A jugling trick, to be—ſecretly open.

DIO. What did you ſwear, you would beſtow on me?

CRE. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, ſweet *Greek*.

DIO. Good night.

TRO. Hold, patience!

ULY. How now, *Trojan*?

CRE. *Diomed*,—

DIO. No, no, good night; I'll be your fool no more.

TRO. Thy better muſt.

CRE. Hark, one word in your ear.

TRO. O plague and madneſs!

ULY. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Leſt your diſpleaſure ſhould enlarge itſelf
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;

The time right deadly; I beſeech you, go.
TRO. Behold, I pray you!
ULY. Now, good my lord, go off;
You flow to great diſtraction: come, my lord.
TRO. I pr'ythee, ſtay.
ULY. You have not patience; come.
TRO. I pray you, ſtay; by hell, and all hell's torments,
I will not ſpeak a word.
DIO. And ſo, good night.
CRE. Nay, but you part in anger.
TRO. Doth that grieve thee?—
O wither'd truth!
ULY. How now, my lord?
TRO. By *Jove*,
I will be patient.
CRE. Guardian,—why, *Greek*,—
DIO. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.
CRE. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.
ULY. You ſhake, my lord, at ſomething; Will you go?
You will break out.
TRO. She ſtroaks his cheek!
ULY. Come, come.
TRO. Nay, ſtay; by *Jove*, I will not ſpeak a word:
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience; ſtay a little while.
THE. How the devil, luxury, with his fat rump, and
Potato finger, tickles these together!—
Fry, lechery, fry!
DIO. But will you then?
CRE. In faith, I will, la; never truſt me elſe.
DIO. Give me ſome token for the ſurety of it.
CRE. I'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*

Uly. You have ſworn patience.
Tro. Fear me not, my lord;
I will not be myſelf, nor have cognition
Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter Cressida.

The. Now the pledge; now, now, now!
Cre. Here, *Diomed*, keep this † ſleeve.
Tro. O, beauty!
Where is thy faith?
Uly. My lord,—
Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.
Cre. You look upon that ſleeve; Behold it well:
He lov'd me—O falſe wench!—Give't me again.
Dio. Whoſe was't?
Cre. It is no matter, now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I pr'ythee, *Diomed*, viſit me no more.
The. Now ſhe ſharpens;—Well ſaid, whetſtone.
Dio. I ſhall have it again.
Cre. What, this?
Dio. Ay, that.
Cre. O all you gods!—O pretty pretty pledge!
Thy maſter now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee, and me; and ſighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kiſſes to it,
As I kiſs † thee.—Nay, do not ſnatch it from me;
He, that takes that, doth take my heart withal.
Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.
Tro. I did ſwear patience.
Cre. You ſhall not have it, *Diomed*; 'faith, you ſhall not;
I'll give you ſomething elſe.
Dio. I will have this; Whoſe was it?

CRE. It is no matter.

DIO. Come, tell me whoſe it was.

CRE. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.

DIO. But, whoſe was it?

CRE. By all *Diana*'s waiting-women yonder,
And by herſelf, I will not tell you whoſe.

DIO. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his ſpirit, that dares not challenge it.

TRO. Wert thou the devil, and wor'ſt it on thy horn,
It ſhould be challeng'd.

CRE. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis paſt;—And yet it is not;
I will not keep my word.

DIO. Why then, farewel;
Thou never ſhalt mock *Diomed* again.

CRE. You ſhall not go: One cannot ſpeak a word,
But it ſtraight ſtarts you.

DIO. I do not like this fooling.

THE. Nor I, by *Pluto:* but that that likes not me,
Pleaſes me beſt.

DIO. What, ſhall I come? the hour?

CRE. Ay, come: — O *Jove!* —
Do, come: — I ſhall be plagu'd.

DIO. Farewel 'till then.

CRE. Good night. I pr'ythee, come. [*Exit* DIO.
Troilus, farewel! one eye yet looks on thee;
But with my heart the other eye doth ſee.
Ah, poor our ſex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind:
What error leads, muſt err; O then conclude,
Minds, ſway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude. [*Exit* CRE.

THE. A proof of ſtrength ſhe could not publiſh more, Unleſs ſhe ſay, My mind is now turn'd whore.

Uly. All's done, my lord.
Tro. It is.
Uly. Why ſtay we then?
Tro. To make a recordation to my ſoul
Of every ſyllable that here was ſpoke.
But, if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publiſhing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An eſperance ſo obſtinately ſtrong,
That doth invert the atteſt of eyes and ears;
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was *Creſſid* here?
Uly. I cannot conjure, *Trojan.*
Tro. She was not, ſure.
Uly. Moſt ſure, ſhe was.
Tro. Why, my negation hath no taſte of madneſs.
Uly. Nor mine, my lord: *Creſſid* was here but now.
Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood;
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To ſtubborn criticks — apt, without a theme,
For depravation — to ſquare the general ſex
By *Creſſid*'s rule: rather think this not *Creſſid.*
Uly. What hath ſhe done, prince, that can ſoil our mothers?
Tro. Nothing at all, unleſs that this were ſhe.
The. Will he ſwagger himſelf out on's own eyes?
Tro. This ſhe? no, this is *Diomed*'s *Creſſida*:
If beauty have a ſoul, this is not ſhe;
If ſouls guide vows, if vows be ſanctimony,
If ſanctimony be the gods' delight,

If there be rule in unity itſelf,
This is not ſhe. O madneſs of diſcourſe,
That cauſe ſets up with and againſt itſelf!
Bi-fold authority! where reaſon can revolt
Without perdition, and loſs aſſume all reaſon
Without revolt; this is, and is not, *Creſſid!*
Within my ſoul there doth commence a fight
Of this ſtrange nature, that a thing inſeparate
Divides more wider than the ſky and earth;
And yet the ſpacious breadth of this diviſion
Admits no orifice for a point, as ſubtle
As is *Arachne*'s broken woof, to enter.
Inſtance, o inſtance! ſtrong as *Pluto*'s gates;
Creſſid is mine, ty'd with the bonds of heaven:
Inſtance, o inſtance! ſtrong as heaven itſelf;
The bonds of heaven are ſlipt, diſſolv'd, and looſ'd;
And with another knot, five finger ty'd,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, ſcraps, the bits and greazy relicks
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomed.*
ULY. May worthy *Troilus* be half attach'd
With that which here his paſſion doth expreſs?
TRO. Ay, *Greek*; and that ſhall be divulged well
In characters as red as *Mars* his heart
Inflam'd with *Venus:* never did young man fancy
With ſo eternal and ſo fixt a ſoul.
Hark, *Greek,*— As much as I do *Creſſid* love,
So much by weight hate I her *Diomed:*
That ſleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;
Were it a caſque compos'd by *Vulcan*'s ſkill,
My ſword ſhould bite it: not the dreadful ſpout,
Which ſhipmen do the hurricano call,

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7 conduce 12 *Ariachnes*

Conſtring'd in maſs by the almighty ſun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour *Neptune*'s ear
In his deſcent, than ſhall my prompted ſword
Falling on *Diomed.*

THE. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

TRO. O *Creſſid!* o falſe *Creſſid!* falſe, falſe, falſe!
Let all untruths ſtand by thy ſtained name,
And they'll ſeem glorious.

ULY. O, contain yourſelf;
Your paſſion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

ÆNE. I have been ſeeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in *Troy*;
Ajax, your guard, ſtays to conduct you home. [adieu:—

TRO. Have with you, prince:—My courteous lord,
Farewel, revolted fair!—and, *Diomed*,
Stand faſt, and wear a caſtle on thy head.

ULY. I'll bring you to the gates.

TRO. Accept diſtracted thanks.

[*Exeunt* TRO. ÆNE. *and* ULY.

THE. 'Would, I could meet that rogue *Diomed!* I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. *Patroclus* will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; ſtill, wars, and lechery; nothing elſe holds faſhion: A burning devil take them! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. Troy. *Before* Priam's *Palace.*

Enter HECTOR *arm'd, and* ANDROMACHE.

AND. When was my lord ſo much ungently temper'd,
To ſtop his ears againſt admoniſhment?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.
HEC. You train me to offend you; get you in:
By all the everlaſting gods, I'll go.
AND. My dreams will, ſure, prove ominous to-day.
HEC. No more, I ſay.
Enter CASSANDRA.
CAS. Where is my brother *Hector?*
AND. Here, ſiſter; arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Conſort with me in loud and dear petition,
Purſue we him on knees; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but ſhapes and forms of ſlaughter.
CAS. O, it is true.
HEC. Ho, bid my trumpet ſound!
CAS. No notes of ſally, for the heavens, ſweet brother.
HEC. Begone, I ſay: the gods have heard me ſwear.
CAS. The gods are deaf to hot and peeviſh vows;
They are polluted off'rings, more abhor'd
Than ſpotted livers in the ſacrifice.
AND. O, be perſuaded: Do not count it holy,
To hurt by being juſt: it is as lawful,
For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.
CAS. It is the purpoſe, that makes ſtrong the vow;
But vows, to every purpoſe, muſt not hold:
Unarm, ſweet *Hector.*
HEC. Hold you ſtill, I ſay;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life. —
Enter TROILUS, *arm'd.*
How now, young man? mean'ſt thou to fight to-day?

4 to the day 21 v. *Note.* 29 the deere man

And. *Caſſandra*, call my father to perſuade.
[*Exit* Cassandra.
Hec. No, 'faith, young *Troilus*; doff thy harneſs, youth;
I am to-day i'th' vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy ſinews 'till their knots be ſtrong,
And tempt not yet the bruſhes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll ſtand, to-day, for thee, and me, and *Troy*.
Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion, than a man.
Hec. What vice is that, good *Troilus*? chide me for it.
Tro. When many times the captive *Grecians* fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair ſword,
You bid them riſe, and live.
Hec. O, 'tis fair play.
Tro. Fools' play, by heaven, *Hector*.
Hec. How now? how now?
Tro. For th' love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother;
And when we have our armours buckl'd on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our ſwords;
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from ruth.
Hec. Fie, ſavage, fie!
Tro. *Hector*, thus 'tis in wars.
Hec. *Troilus*, I would not have you fight to-day.
Tro. Who ſhould withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*
Beck'ning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not *Priamus* and *Hecuba* on knees,
Their eyes o'er-galled with recourſe of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true ſword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, ſhould ſtop my way,

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[12] Grecian falls [24] then 'tis

But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, *with* PRIAM.

CAS. Lay hold upon him, *Priam*, hold him faſt:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy ſtay,
Thou on him leaning, and all *Troy* on thee,
Fall all together.

PRI. Come, *Hector*, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dreamt; thy mother hath had visions;
Caſſandra doth foreſee; and I myſelf
Am like a prophet ſuddenly enrapt,
To tell thee—that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.

HEC. *Æneas* is a-field;
And I do ſtand engag'd to many *Greeks*,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

PRI. Ay, but thou ſhalt not go.

HEC. I muſt not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear ſir,
Let me not ſhame reſpect; but give me leave
To take that courſe by your conſent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal *Priam*.

CAS. O *Priam*, yield not to him.

AND. Do not, dear father.

HEC. *Andromache*, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit* ANDROMACHE.

TRO. This fooliſh, dreaming, ſuperſtitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

CAS. O, farewel, dear *Hector*.
Look, how thou dy'ſt! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!

Hark, how *Troy* roars; how *Hecuba* cries out;
How poor *Andromache* ſhrills her dolours forth!
Behold, diſtraction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witleſs anticks, one another meet,
And all cry—*Hector! Hector*'s dead! O *Hector!*

TRO. Away, away!

CAS. Farewel.—Yet, ſoft:—*Hector*, I take my leave:
Thou doſt thyſelf and all our *Troy* deceive.
[*Exit* CASSANDRA.

HEC. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight;
Do deeds of praiſe, and tell you them at night.

PRI. Farewel: The gods with ſafety ſtand about thee!
[*Exit* PRIAM. *Alarums.*

TRO. They are at it, hark!—proud *Diomed*, believe,
I come to loſe my arm, or win my ſleeve. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Between* Troy *and the* Greek *Camp.* *A Field of Battle. Alarums: Excurſions.*

Enter THERSITES.

THE. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That diſſembling abominable varlet, *Diomed*, has got that ſame ſcurvy doating fooliſh knave's ſleeve of *Troy*, there, in his helm: I would fain ſee them meet; that that ſame young *Trojan* aſs, that loves the whore there, might ſend that *Greekiſh* whore-maſterly villain, with the ſleeve, back to the diſſembling luxurious drab, of a ſleeveleſs errand. O'th'other ſide, The policy of thoſe crafty ſneering raſcals — that ſtale old mouſe-eaten dry cheeſe, *Neſtor*; and that ſame dog fox, *Ulyſſes*, — is not prov'd worth a black-berry: They ſet me up, in policy, that mungril cur, *Ajax*, againſt that

29 ſwearing

dog of as bad a kind, *Achilles:* and now is the cur *Ajax* prouder than the cur *Achilles*, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the *Grecians* begin to proclaim barbariſm, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here comes ſleeve, and t'other.

Enter DIOMED, TROILUS *following.*

Tro. Fly not; for, ſhould'ſt thou take the river *Styx*,
I would ſwim after.

Dio. Thou doſt miſ-call retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!

The. Hold thy whore, *Grecian!*—now for thy whore, *Trojan!* – now the ſleeve, now the ſleeve!

[*Exeunt* DIOMED *and* TROILUS, *fighting.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hec. What art thou, *Greek?* art thou for *Hector's* match?
Art thou of blood, and honour?

The. No, no: I am a raſcal;
A ſcurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hec. I do believe thee; live. [*Exit.*

The. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; But a plague break thy neck, for frighting me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have ſwallow'd one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a ſort, lechery eats itſelf. I'll ſeek them. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *The ſame.*

Alarums. Enter DIOMED, *and a* Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my ſervant, take thou *Troilus'* horſe;
Preſent the fair ſteed to my lady *Creſſid:*
Fellow, commend my ſervice to her beauty;

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[2] began

Tell her, I have chaſtis'd the amorous *Trojan*,
And am her knight by proof.
Ser. I go, my lord. [*Exit* Servant.
Enter AGAMEMNON, *haſtily*.
AGA. Renew, renew! the fierce *Polidamas*
Hath beat down *Menon:* baſtard *Margarelon*
Hath *Doreus* priſoner;
And ſtands *Coloſſus*-wiſe, waving his beam,
Upon the paſhed corſes of the kings
Epiſtropus and *Cedius: Polixenes* is ſlain;
Amphimachus, and *Thoas*, deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en, or ſlain; and *Palamedes*
Sore hurt and bruis'd: the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers; haſte we, *Diomed*,
To re-inforcement, or we periſh all.
Enter NESTOR.
NES. Go, bear *Patroclus*' body to *Achilles*;
[*to his Followers.*
And bid the ſnail-pac'd *Ajax* arm for ſhame.—
There is a thouſand *Hectors* in the field:
Now here he fights on *Galathe* his horſe,
And there lacks work; anon he's there afoot,
And there they fly, or die, like ſcaled ſculs
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the ſtrawy *Greeks*, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's ſwath:
Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes;
Dexterity ſo obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does; and does ſo much,
That proof is call'd impoſſibility.
Enter ULYSSES.
ULY. O, courage, courage, princes! great *Achilles*

Is arming, weeping, curſing, vowing vengeance:
Patroclus' wounds have rouz'd his drowzy blood;
Together with his mangl'd *Myrmidons*,
That noſeleſs, handleſs, hackt and chipt come to him,
Crying on *Hector*. *Ajax* hath loſt a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for *Troilus*; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantaſtic execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himſelf,
With ſuch a careleſs force, and forceleſs care,
As if that luck, in very ſpite of cunning,
Bad him win all.

Enter AJAX.

AJA. *Troilus!* thou coward *Troilus!* [*Exit*.

DIO. Ay, there, there.

NES. So, ſo, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

ACH. Where is this *Hector?*
Come, come, thou boy-queller, ſhew me thy face;
Know what it is to meet *Achilles* angry:
Hector! where's *Hector?* I will none but *Hector*.

[*Exeunt*.

SCENE VI. *Another Part of the Field.*

Enter AJAX.

AJA. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus*, ſhew thy head!

Enter DIOMED.

DIO. *Troilus*, I ſay! where's *Troilus?*

AJA. What would'ſt thou?

DIO. I would correct him.

AJA. Were I the general, thou ſhould'ſt have my office,
Ere that correction: — *Troilus*, I ſay! what, *Troilus!*

Enter TROILUS. [traitor,

TRO. O traitor *Diomed!* — turn thy falſe face, thou
And pay the life thou ow'ſt me for my horſe.

DIO. Ha! art thou there?

AJA. I'll fight with him alone; ſtand, *Diomed*.

DIO. He is my prize, I will not look upon. [both.

TRO. Come both, you cogging *Greeks*; have at you
[*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter HECTOR, [ther!

HEC. Yea, *Troilus?* O, well fought, my youngeſt bro-

Enter ACHILLES.

ACH. Now do I ſee thee: Ha! — Have at thee, *Hector*.

HEC. Pauſe, if thou wilt. [*dropping his Sword.*

ACH. I do diſdain thy courteſy, proud *Trojan*.
Be happy, that my arms are out of uſe:
My reſt and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon ſhalt hear of me again;
'Till when, go ſeek thy fortune. [*Exit.*

HEC. Fare thee well: —
I would have been much more a freſher man,
Had I expected thee. — How now, my brother?

Re-enter TROILUS, *haſtily.*

TRO. *Ajax* hath ta'en *Æneas*; Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He ſhall not carry him; I'll be ta'en too,
Or bring him off: — Fate, hear me what I ſay!
I reck not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Grecians, *and paſs over*;
amongſt them, one in goodly Armour.

HEC. Stand, ſtand, thou *Greek*; thou art a goodly
No? wilt thou not? — I like thy armour well; [mark! —
I'll fruſh it, and unlock the rivets all,

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[3] thy life

But I'll be maſter of it:—Wilt thou not, beaſt, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *The ſame.*

Alarums. Enter ACHILLES, *with* Myrmidons.

ACH. Come here about me, you my *Myrmidons*;
Mark what I ſay,—Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a ſtroke, but keep yourſelves in breath;
And when I have the bloody *Hector* found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In felleſt manner execute your aims.
Follow me, ſirs, and my proceedings eye:—
It is decreed—*Hector* the great muſt die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *The ſame.*

Alarums. Enter Paris, *and* Menelaus, *fighting*; THERSITES *after them.*

THE. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it:—Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, *Paris*,' loo! now my double-hen'd ſparrow! 'loo, *Paris*, 'loo!—The bull has the game:—'ware horns, ho! [*Exeunt* Par. *and* Men.

Enter MARGARELON.

MAR. Turn, ſlave, and fight.

THE. What art thou?

MAR. A baſtard ſon of *Priam*'s.

THE. I am a baſtard too; I love baſtards: I am baſtard begot, baſtard inſtructed, baſtard in mind, baſtard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore ſhould one baſtard? Take heed, the quarrel's moſt ominous to us: if the ſon of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: Farewel, baſtard. [*Exit.*

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[11] armes

MAR. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exit.*

SCENE IX. *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter HECTOR.

HEC. Moſt putrified core, ſo fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath coſt thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
[*putting off his Helmet.*
Reſt, ſword; thou haſt thy fill of blood and death.

Shouts within. Enter ACHILLES, *and* Myrmidons.

ACH. Look, *Hector*, how the ſun begins to ſet;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the veil and darking of the ſun,
To cloſe the day up, *Hector*'s life is done.
[*aſſaulting him.*

HEC. I am unarm'd, forego this vantage, *Greek.*

ACH. Strike, fellows, ſtrike, this is the man I ſeek.—
[Hector *falls.*
So, *Ilion*, fall thou next! now, *Troy*, ſink down;
Here lies thy heart, thy ſinews, and thy bone.—
On, *Myrmidons*; and cry you all amain,
Achilles *hath the mighty* Hector *ſlain.*
[*Retreat heard.*
Hark! a retreat upon our *Grecian* part.

Myr. The *Trojan* trumpets ſound the like, my lord.

ACH. The dragon wing of night o'er-ſpreads the earth;
And, ſtickler-like, the armies ſeperates.
My half-ſupt ſword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—
[*putting up his Sword.*

Come, tie his body to my horſe's tail;
Along the field I will the *Trojan* trail.
[*Exeunt, dragging out the Body.*

SCENE X. *The ſame.*

March. Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, DIOMED, NESTOR, *and Others.*
Shouts within.

AGA. Hark, hark! what ſhout is that?

NES. Peace, drums.

within. *Achilles! Achilles! Hector*'s ſlain! *Achilles!*

DIO. The bruit is — *Hector*'s ſlain, and by *Achilles.*

AJA. If it be ſo, yet bragleſs let it be;
Great *Hector* was as good a man as he.

AGA. March patiently along: — Let one be ſent,
To pray *Achilles* ſee us at our tent. —
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great *Troy* is ours, and our ſharp wars are ended.
[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE XI. *Another Part of the Field; under* Troy.

Retreat ſounded. Enter Trojans, *confuſedly; to them,* ÆNEAS.

ÆNE. Stand, ho! yet are we maſters of the field:
Never go home; here ſtarve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

TRO. *Hector* is ſlain.

all. *Hector?* the gods forbid!

TRO. He's dead; and at the murtherer's horſe's tail,
In beaſtly ſort, drag'd through the ſhameful field. —
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with ſpeed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and ſmite at *Troy*,

I ſay, at once! let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our ſure deſtructions on.
ÆNE. My lord, you do diſcomfort all the hoſt.
TRO. You underſtand me not, that tell me ſo:
I do not ſpeak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence, that gods, and men,
Addreſs their dangers in. *Hector* is gone!
Who ſhall tell *Priam* ſo, or *Hecuba?*
Let him, that will a ſcrietch-owl aye be call'd,
Go in to *Troy*, and ſay there—*Hector*'s dead:
There is a word will *Priam* turn to ſtone;
Make wells and *Niobes* of the maids and wives,
Cold ſtatues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare *Troy* out of itſelf. But, march, away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to ſay.
Stay yet;—You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our *Phrygian* plains,
Let *Titan* rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you:—And thou great-ſiz'd coward,
No ſpace of earth ſhall ſunder our two hates;
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conſcience ſtill,
That moldeth goblins ſwift as frenzy thoughts.—
Strike a free march to *Troy*!—with comfort go;
Hope of revenge ſhall hide our inward woe.
[*as they are going out, and* Troilus *laſt*,
Enter PANDARUS.
PAN. Do you hear, my lord; do you hear?
TRO. What now? [*Exeunt* ÆNEAS, *and* Trojans.
PAN. Here's a letter come from yon' poor girl.
TRO. Let me read. [*taking it.*

PAN. A whoreſon ptiſick, a whoreſon raſcally ptiſick ſo troubles me, and the fooliſh fortune of this girl;

22 frenſies 27 v, *Note.*

and what one thing, what another, that I ſhall leave you one o'these days: And I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and ſuch an ach in my bones, that, unleſs a man were curſt, I cannot tell what to think on't.—What ſays ſhe there?

Tro. Words, words, meer words, no matter from the
heart;
The effect doth operate another way.—
Go, wind, to wind, [*tears, and ſcatters about, the Letter.*]
there turn and change together.—
My love with words and errors ſtill ſhe feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.

Pan. But hear you, hear you.

Tro. Hence, broker, lacquey!—ignomy and ſhame
Purſue thy life, and live aye with thy name!
[*Exit* Troilus.

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones!—O world, world, world! thus is the poor agent deſpis'd! O traitors, and bawds, how earneſtly are you ſet a'work, and how ill requited! Why ſhould our endeavour be ſo desir'd, and the performance ſo loathed? what verſe for it? what inſtance for it? Let me ſee:

Full merrily the humble-bee doth ſing,
'Till he hath loſt his honey, and his ſting:
And, being once ſubdu'd in armed tail,
Sweet honey and ſweet notes together fail.—

Good traders in the fleſh, ſet this in your painted cloths.
advancing:
As many as be here of pander's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at *Pandar*'s fall:
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give ſome groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.

Brethren, and ſiſters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will ſhall here be made:
It ſhould be now, but that my fear is this—
Some galled gooſe of *Wincheſter* would hiſs:
'Till then, I'll ſweat, and ſeek about for eaſes;
And, at that time, bequeath you my diſeaſes.
[*Exit* PANDARUS.

CYMBELINE.

Perſons repreſented.

Cymbeline, *King of* Britain:
Cloten, *Son to his Queen by a former Husband.*
Poſthumus, *a noble Gentleman, Husband to* Imogen.
Belarius, *a baniſh'd Lord; calling himſelf,* Morgan:
Guiderius, } *his ſuppos'd Sons; call'd by*
Arviragus, } *him,* Paladour *and* Cadwal.
Cornelius, *a Phyſician.*
Piſanio, *Gentleman to* Poſthumus.
Lords, of Cymbeline*'s Court, four:*
Gentlemen, of the ſame, two.
two Britain *Captains, an Attendant,*
Meſſenger, and two Jailers.
Lucius, *General of the* Roman *Forces.*
Philario, *Hoſt to* Poſthumus, }
Jachimo, *Friend to* Philario, } Roman *Gentlemen.*
a French *Gentleman, Friend to* Philario.
a Roman *Captain, Soothſayer, Tribune, and two Senators.*
Spirits, in the Viſion, of Sicillius Leonatus, *his Wife, and two Sons, Father, Mother, and Brothers to* Poſthumus: *and* Jupiter.

Queen, Wife to Cymbeline:
Imogen, *his Daughter by a former Queen.*
Lady, attending the Queen; Lady, attending Imogen.

Britiſh *and* Roman *Officers, Guards, Soldiers,* &c.
a Dutch *Gentleman, a* Spaniſh *Gentleman: Muſicians;*
Tribunes, Senators; Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

Scene, part Rome; *partly in* Britain.

CYMBELINE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Part of the royal Garden to* Cymbeline's *Palace. Enter two* Gentlemen.

1. *G.* You do not meet a man, but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers;
Still ſeem, as does the king's.
2. *G.* But what's the matter? [whom
1. *G.* His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom,
He purpos'd to his wife's ſole ſon, (a widow,
That late he marry'd) hath refer'd herſelf
To a poor, but worthy gentleman: She's wedded;
Her husband baniſh'd; ſhe impriſon'd: all
Is outward ſorrow; though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.
2. *G.* None but the king?
1. *G.* He, that hath loſt her, too: ſo is the queen,
That moſt deſir'd the match: But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not

8 Unto a

Glad at the thing they ſcoul at.
2. *G.* And why ſo?
1. *G.* He that hath miſs'd the princeſs, is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I mean, that marry'd her,—alack good man!—
And therefore baniſh'd!) is a creature ſuch
As, to ſeek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be ſomething failing
In him that ſhould compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and ſuch ſtuff within,
Endows a man but he.
2. *G.* You ſpeak him far.
1. *G.* I don't extend him, ſir: within himſelf
Cruſh him together, rather than unfold
His meaſure duly.
2. *G.* What's his name, and birth?
1. *G.* I cannot delve him to the root: His father
Was called *Sicillius*, who did join his honour,
Againſt the *Romans*, with *Caſſibelan*;
But had his titles by *Tenantius*, whom
He ſerv'd with glory and admir'd ſucceſs;
So gain'd the ſur-addition, *Leonatus*:
And had, beſides this gentleman in queſtion,
Two other ſons; who, in the wars o'the time,
Dy'd with their ſwords in hand: for which, their father
(Then old, and fond of iſſue) took ſuch ſorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceaſ'd
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him, *Poſthumus*;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:
Puts to him all the learnings that his time

30 *Poſthumus Leonatus,*

Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, faſt as 'twas miniſter'd; and
In his ſpring became a harveſt: Liv'd in court,
(Which rare it is to do) moſt prais'd, moſt lov'd:
A ſample to the young'ſt; to the more mature,
A glaſs that featur'd them; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards: to his miſtreſs,
For whom he now is baniſh'd,—her own price
Proclaims how ſhe eſteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.
  2. *G.* I honour him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is ſhe ſole child to the king?
  1. *G.* His only child.
He had two ſons, (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it) the eldeſt of them at three years old,
I' the ſwathing cloths the other, from their nurſery
Were ſtol'n; and, to this hour, no gueſs in knowledge
Which way they went.
  2. *G.* How long is this ago?
  1. *G.* Some twenty years.
  2. *G.* That a king's children ſhould be ſo convey'd!
So ſlackly guarded! And the ſearch ſo ſlow,
That could not trace them!
  1. *G.* Howſoe'er 'tis ſtrange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, ſir.
  2. *G.* I do well believe you.
  1. *G.* We muſt forbear: Here comes the gentleman,
The queen, and princeſs. [*Exeunt.*

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6 feated

SCENE II. *The ſame.*

Enter Queen, POSTHUMUS, *and* IMOGEN.

Que. No, be aſſur'd, you ſhall not find me, daughter,
After the ſlander of moſt ſtep-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you: you're my priſoner, but
Your jailor ſhall deliver you the keys
That lock up your reſtraint. For you, *Poſthumus*,
So ſoon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his ſentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Pos. Please your highneſs,
I will from hence to-day.

Que. You know the peril: —
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of bar'd affections; though the king
Hath charg'd you ſhould not ſpeak together.

[*Exit* Queen.

Imo. O
Diſſembling courteſy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where ſhe wounds? — My deareſt husband,
I ſomething fear my father's wrath; but nothing,
(Always reserv'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me: You muſt be gone;
And I ſhall here abide the hourly ſhot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may ſee again.

Pos. My queen! my miſtreſs!
O, lady, weep no more; leſt I give cause
To be ſuſpected of more tenderneſs

Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'ſt husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in *Rome*, at one *Philario's*;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you ſend,
Though ink be made of gall.
Re-enter Queen.
Que. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I ſhall incur I know not
How much of his diſpleaſure: — "Yet I'll move him"
"To walk this way: I never do him wrong,"
"But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;"
"Pays dear for my offences." [*Exit.*
Pos. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The lothneſs to depart would grow: Adieu.
Imo. Nay, ſtay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourſelf,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, † love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it 'till you woo another wife,
When *Imogen* is dead.
Pos. How, how! another? —
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And ſear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death! — Remain, remain thou † here
While ſenſe can keep it on: — And, ſweeteſt, faireſt,
As I my poor ſelf did exchange for you,
To your ſo infinite loſs; ſo, in our trifles
I ſtill win of you: For my ſake, wear † this;
It is a manacle of love, I'll place it

[3] one *Filorio*'s

Upon this faireſt priſoner.
Imo. O the gods! —
When ſhall we ſee again?

Enter Cymbeline, *and Lords.*

Pos. Alack, the king!
Cym. Thou baſeſt thing, avoid; hence, from my ſight!
If, after this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthineſs, thou dy'ſt: Away!
Thou'rt poiſon to my blood.
Pos. The gods protect you!
And bleſs the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [*Exit* Posthumus.
Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More ſharp than this is.
Cym. O diſloyal thing,
That ſhould'ſt repair my youth; thou heap'ſt inſtead
A year's age on me!
Imo. I beſeech you, ſir,
Harm not yourſelf with your vexation; I
Am ſenſeleſs of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.
Cym. Paſt grace! obedience!
Imo. Paſt hope, and in deſpair; that way, paſt grace.
Cym. That might'ſt have had the ſole ſon of my queen!
Imo. O bleſt, that I might not! I choſe an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.
Cym. Thou took'ſt a beggar; would'ſt have made my throne
A ſeat for baſeneſs.
Imo. No; I rather added
A luſtre to it.
Cym. O thou vile one!
Imo. Sir,

It is your fault, that I have lov'd *Poſthumus*:
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is
A man, worth any woman; over-buys me
Almoſt the ſum he pays.
  Cym. What, art thou mad?
  Imo. Almoſt, ſir: Heaven reſtore me!—'Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter! and my *Leonatus*
Our neighbour ſhepherd's ſon!

Re enter Queen.

  Cym. Thou fooliſh thing!—
They were again together: you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.
  Que. Beſeech your patience:—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace;—Sweet ſovereign,
Leave us to ourſelves:—and make yourſelf ſome comfort
Out of your beſt advice.
  Cym. Nay, let her languiſh
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Dye of this folly! [*Exit* Cymbeline.

Enter Pisanio.

  Que. Fie!—you muſt give way:
Here is your ſervant.—How now, ſir? what news?
  Pis. My lord your ſon drew on my maſter.
  Que. Ha!
No harm, I truſt, is done?
  Pis. There might have been,
But that my maſter rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.
  Que. I am very glad on't.
  Imo. Your ſon's my father's friend; he takes his part,

To draw upon an exile. — O brave ſir! —
I would, they were in *Africk* both together;
Myſelf by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back. — Why came you from your maſter?
Pis. On his command: He would not ſuffer me
To bring him to the haven: left † these notes
Of what commands I ſhould be ſubject to,
When't pleas'd you to employ me.
Que. This hath been
Your faithful ſervant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain ſo.
Pis. I humbly thank your highneſs.
Que. Pray, walk a while.
Imo. About ſome half hour hence,
I pray you, ſpeak with me: You ſhall, at leaſt,
Go ſee my lord aboard: for this time, leave me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The ſame.*

Enter Cloten, *and two* Lords.

1. *L.* Sir, I would advise you to ſhift a ſhirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a ſacrifice: Where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad ſo wholeſome as that you vent.

Clo. If my ſhirt were bloody, then to ſhift it—Have I hurt him?

2. *L.* "No, faith; not ſo much as his patience."

1. *L.* Hurt him? his body's a paſſable carcaſs, if he be not hurt: it is a thorough-fare for ſteel, if it be not hurt.

2. *L.* "His ſteel was in debt; it went o'th' back-" "ſide the town."

Clo. The villain would not ſtand me.

2. *L.* "No; but he fled forward ſtill, toward your face."

1. *L.* Stand you! You had land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you ſome ground.

2. *L.* "As many inches as you have oceans: Puppies!"

Clo. I would, they had not come between us.

2. *L.* "So would I, 'till you had meaſur'd how long" "a fool you were upon the ground."

Clo. And that ſhe ſhould love this fellow, and refuſe me!

2. *L.* "If it be a ſin to make a true election, ſhe is" "damn'd."

1. *L.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: ſhe's a good ſign, but I have ſeen ſmall reflection of her wit.

2. *L.* "She ſhines not upon fools, leſt the reflection" "ſhould hurt her."

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there had been ſome hurt done!

2. *L.* "I wiſh not ſo; unleſs it had been the fall of" "an aſs, which is no great hurt."

Clo. You'll go with us?

2. *L.* I'll attend your lordſhip.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2. *L.* Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter IMOGEN, *and* PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'ſt unto the ſhores o'the haven,
And queſtion'dſt every ſail: if he ſhould write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper loſt
As offer'd mercy is. What was the laſt

That he ſpake to thee?
Pis. It was, *His queen, his queen.*
Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?
Pis. And kiſs'd it, madam.
Imo. Senſeleſs linnen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?
Pis. No, madam; for ſo long
As he could make me with this eye, or ear,
Diſtinguiſh him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and ſtirs of his mind
Could beſt expreſs how ſlow his ſoul ſail'd on,
How ſwift his ſhip.
Imo. Thou ſhould'ſt have made him
As little as a crow, or leſs, ere left
To after-eye him.
Pis. Madam, ſo I did.
Imo. I would have broke mine eye-ſtrings; crack'd them, but
To look upon him; 'till the diminution
Of ſpace had pointed him ſharp as my needle:
Nay, follow'd him, 'till he had melted from
The ſmallneſs of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good *Piſanio*,
When ſhall we hear from him?
Pis. Be aſſur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.
Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Moſt pretty things to ſay: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and ſuch; or I could make him ſwear,
The ſhe's of *Italy* ſhould not betray

[8] with his eye

Mine intereſt, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the ſixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with oriſons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiſs, which I had ſet
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lad. The queen, madam,
Deſires your highneſs' company.

Imo. Thoſe things I bid you do, get them diſpatch'd.—
I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I ſhall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Rome. *A Room in* Philario'*s Houſe.*
Enter Philario, Jachimo, *a* Frenchman,
a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Jac. Believe it, ſir: I have ſeen him in *Britain*; he was then of a creſcent note; expected to prove ſo worthy, as ſince he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have look'd on him, without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabl'd by his ſide, and I to peruſe him by items.

Phi. You ſpeak of him when he was leſs furniſh'd, than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

Fre. I have ſeen him in *France:* we had very many there, could behold the ſun with as firm eyes as he.

Jac. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, (wherein he muſt be weighed rather by her value than his own) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

Fre. And then his baniſhment:

Jac. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which elſe an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to ſojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were ſoldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no leſs than my life: —

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the *Britain:* Let him be ſo entertained amongſt you, as ſuits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a ſtranger of his quality. — I beſeech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than ſtory him in his own hearing.

Fre. Sir, we have known together in *Orleans.*

Pos. Since when I have been debtor to you for courteſies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay ſtill.

Fre. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindneſs: I was glad I did attone my countryman and you; it had been pity, you ſhould have been put together with ſo mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of ſo ſlight and trivial a nature.

Pos. By your pardon, ſir, I was then a young traveller; rather ſhun'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but, upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not, to ſay it is mended) my quarrel was not altogether ſlight.

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* without leſſe quality

Fre. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of ſwords; and by ſuch two, that would, by all likelyhood, have confounded one the other, or have fall'n both.

Jac. Can we, with manners, aſk what was the difference?

Fre. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in publick, which may, without contradiction, ſuffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out laſt night, where each of us fell in praise of our country miſtreſſes: This gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaſt, conſtant qualify'd, and leſs attemptible, than any the rareſt of our ladies in *France*.

Jac. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Pos. She holds her virtue ſtill, and I my mind.

Jac. You muſt not ſo far prefer her 'fore ours of *Italy*.

Pos. Being ſo far provok'd as I was in *France*, I would abate her nothing; though I profeſs myſelf her adorer, not her friend.

Jac. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand compariſon) had been ſomething too fair, and too good, for any lady in *Britany*. If ſhe went before others I have ſeen, as that diamond of yours out-luſters many I have beheld, I could believe ſhe excelled many: but I have not ſeen the moſt precious diamond that is, nor you

[16] Conſtant, Qualified, [31] could not believe

the lady.

Pos. I prais'd her, as I rated her: ſo do I my ſtone.

Jac. What do you eſteem it at?

Pos. More than the world enjoys.

Jac. Either your unparagon'd miſtreſs is dead, or ſhe's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Pos. You are miſtaken: the one may be ſold, or given; if there were wealth enough for the purchaſe, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for ſale, and only the gift of the gods.

Jac. Which the gods have given you?

Pos. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Jac. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, ſtrange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be ſtoln too: ſo, your brace of unprizeable eſtimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accompliſh'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of firſt and laſt.

Pos. Your *Italy* contains none ſo accompliſh'd a courtier, to convince the honour of my miſtreſs; if, in the holding or loſs of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have ſtore of thieves; notwithſtanding, I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Pos. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy ſignior, I thank him, makes no ſtranger of me; we are familiar at firſt.

Jac. With five times ſo much converſation, I ſhould get ground of your fair miſtreſs: make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

7 given, or if—purchaſes,

Pos. No, no.

Jac. I dare, thereupon, pawn the moiety of my eſtate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it ſomething: But I make my wager rather againſt your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durſt attempt it againſt any lady in the world.

Pos. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a perſuasion; and I doubt not you ſuſtain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Jac. What's that?

Pos. A repulſe: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more; a puniſhment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too ſuddenly; let it dye as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Jac. 'Would I had put my eſtate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation of what I have ſpoke.

Pos. What lady would you choose to aſſail?

Jac. Yours; who in conſtancy, you think, ſtands ſo ſafe. I will lay you ten thouſand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a ſecond conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine ſo reſerv'd.

Pos. I will wager againſt your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Jac. You are afraid, and therein the wiſer. If you buy ladies' fleſh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: But, I ſee, you have ſome religion in you, that you fear.

Pos. This is but a cuſtom in your tongue: you bear

20 whom 26 wage 28 a friend

a graver purpoſe, I hope.

Jac. I am the maſter of my ſpeeches; and would undergo what's ſpoken, I ſwear.

Pos. Will you? — I ſhall but lend my diamond 'till your return: — Let there be covenants drawn between us: My miſtreſs exceeds in goodneſs the hugeneſs of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring. [*putting it into* Philario's *Hand.*

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Jac. By the gods, it is one: — If I bring you ſufficient teſtimony that I have enjoy'd the deareſt bodily part of your miſtreſs, my ten thouſand ducats are mine; ſo is your diamond too: If I come off, and leave her in ſuch honour as you have truſt in, She your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours; — provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Pos. I embrace theſe conditions; let us have articles betwixt us: — only, thus far you ſhall anſwer: If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to underſtand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, ſhe is not worth our debate: if ſhe remain unſeduc'd, (you not making it appear otherwiſe) for your ill opinion, and the aſſault you have made to her chaſtity, you ſhall anſwer me with your ſword.

Jac. Your hand; a covenant: We will have theſe things ſet down by lawful counſel, and ſtraight away for *Britain*; leſt the bargain ſhould catch cold, and ſtarve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Pos. Agreed. [*Exeunt* Pos. *and* Jac.

[10] you no ſufficient [12] are yours, ſo

Fre. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior *Jachimo* will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *A Room in* Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter Queen, Ladies, *and* Cornelius.

Que. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;
Make haſte: Who has the note of them?

1. *L.* I, madam.

Que. Diſpatch.— [*Exeunt* Ladies.
Now, maſter doctor; have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highneſs, ay: here they are, madam: [*giving her ſome Papers.*
But I beſeech your grace, (without offence;
My conſcience bids me aſk) wherefore you have
Commanded of me these moſt pois'nous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languiſhing death;
But, though ſlow, deadly?

Que. I do wonder, doctor,
Thou aſk'ſt me ſuch a queſtion: Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Haſt thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? diſtil? preserve? yea, ſo,
That our great king himſelf doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,
(Unleſs thou think'ſt me dev'liſh) is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on ſuch creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, (but none human;)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather

Their ſeveral virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highneſs
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:
Beſides, the ſeeing these effects will be
Both noyſome and infectious.

Que. O, content thee.—

Enter PISANIO.

"Here comes a flattering raſcal; upon him"
"Will I firſt let them work: he's for his maſter,"
"And enemy to my ſon."—How now, *Piſanio?*—
Doctor, your ſervice for this time is ended;
Take your own way.

Cor. "I do ſuſpect you, madam";
"But you ſhall do no harm".

Que. Hark thee, a word. [*to* Piſ. *drawing him aſide.*

Cor. "I do not like her. She doth think, ſhe has"
"Strange ling'ring poiſons: I do know her ſpirit,"
"And will not truſt one of her malice with"
"A drug of ſuch damn'd nature: Thoſe, ſhe has,"
"Will ſtupify and dull the ſenſe a while:"
"Which firſt, perchance, ſhe'll prove on cats, and dogs;"
"Then afterward up higher: but there is"
"No danger in what ſhew of death it makes,"
"More than the locking up the ſpirits a time,"
"To be more freſh, reviving. She is fool'd"
"With a moſt falſe effect; and I the truer,"
"So to be falſe with her."

Que. No further ſervice, doctor,
Until I ſend for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

Que. Weeps ſhe ſtill, ſay'ſt thou? Doſt thou think, in time

She will not quench; and let inſtructions enter,
Where folly now poſſeſſes? Do thou work:
When thou ſhalt bring me word, ſhe loves my ſon,
I'll tell thee, on the inſtant, thou art then
As great as is thy maſter: greater; for
His fortunes all lye ſpeechleſs, and his name
Is at laſt gaſp: Return he cannot, nor
Continue where is: to ſhift his being,
Is to exchange one miſery with another;
And every day, that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him: What ſhalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans?
Who cannot be new built; nor has no friends,
[*drops ſome of the Papers.*
So much as but to prop him? Thou tak'ſt up
Thou know'ſt not what; but take it for thy labour:
It is a thing I make, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death; I do not know
What is more cordial:—Nay, I pr'ythee, take it;
It is an earneſt of a farther good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy miſtreſs how
The caſe ſtands with her; do't, as from thyſelf.
Think what a chance thou chanceſt on; but think:
Thou haſt thy miſtreſs ſtill; to boot, my ſon,
Who ſhall take notice of thee, move the king
To any ſhape of thy preferment, ſuch
As thou'lt deſire; and then myſelf, I chiefly,
That ſet thee on to this deſert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
Think on my words. [*Exit* Pis.] A ſly, and conſtant knave;
Not to be ſhak'd: the agent for his maſter;
And the remembrancer of her, to hold

23 changeſt 25 thee. Ile move

The hand faſt to her lord. I have given him that,
Which, if he take, ſhall quite unpeople her
Of ledgers for her ſweet; and which ſhe, after,
Except ſhe bend her humour, ſhall be aſſur'd

Re-enter PISANIO, *and* Ladies.

To taſte of too. — So, ſo; well done, well done:
The violets, cowſlips, and the primroſes,
Bear to my closet: — Fare thee well, *Piſanio*;
Think on my words. [*Exeunt* Queen, *and* Ladies.

PIS. And ſhall do:
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choak myſelf: there's all I'll do for you.
[*Exit* PISANIO.

SCENE VII. *Another Room in the ſame.*

Enter IMOGEN.

IMO. A father cruel, and a ſtep-dame falſe;
A fooliſh ſuitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her huſband baniſh'd; — O, that huſband,
My ſupream crown of grief; and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-ſtoln,
As my two brothers, happy: but moſt miſerable
Is the desire that's glorious: Bleſſed be those,
How mean ſoe'er, that have their honeſt wills,
Which ſeasons comfort. — Who may this be? Fie!

Enter PISANIO, *and* JACHIMO.

PIS. Madam, a noble gentleman of *Rome*,
Comes from my lord with letters.

JAC. Change you, madam?
The worthy *Leonatus* is in ſafety,
And greets your highneſs dearly. [*presents a Letter.*

IMO. Thanks, good ſir;

You're kindly welcome.
Jac. "All of her, that is out of door, moſt rich!"
"If ſhe be furniſh'd with a mind ſo rare,"
"She is alone the *Arabian* bird; and I"
"Have loſt the wager. Boldneſs be my friend!"
"Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!"
"Or, like the *Parthian*, I ſhall flying fight;"
"Rather, directly fly.
Imo. [*reads.*] * * * * *He is one of the nobleſt note, to whoſe kindneſſes I am moſt infinitely tyed. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your truſt.* Leonatus.
So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the reſt, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy ſir, as I
Have words to bid you; and ſhall find it ſo,
In all that I can do.
Jac. Thanks, faireſt lady.—
What, are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes,
To ſee this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of ſea and land? which can diſtinguiſh 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twin'd ſtones
Upon the humbl'd beach? and can we not
Partition make with ſpectacles ſo precious
'Twixt fair and foul?
Imo. What makes your admiration?
Jac. It cannot be i'the eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two ſuch ſhe's, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other: Nor i'the judgment;
For idiots, in this caſe of favour, would
Be wiſely definite: Nor i'the appetite;
Sluttery to ſuch neat excellence oppos'd,

[14] take [23] the number'd

Should make deſire vomit to emptineſs,
Not ſo allur'd to feed.
IMO. What is the matter, trow ?
JAC. The cloyed will,
(That ſatiate, yet unſatisfy'd ; that tub
Both fill'd and running) rav'ning firſt the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage.
IMO. What, dear ſir,
Thus raps you ? Are you well ?
JAC. Thanks, madam ; well : — Beſeech you, ſir,
Deſire my man's abode where I did leave him ;
He's ſtrange, and peeviſh.
PIS. I was going, ſir,
To give him welcome. [*Exit* PISANIO.
IMO. Continues well my lord ? His health, beſeech you ?
JAC. Well, madam.
IMO. Is he diſpos'd to mirth ? I hope, he is.
JAC. Exceeding pleaſant ; none a ſtranger there
So merry, and ſo gameſome : he is call'd,
The *Britain* reveller.
IMO. When he was here,
He did incline to ſadneſs ; and oft-times
Not knowing why.
JAC. I never ſaw him ſad.
There is a *Frenchman* his companion, one
An eminent monſieur, that, it ſeems, much loves
A *Gallian* girl at home : he furnaces
The thick ſighs from him ; whiles the jolly *Britain*
(Your lord, I mean) laughs from's free lungs, cries, *O,*
Can my ſides hold, to think, that man, — who knows
By hiſtory, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what ſhe cannot chooſe

---

[5] unſatisfi'd deſire, that

But muſt be,—will his free hours languiſh out
For aſſur'd bondage?
Imo. Will my lord ſay ſo? [ter.
Jac. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laugh-
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the *Frenchman:* But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.
Imo. Not he, I hope. [might
Jac. Not he: But yet heaven's bounty towards him
Be us'd more thankfully. In himſelf, 'tis much;
In you,—which I count his, beyond all talents,—
Whilſt I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.
Imo. What do you pity, ſir?
Jac. Two creatures, heartily.
Imo. Am I one, ſir?
You look on me; What wrack diſcern you in me,
Deſerves your pity?
Jac. Lamentable! What,
To hide me from the radiant ſun, and ſolace
I'the dungeon by a ſnuff?
Imo. I pray you, ſir,
Deliver with more openneſs your anſwers
To my demands.
Why do you pity me?
Jac. That others do,
I was about to ſay, enjoy your—But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to ſpeak on't.
Imo. You do ſeem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; Pray you,
(Since doubting things go ill often hurts more

Than to be ſure they do: For certainties
Either are paſt remedies; or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born) diſcover to me
What both you ſpur and ſtop.
Jac. Had I this cheek
To bath my lips upon; this hand, whoſe touch,
Whoſe every touch, would force the feeler's ſoul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes priſoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here: ſhould I (damn'd then)
Slaver with lips as common as the ſtairs
That mount the capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falſhood, as with labour;
Then glad myſelf by peeping in an eye,
Baſe and unluſtrous as the ſmoky light
That's fed with ſtinking tallow; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell ſhould at one time
Encounter ſuch revolt.
Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot *Britain.*
Jac. And himſelf: Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggery of his change; but 'tis your graces
That, from my muteſt conſcience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.
Imo. Let me hear no more.
Jac. O deareſt ſoul, your cause doth ſtrike my heart
With pity, that doth make me ſick. A lady
So fair, and faſten'd to an empery,
Would make the great'ſt king double! to be partner'd
With tomboys, hir'd with that ſelf exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures,

[15] illuſtrious

That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenneſs can lend nature! ſuch boil'd ſtuff,
As well might poiſon poiſon! Be reveng'd;
Or ſhe, that bore you, was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great ſtock.
Imo. Reveng'd!
How ſhould I be reveng'd? If this be true,
(As I have ſuch a heart, that both mine ears
Muſt not in haſte abuſe) if it be true,
How ſhould I be reveng'd?
Jac. Should he make me
Live like *Diana*'s prieſt, between cold ſheets;
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your deſpight, upon your purſe? Revenge it,
I dedicate myſelf to your ſweet pleaſure;
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue faſt to your affection,
Still cloſe, as ſure.
Imo. What ho, *Piſanio?*
Jac. Let me my ſervice tender on your lips.
Imo. Away! I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee: If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'ſt have told this tale for virtue, not
For ſuch an end thou ſeek'ſt; as baſe, as ſtrange.
Thou wrong'ſt a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'ſt here a lady, that diſdains
Thee and the devil alike:—What ho, *Piſanio!*—
The king my father ſhall be made acquainted
Of thy aſſault: if he ſhall think it fit,
A ſaucy ſtranger, in his court, to mart
As in a *Romiſh* ſtew, and to expound

His beaſtly mind to us; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not reſpects at all. — What ho, *Piſanio!*
Jac. O happy *Leonatus!* I may ſay,
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy truſt; and thy moſt perfect goodneſs
Her aſſur'd credit. — Bleſſed live you long!
A lady to the worthieſt ſir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you his miſtreſs, only
For the moſt worthieſt fit! Give me your pardon.
I have ſpoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and ſhall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: And he is one
The trueſt manner'd; ſuch a holy witch,
That he enchants ſocieties unto him:
Half all men's hearts are his.
Imo. You make amends.
Jac. He ſits 'mongſt men, like a deſcended god:
He hath a kind of honour ſets him off,
More than a mortal ſeeming. Be not angry,
Moſt mighty princeſs, that I have adventur'd
To try you by a falſe report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a ſir ſo rare,
Which, you know, cannot err: The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffleſs. Pray, your pardon. [yours.
Imo. All's well, ſir: Take my power i'the court for
Jac. My humble thanks. I had almoſt forgot
To intreat your grace but in a ſmall requeſt,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myſelf, and other noble friends,

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[22] your taking of a

Are partners in the buſineſs.
Imo. Pray, what is't?
Jac. Some dozen *Romans* of us, and your lord,
(Th' beſt feather of our wing) have mingl'd ſums,
To buy a preſent for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the reſt, have done
In *France:* 'Tis plate, of rare device; and jewels,
Of rich and exquiſite form: their values great;
And I am ſomething curious, being ſtrange,
To have them in ſafe ſtowage; May it pleaſe you
To take them in protection?
Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their ſafety: ſince
My lord hath int'reſt in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.
Jac. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To ſend them to you, only for this night;
I muſt aboard to-morrow.
Imo. O, no, no.
Jac. Yes, I beſeech: or I ſhall ſhort my word,
By length'ning my return. From *Gallia*
I croſſ'd the ſeas on purpoſe, and on promiſe
To ſee your grace.
Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow.
Jac. O, I muſt, madam:
Therefore I ſhall beſeech you, if you pleaſe
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:
I have out-ſtood my time; which is material
To the tender of our preſent.
Imo. I will write.

Send your trunk to me; it ſhall ſafe be kept,
And truly yielded you: You're very welcome.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Court before the Palace.*

Enter CLOTEN, *and two* Lords.

CLO. Was there ever man had ſuch luck! when I kiſſ'd the jack upon an up-caſt, to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on't: And then a whoreſon jackanapes muſt take me up for ſwearing; as if I borrow'd mine oaths of him, and might not ſpend them at my pleaſure.

1. *L.* What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2. *L.* "If his wit had been like his that broke it, it" "would have run all out."

CLO. When a gentleman is diſpos'd to ſwear, it is not for any ſtanders-by to curtail his oaths: Ha?

2. *L.* No, my lord; nor crop the ears of them.

CLO. Whoreſon dog! —I give him ſatiſfaction? —'Would, he had been one of my rank!

2. *L.* "To have ſmelt like a fool."

CLO. I am not vext more at any thing in the earth,—A pox on't! I had rather not be ſo noble as I am; they dare not fight with me becauſe of the queen my mother: every jack-ſlave hath his belly-full of fighting, and I muſt go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2. *L.* "You are a cock and capon too; and you" "crow, cock, with your comb on."

CLO. Sayeſt thou?

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[17] like him that

2. *L.* It is not fit, your lordſhip ſhould undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit, I ſhould commit offence to my inferiors.

2. *L.* Ay, it is fit for your lordſhip only.

Clo. Why, ſo I ſay.

1. *L.* Did you hear of a ſtranger, that's come to court to-night?

Clo. A ſtranger! and I not know on't!

2. *L.* "He's a ſtrange fellow himſelf, and knows it not."

1. *L.* There's an *Italian* come; and, 'tis thought, one of *Leonatus'* friends.

Clo. *Leonatus!* a baniſh'd raſcal; and he's another, whoſoever he be. Who told you of this ſtranger?

1. *L.* One of your lordſhip's pages.

Clo. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

2. *L.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2. *L.* "You are a fool granted; therefore your iſſues," "being fooliſh, do not derogate,"

Clo. Come, I'll go ſee this *Italian:* What I have loſt to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2. *L.* I'll attend your lordſhip.

[*Exeunt* Cloten, *and* 1. Lord.

That ſuch a crafty devil as his mother
Should yield the world this aſs! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her ſon
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princeſs,
Thou divine *Imogen*, what thou endur'ſt!
Betwixt a father by thy ſtepdame govern'd;

A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulſion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unſhak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'ſt ſtand,
To enjoy thy baniſh'd lord, and this great land! [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Bed-chamber; a Trunk in one Part of it:* IMOGEN *in her Bed*; *a* Lady *attending.*

Imo. Who's there? my woman *Helen?*
Lad. Please you, madam.
Imo. What hour is it?
Lad. Almoſt midnight, madam.
Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:—
Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou can'ſt awake by four o'the clock,
I pr'ythee, call me. [*Exit* Lady.] Sleep hath ſeis'd me wholly.
To your protection I commend me, gods:
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beſeech ye! [*ſleeps.*

JACHIMO, *from the Trunk.*

Jac. The crickets ſing, and man's o'er-labour'd ſenſe
Repairs itſelf by reſt: Our *Tarquin* thus
Did ſoftly preſs the ruſhes, ere he waken'd
The chaſtity he wounded.—*Cytherea,*
How bravely thou becom'ſt thy bed! freſh lilly!
And whiter than the ſheets! That I might touch!
But kiſs; one kiſs! Rubies unparagon'd, [*kiſſing her.*
How dearly they do't! 'Tis her breathing that

Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame o'the taper
Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
To ſee the incloſed lights, now canopy'd
Under the windows: White and azure, lac'd;
With blue of heaven's own tinct. — But my deſign?
To note the chamber: — I will write all down:
Such, and ſuch, pictures; There the window; Such
The adornment of her bed; The arras, figures?
Why, ſuch, and ſuch; And the contents of the ſtory, —
Ah, but ſome natural notes about her body,
(Above ten thouſand meaner moveables they
Would teſtify) to enrich mine inventory.
O ſleep, thou ape of death, lye dull upon her!
And be her ſenſe but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying! Come off, come off;
[*taking off her Bracelet.*
As ſlippery, as the *Gordian* knot was hard!
'Tis mine; and this will witneſs outwardly,
As ſtrongly as the conſcience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breaſt
A mole cinque-ſpotted, like the crimson drops
I'the bottom of a cowſlip: Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this ſecret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en
The treaſure of her honour. To what end?
Why ſhould I write this down, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late:
The tale of *Tereus*; here the leaf's turn'd down,
Where *Philomele* gave up — I have enough:
To the trunk again, and ſhut the ſpring of it.
Swift, ſwift, you dragons of the night! that dawning
May bear the raven's eye: I lodge in fear;

25 Honour. No more: to

Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.
One, two, three, — [*counting the Clock.*] Time, time!
[*Shuts the Trunk upon himſelf. The Scene closes.*

SCENE III. *An Anti-Room to the above Chamber.*

Enter CLOTEN, *and* Lords.

1. *L.* Your lordſhip is the moſt patient man in loſs, the moſt coldeſt that ever turn'd up ace.

CLO. It would make any man cold to lose.

1. *L.* But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your lordſhip; You are moſt hot, and furious, when you win.

CLO. Winning will put any man into courage: If I could get this fooliſh *Imogen*, I ſhould have gold enough: It's almoſt morning, is't not?

1. *L.* Day, my lord.

CLO. I would, this muſick would come: I am adviſ'd to give her muſick o' mornings; they ſay, it will penetrate.

Enter Muſicians.

Come on; tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, ſo; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never o'er. Firſt, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful ſweet air, with admirable rich words to it, — and then let her conſider.

SONG.

Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate ſings,
and Phœbus *'gins ariſe,*
his ſteeds to water at thoſe ſprings
on chalic'd flowers that lyes;
and winking Mary-*buds begin*

to ope their golden eyes;
with every thing that pretty bin:
my lady ſweet, arise;
arise, arise.

So, get you gone: If this penetrate, I will conſider your musick the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horſe-hairs, and cat's-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*

Enter CYMBELINE, *and* Queen.

2. *L.* Here comes the king.

CLO. I am glad, I was up ſo late; for that's the reaſon I was up ſo early: He cannot choose but take this ſervice I have done, fatherly.—Good-morrow to your majeſty, and to my gracious mother.

CYM. Attend you here the door of our ſtern daughter? Will ſhe not forth?

CLO. I have aſſail'd her with musicks, but ſhe vouchſafes no notice.

CYM. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: ſome more time
Muſt wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then ſhe's yours.

Que. You are moſt bound to the king;
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter: Frame yourſelf
To orderly ſollicits; and be friended
With aptneſs of the ſeaſon: make denials
Increaſe your ſervices: ſo ſeem, as if
You were inſpir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your diſmiſſion tends,

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[2] *pretty is,* [6] a voyce in [7] Calves-guts

And therein you are ſenſeleſs.
Clo. Senſeleſs? not ſo.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. So like you, ſir, embaſſadors from *Rome*;
The one is *Caius Lucius.*
Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: We muſt receive him
According to the honour of his ſender;
And towards himſelf, for his goodneſs fore-ſpent on us,
We muſt extend our notice.—Our dear ſon,
When you have given good morning to your miſtreſs,
Attend the queen, and us; we ſhall have need
To employ you towards this *Roman.*—Come, our queen.
[*Exeunt* Cym. Queen, Meſſ. *and* Lords.
Clo. If ſhe be up, I'll ſpeak with her; if not,
Let her lye ſtill, and dream.—By your leave, ho!—
I know her women, are about her; What
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers falſe themſelves, yield up
Their deer to the ſtand o'the ſtealer: and 'tis gold
Which makes the true-man kill'd, and ſaves the thief;
Nay, ſometime, hangs both thief and true-man: What
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not underſtand the caſe myſelf.
By your leave. [*knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

Lad. Who's there, that knocks?
Clo. A gentleman.
Lad. No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's ſon.
Lad. That's more
Than ſome, whoſe tailors are as dear as yours,
Can juſtly boaſt of: What's your lordſhip's pleaſure?
Clo. Your lady's perſon: Is ſhe ready?
Lad. Ay,
To keep her chamber.
Clo. There is gold ✝ for you;
Sell me your good report.
Lad. How! my good name?
Or to report of you what I ſhall think
Is good? — The princeſs — [*Exit* Lady.

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good morrow, faireſt ſiſter: Your ſweet hand.
Imo. Good morrow, ſir: You lay out too much pains
For purchaſing but trouble: the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And ſcarce can ſpare them.
Clo. Still, I ſwear, I love you.
Imo. If you but ſaid ſo, 'twere as deep with me:
If you ſwear ſtill, your recompence is ſtill
That I regard it not.
Clo. This is no anſwer.
Imo. But that you ſhall not ſay I yield, being ſilent,
I would not ſpeak. I pray you, ſpare me: faith,
I ſhall unfold equal diſcourteſy
To your beſt kindneſs: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.
Clo. To leave you in your madneſs, 'twere my ſin;
I will not.
Imo. Fools cure not mad folks.
Clo. Do you call me fool?

[31] Fooles are not

Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much ſorry, ſir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being ſo verbal: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am ſo near the lack of charity,
(To accuse myſelf) I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make't my boaſt.
Clo. You ſin againſt
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that baſe wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foſter'd with cold diſhes,
With ſcraps o'the court) it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who, than he, more mean?) to knit their ſouls
(On whom there is no more dependancy
But brats and beggary) in ſelf-figur'd knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The conſequence o'the crown; and muſt not ſoil
The precious note of it with a baſe ſlave,
A hilding for a livery, a ſquire's cloth,
A pantler, not ſo eminent.
Imo. Prophane fellow!
Wert thou the ſon of *Jupiter*, and no more,
But what thou art, beſides, thou wert too baſe
To be his groom: thou wert dignify'd enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be ſtil'd
The under hangman of his kingdom; and hated
For being prefer'd ſo well.

Clo. The ſouth-fog rot him!
Imo. He never can meet more miſchance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meaneſt garment,
That ever hath but clipt his body, is dearer,
In my reſpect, than all the hairs above thee,
Enter Pisanio.
Were they all made ſuch men.—How now, *Piſanio?*
Clo. His garment? Now, the devil—
Imo. To *Dorothy* my woman hye thee presently:—
Clo. His garment?
Imo. I am ſprighted with a fool;
Frighted, and anger'd worſe:— Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm; it was thy maſter's: ſhrew me,
If I would lose it for a révenue
Of any king's in *Europe*. I do think,
I ſaw't this morning: confident I am,
Laſt night 'twas on mine arm; I kiſs'd it:
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiſs ought but him.
Pis. 'Twill not be loſt.
Imo. I hope ſo: go, and ſearch. [*Exit* Pisanio.
Clo. You have abus'd me:—
His meaneſt garment?
Imo. Ay; I ſaid ſo, ſir:
If you will make't an action, call witneſs to't.
Clo. I will inform your father.
Imo. Your mother too:
She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worſt of me. So I leave you, ſir,
To the worſt of diſcontent. [*Exit* Imogen.
Clo. I'll be reveng'd:—

His meaneſt garment? Well. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. Rome. *A Room in* Philario'*s Houſe.*

Enter POSTHUMUS, *and* PHILARIO,

Pos. Fear it not, ſir: I would, I were ſo ſure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Pos. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the preſent winter's ſtate, and wiſh
That warmer days would come: In these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I muſt die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodneſs, and your company,
O'er-pays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great *Auguſtus*: *Caius Lucius*
Will do his commiſſion throughly: And, I think,
He'll grant the tribute, ſend the arrearages,
Ere look upon our *Romans*, whose remembrance
Is yet freſh in their grief.

Pos. I do believe,
(Statiſt though I am none, nor like to be)
That this will prove a war; and you ſhall hear
The legions, now in *Gallia*, ſooner landed
In our not-fearing *Britain*, than have tydings
Of any penny tribute pay'd. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when *Julius Cæsar*
Smil'd at their lack of ſkill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: Their diſcipline
(Now mingl'd with their courages) will make known
To their approvers, they are people, ſuch
That mend upon the world.

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19 Or looke 24 Legion

Enter JACHIMO.

PHI. See! *Jachimo!*

POS. The ſwifteſt harts have poſted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiſſ'd your ſails,
To make your veſſel nimble.

PHI. Welcome, ſir.

POS. I hope, the briefneſs of your anſwer made
The ſpeedineſs of your return.

JAC. Your lady
Is one of the faireſt that I have look'd upon.

POS. And, therewithal, the beſt; or let her beauty
Look through a caſement to allure falſe hearts,
And be falſe with them.

JAC. Here † are letters for you.

POS. Their tenor good, I truſt.

JAC. 'Tis very like.

PHI. Was *Caius Lucius* in the *Britain* court,
When you were there?

JAC. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

POS. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this † ſtone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

JAC. If I have loſt it,
I ſhould have loſt the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A ſecond night of ſuch ſweet ſhortneſs, which
Was mine in *Britain*; for the ring is won.

POS. The ſtone's too hard to come by.

JAC. Not a whit,
Your lady being ſo eaſy.

POS. Make not, ſir

Your loſs your ſport: I hope, you know that we
Muſt not continue friends.
Jac. Good ſir, we muſt,
If you keep covenant: Had I not brought
The knowledge of your miſtreſs home, I grant
We were to queſtion farther: but I now
Profeſs myſelf the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.
Pos. If you can make't apparent
That you have taſted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours: If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your ſword, or mine; or maſterleſs leaves both
To who ſhall find them.
Jac. Sir, my circumſtances,
Being ſo near the truth, as I will make them,
Muſt firſt induce you to believe: whoſe ſtrength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to ſpare, when you ſhall find
You need it not.
Pos. Proceed.
Jac. Firſt, her bed-chamber,
(Where, I confeſs, I ſlept not; but, profeſs,
Had that was well worth watching) It was hang'd
With tapeſtry of ſilk and ſilver; the ſtory
Proud *Cleopatra,* when ſhe met her *Roman*
On *Cydnus,* ſwell'd above the banks, or for
The preſs of boats, or pride: A piece of work
So bravely done, ſo rich, that it did ſtrive
In workmanſhip, and value; which, I wonder'd,

15 leave 29 And *Cidnus*

Could be ſo rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life was in it.
Pos. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by ſome other.
Jac. More particulars
Muſt juſtify my knowledge.
Pos. So they muſt,
Or do your honour injury.
Jac. The chimney
Is ſouth the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaſt *Dian*, bathing: never ſaw I figures
So likely to report themſelves: the cutter
Was as another nature; dumb, out-went her,
Motion and breath left out.
Pos. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewiſe reap;
Being, as it is, much ſpoke of.
Jac. The roof o'the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted: Her andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking *Cupids*
Of ſilver, each on one foot ſtanding, nicely
Depending on their brands.
Pos. This is her honour? —
Be it granted, you have ſeen all this, (and praiſe
Be given to your remembrance) the deſcription
Of what is in her chamber, nothing ſaves
The wager you have lay'd.
Jac. Then if you can,
Be pale; I beg but leave to air † this jewel: See!
And now 'tis up again: It muſt be marry'd
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

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[2] life on't was — [25] Let it be granted

Pos. *Jove!* —
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?
Jac. Sir, (I thank her) that:
She ſtript it from her arm; I ſee her yet;
Her pretty action did outſell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: ſhe gave it me,
And ſaid, ſhe priz'd it once.
Pos. May be, ſhe pluck'd it off,
To ſend it me.
Jac. She writes ſo to you? doth ſhe?
Pos. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take ╤ this too;
It is a baſiliſk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't: — Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where ſemblance; love,
Where there's another man: The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing: —
O, above meaſure falſe!
Phi. Have patience, ſir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable, ſhe loſt it; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath ſtoln it from her.
Pos. Very true;
And ſo, I hope, he came by't: — Back my ring:
Render to me ſome corporal ſign about her,
More evident than this; for this was ſtoln.
Jac. By *Jupiter*, I had it from her arm.
Pos. Hark you, he ſwears; by *Jupiter* he ſwears.
'Tis true, — nay, keep the ring — 'tis true: I am ſure,
She would not loſe it: her attendants are

All ſworn, and honourable; They induc'd to ſteal it?
And by a ſtranger? No; he hath enjoy'd her:
The cogniſance of her incontinency [ly.—
Is this,—ſhe hath bought the name of whore thus dear-
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themſelves between you.
Phi. Sir, be patient:
This is not ſtrong enough to be believ'd
Of one perſuaded well of—
Pos. Never talk on't:
She hath been colted by him.
Jac. If you ſeek
For further ſatiſfying, under her breaſt
(Worthy her preſſing) lyes a mole, right proud
Of that moſt delicate lodging: By my life,
I kiſſ'd it; and it gave me preſent hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This ſtain upon her?
Pos. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another ſtain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.
Jac. Will you hear more?
Pos. Spare your arithmetick: never count the turns;
Once, and a million.
Jac. I'll be ſworn,—
Pos. No ſwearing:—
If you will ſwear you have not don't, you lye;
And I will kill thee, if thou doſt deny
Thou haſt made me cuckold.
Jac. I will deny nothing.
Pos. O, that I had here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there, and do't; i'the court; before

Her father: I'll do ſomething: [*Exit* POSTHUMUS.
Phi. Quite beſides
The government of patience! — You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the preſent wrath
He hath againſt himſelf.
Jac. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The ſame. Another Room in the ſame.*

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Pos. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Muſt be half-workers? We are all baſtards; all:
And that moſt venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where,
When I was ſtampt; ſome coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: Yet my mother ſeem'd
The *Dian* of that time: ſo doth my wife
The non-pareil of this. — O, vengeance, vengeance! —
Me of my lawful pleaſure ſhe reſtrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it with
A pudency ſo rosy, the ſweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old *Saturn*; that I thought her
As chaſt, as unſun'd ſnow: — O, all the devils! —
This yellow *Jachimo*, in an hour, (was't not?)
Or leſs; at firſt: Perchance, he ſpoke not; but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a *German* one,
Cry'd, *oh*, and mounted: found no oppoſition,
But what he look'd for ſhould oppoſe, and ſhe
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: Be it lying, (note it)
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;

25 a Jarmen on,

Luſt and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, diſdain,
Nice longing, ſlanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, or all; but, rather, all:
For even to vice
They are not conſtant, but are changing ſtill;
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half ſo old as that. I'll write againſt them,
Deteſt them, curſe them: Yet 'tis greater ſkill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A State Room in* Cymbeline'*s Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, *Lords, and Others:*
Cymbeline *takes his Throne*; *after which,*
Enter LUCIUS, *and Attendants.*

CYM. Now ſay, what would *Auguſtus Cæsar* with us?
LUC. When *Julius Cæsar* (whose remembrance yet
Lives in mens eyes; and will to ears, and tongues,
Be theme, and hearing ever) was in this *Britain*,
And conquer'd it, *Caſſibelan*, thine uncle,
(Famous in *Cæsar*'s praises, no whit leſs
Than in his feats deserving it) for him,
And his ſucceſſion, granted *Rome* a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.
Que. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be ſo ever.

Clo. There be many *Cæſars*,
Ere ſuch another *Julius*. *Britain* is
A world by itſelf; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noſes.

Que. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from us, to reſume
We have again.—Remember, ſir, my liege,
The kings your anceſtors: together with
The natural bravery of your iſle; which ſtands
As the great *Neptune*'s park, rib'd and pal'd in
With rocks unſcaleable, and roaring waters;
With ſands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But ſuck them up to the top-maſt. A kind of conqueſt
Cæſar made here; but made not here his brag
Of, *came*, and *ſaw*, and *overcame*: with ſhame
(The firſt that ever touch'd him) he was carry'd
From off our coaſt, twice beaten; and his ſhipping
(Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible ſeas,
Like egg-ſhells mov'd upon their ſurges, crack'd
As eaſily 'gainſt our rocks: For joy whereof,
The fam'd *Caſſibelan*, who was once at point
(O, giglet fortune!) to maſter *Cæſar*'s ſword,
Made *Lud*'s town with rejoicing fires bright,
And *Britains* ſtrut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be pay'd: Our kingdom is ſtronger than it was at that time; and, as I ſaid, there is no more ſuch *Cæſars*: other of them may have crook'd noſes; but, to owe ſuch ſtrait arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as *Caſſibelan*: I do not ſay, I am one; but I have a hand.—

Why tribute? why ſhould we pay tribute? If *Cæſar* can hide the ſun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; elſe, ſir, no more tribute, pray you now.

CYM. You muſt know,
'Till the injurious *Romans* did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: *Cæſar*'s ambition,
(Which ſwell'd ſo much, that it did almoſt ſtretch
The ſides o'the world) againſt all colour, here
Did put the yoak upon us; which to ſhake off,
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourſelves to be; we do. Say then to *Cæſar*,
Our anceſtor was that *Mulmutius*, which
Ordain'd our laws; whoſe uſe the ſword of *Cæſar*
Hath too much mangl'd; whoſe repair, and franchiſe,
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though *Rome* be therefore angry. *Mulmutius* made our laws;
Who was the firſt of *Britain*, which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himſelf a king.

LUC. I am ſorry, *Cymbeline*,
That I am to pronounce *Auguſtus Cæſar*
(*Cæſar*, that hath more kings his ſervants, than
Thyſelf domeſtick officers) thine enemy:
Receive it from me then: — War, and confuſion,
In *Cæſar*'s name pronounce I 'gainſt thee: look
For fury not to be reſiſted: — Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for myſelf.

CYM. Thou art welcome, *Caius*.
Thy *Cæſar* knighted me; my youth I ſpent
Much under him: of him I gather'd honour;
Which he, to ſeek of me again, perforce,

Behooves me keep at utterance. I am perfect,
That the *Pannonians*, and *Dalmatians*, for
Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent
Which, not to read, would ſhew the *Britains* cold:
So *Cæsar* ſhall not find them.

Luc. Let proof ſpeak.

Clo. His majeſty bids you welcome. Make paſtime with us a day, or two, or longer: If you ſeek us afterwards in other terms, you ſhall find us in our ſalt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows ſhall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, ſir.

Cym. I know your maſter's pleasure, and he mine:
All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another Room in the ſame.*

Enter Pisanio.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monſter's her accuser? — *Leonatus!*
O, maſter! what a ſtrange infection
Is faln into thy ear? What falſe *Italian*
(As pois'nous tongu'd, as handed) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing? — Diſloyal? No:
She's puniſh'd for her truth; and undergoes,
More goddeſs-like than wife-like, ſuch aſſaults
As would take-in ſome virtue. — O my maſter,
Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
Thy fortunes. — How! that I ſhould murther her?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command? I, her? her blood?
If it be ſo to do good ſervice, never

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20 Monſters her accuſe?

Let me be counted ſerviceable. How look I,
That I ſhould ſeem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to? *Do't: The letter*
That I have ſent her, by her own command,
Shall give thee opportunity: — O damn'd paper,
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senſeleſs bauble,
Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'ſt
So virgin-like without? — Lo, here ſhe comes:

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.
IMO. How now, *Piſanio?*
PIS. Madam, here ✝ is a letter from my lord.
IMO. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? *Leonatus?*
O, learn'd indeed were that aſtronomer,
That knew the ſtars, as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open. — You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd reliſh of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content, — yet not
That we two are aſunder, let that grieve him, —
(Some griefs are med'cinable; that is one of them,
For it doth physick love) of his content,
All but in that! — Good wax, thy leave: — Bleſt be,
You bees, that make these locks of counſel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you caſt in priſon, yet
You claſp young *Cupid*'s tables. — Good news, gods!
[*reads.*

Juſtice, and your father's wrath, ſhould he take me in his dominion, could not be ſo cruel to me, as you, o the deareſt of creatures, would not *even renew me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in* Cambria, *at* Milford-Haven: *What your own love will, out of this, adviſe*

you, follow. So, he wiſhes you all happineſs, that remains loyal to his vow, and your encreaſing in love
Leonatus Poſthumus.
O, for a horſe with wings! — Hear'ſt thou, *Piſanio?*
He is at *Milford-Haven:* Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. — If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? — Then, true *Piſanio,*
(Who long'ſt, like me, to ſee thy lord: who long'ſt, —
O, let me bate, — but not like me: yet long'ſt;
But in a fainter kind: o, not like me;
For mine's beyond, beyond,) ſay, and ſpeak thick,
(Love's counſellor ſhould fill the bores of hearing,
To the ſmothering of the ſenſe) how far it is
To this ſame bleſſed *Milford:* And, by the way,
Tell me how *Wales* was made ſo happy, as
To inherit ſuch a haven: But, firſt of all,
How we may ſteal from hence; and, for the gap
That we ſhall make in time, from our hence-going
To our return, to excuse: but, firſt, how get hence:
Why ſhould excuſe be born or e'er begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, ſpeak,
How many ſcore of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?
Pis. One ſcore, 'twixt ſun and ſun,
Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.
Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could never go ſo ſlow: I have heard of riding wagers,
Where horſes have been nimbler than the ſands
That run i'the clock's behalf: — But this is foolery: —
Go, bid my woman feign a ſickneſs; ſay
She'll home to her father: and provide me, presently,

[20] And our

A riding ſuit; no coſtlier than would fit
A franklin's houſewife.

Pis. Madam, you're beſt conſider.

Imo. I ſee before me, man: nor here, nor here,
Nor what enſues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee;
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to ſay;
Acceſſible is none but *Milford* way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A mountainous Country.*

Enter, from a Cave, BELARIUS; *then,*
GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep houſe, with ſuch
Whoſe roof's as low as ours! — Stoop, boys: This gate
Inſtructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you
To morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd ſo high, that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbands on, without
Good morrow to the ſun. — Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i'the rock, yet use thee not ſo hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain ſport: Up to yon' hill,
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Conſider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place, which leſſens, and ſets off.
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This ſervice is not ſervice, ſo being done,
But being ſo allow'd: To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we ſee:

14 ours: Sleepe Boyes,

And often, to our comfort, ſhall we find
The ſharded beetle in a ſafer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a babe;
Prouder, than ruſtling in unpay'd-for ſilk:
Such gain the cap of him, that makes 'em fine,
Yet keeps his book uncroſſ'd: no life to ours.
Gui. Out of your proof you ſpeak: we, poor unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o'the neſt; nor know not
What air's from home. Haply, this life is beſt,
If quiet life be beſt; ſweeter to you,
That have a ſharper known; well correſponding
With your ſtiff age: but, unto us, it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling abed;
A priſon for a debtor, that not dares
To ſtride a limit.
Arv. What ſhould we ſpeak of,
When we are old as you? when we ſhall hear
The wind and rain beat dark *December*, how,
In this our pinching cave, ſhall we diſcourſe
The freezing hours away? We have ſeen nothing:
We are beaſtly; ſubtle as the fox, for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
Our valour is, to chace what flyes; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the priſon'd bird,
And ſing our bondage freely.
Bel. How you ſpeak!
Did you but know the city's uſuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o'the court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb

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7 makes him fine 12 Priſon, or a

Is certain falling, or ſo ſlippery, that
The fear's as bad as falling: the toil o'the war,
A pain that only ſeems to ſeek out danger
I'the name of fame, and honour; which dyes i' the ſearch;
And hath as oft a ſland'rous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worſe,
Muſt curt'ſy at the cenſure: — O, boys, this ſtory
The world may read in me: My body's mark'd
With *Roman* ſwords; and my report was once
Firſt with the beſt of note: *Cymbeline* lov'd me;
And when a ſoldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: Then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one night,
A ſtorm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.
GUI. Uncertain favour!
BEL. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)
But that two villains, whose falſe oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, ſwore to *Cymbeline*
I was confederate with the *Romans:* ſo,
Follow'd my baniſhment; and, this twenty years,
This rock, and these demeſnes, have been my world:
Where I have liv'd at honeſt freedom; pay'd
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time. But, up to the mountains;
This is not hunters' language: He, that ſtrikes
The venison firſt, ſhall be the lord o'the feaſt;
To him the other two ſhall miniſter;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater ſtate. I'll meet you in the valleys.

[*Exeunt* Gui. *and* Arv.
How hard it is, to hide the ſparks of nature!
These boys know little, they are ſons to the king;
Nor *Cymbeline* dreams that they are alive. [meanly
They think, they are mine: and, though train'd up thus
I'the cave, where on the bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In ſimple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This *Paladour*,—
The heir of *Cymbeline*, and *Britain*, whom
The king his father call'd *Guiderius*,—*Jove!*
When on my three-foot ſtool I ſit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his ſpirits fly out
Into my ſtory: ſay, *Thus mine enemy fell*;
And thus I ſet my foot on his neck; even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he ſweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himſelf in poſture
That acts my words. The younger brother, *Cadwal*,
(Once, *Arvirágus*) in as like a figure
Strikes life into my ſpeech, and ſhews much more
His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rouz'd.
O *Cymbeline*, heaven, and my conſcience, knows
Thou did'ſt unjuſtly baniſh me: whereon,
At two, and three years old, I ſtole these babes;
Thinking to bar thee of ſucceſſion, as
Thou reft'ſt me of my lands. *Euriphile*,
Thou waſt their nurſe; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to thy grave:
Myſelf, *Belarius*, that am *Morgan* call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up.
[*Exit* Belarius.

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[6] whereon [26] reſts [28] to her grave

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the above Country.*

Enter PISANIO, *and* IMOGEN.

IMO. Thou told'ſt me, when we came from horſe, the place
Was near at hand :— Ne'er long'd my mother ſo
To ſee me firſt, as I have now : — *Piſanio!* Man!
Where is *Poſthumus?* What is in thy mind,
That makes thee ſtare thus? Wherefore breaks that ſigh
From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond ſelf-explication : Put thyſelf
Into a 'haviour of leſs fear, ere wildneſs
Vanquiſh my ſtaider ſenſes. What's the matter?
[Piſanio *reaches her out a Letter.*
Why tender'ſt thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If't be ſummer news,
Smile to't before : if winterly, thou need'ſt
But keep that countenance ſtill. — My husband's hand!
That drug-damn'd *Italy* hath out-crafty'd him,
And he's at ſome hard point.—Speak, man ; thy tongue
May take off ſome extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

PIS. Please you, read ;
And you ſhall find me, wretched man, a thing
The moſt diſdain'd of fortune.

IMO. [*reads.*] *Thy miſtreſs,* Piſanio, *hath play'd the ſtrumpet in my bed ; the teſtimonies whereof lye bleeding in me. I ſpeak not out of weak ſurmiſes ; but from proof as ſtrong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou,* Piſanio, *muſt act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands*

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28 *lyes*

take away her life: I ſhall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven: *ſhe hath my letter for the purpoſe: Where if thou fear to ſtrike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her diſhonour, and equally to me diſloyal.*

Pis. What ſhall I need to draw my ſword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis ſlander;
Whoſe edge is ſharper than the ſword; whoſe tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of *Nile*; whoſe breath
Rides on the poſting winds, and doth belye
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and ſtates,
Maids, matrons, nay, the ſecrets of the grave
This viperous ſlander enters. — What cheer, madam?
Imo. Falſe to his bed! What is it, to be falſe?
To lye in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if ſleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myſelf awake? that's falſe to his bed?
Is it?
Pis. Alas, good lady!
Imo. I falſe? Thy conſcience witneſs: — *Jachimo*,
Thou did'ſt accuſe him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dſt like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour's well enough. — Some jay of *Italy*,
Whoſe feather was her painting, hath betray'd him:
Poor I am ſtale, a garment out of faſhion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I muſt be ript; to pieces with me. — O!
Men's vows are women's traitors: All good ſeeming,
By thy revolt, o huſband, ſhall be thought
Put on for villany; not born, where't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies.

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[25] Whoſe mother was

Pis. Good madam, hear me.
Imo. True honeſt men being heard, like falſe *Æneas*,
Were, in his time, thought falſe: and *Sinon*'s weeping
Did ſcandal many a holy tear; took pity
From moſt true wretchedneſs: So, thou, *Poſthumus*,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, ſhall be falſe, and perjur'd,
From thy great fail. — Come, fellow, be thou honeſt:
Do thou thy maſter's bidding: When thou ſee'ſt him,
A little witneſs my obedience: Look,
I draw the ſword myſelf: take it; and hit
The innocent manſion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things, but grief:
Thy maſter is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it: Do his bidding; ſtrike.
Thou may'ſt be valiant in a better cauſe;
But now thou ſeem'ſt a coward.
Pis. Hence, vile inſtrument;
Thou ſhalt not damn my hand.
Imo. Why, I muſt dye;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No ſervant of thy maſter's: Againſt ſelf-ſlaughter
There is a prohibition ſo divine,
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart;—
Something's afore't: Soft, ſoft; we'll no defence;
Obedient as the ſcabbard. What is here?
The ſcriptures of the loyal *Leonatus*,
All turn'd to hereſy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you ſhall no more
Be ſtomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools
Believe falſe teachers: Though thoſe that are betray'd
Do feel the treaſon ſharply, yet the traitor

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[25] Something's a-foot:

Stands in worſe caſe of woe.
And thou, *Poſthumus*, thou that did'ſt ſet up
My diſobedience 'gainſt the king my father,
And mad'ſt me put into contempt the ſuits
Of princely fellows, ſhalt hereafter find
It is no act of common paſſage, but
A ſtrain of rareneſs: and I grieve myſelf,
To think, when thou ſhalt be diſedg'd by her
That now thou tir'ſt on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, diſpatch:
The lamb intreats the butcher: Where's thy knife?
Thou art too ſlow to do thy maſter's bidding,
When I desire it too.
Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this buſineſs,
I have not ſlept one wink.
Imo. Do't, and to bed then.
Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind firſt.
Imo. Wherefore then
Did'ſt undertake it? Why haſt thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horſes' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being abſent; whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why haſt thou gone ſo far,
To be unbent, when thou haſt ta'en thy ſtand,
The elected deer before thee?
Pis. But to win time
To loſe ſo bad employment: in the which
I have conſider'd of a courſe; Good lady,
Hear with patience.
Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; ſpeak:

I have heard, I am a ſtrumpet; and mine ear,
Therein falſe ſtrook, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But ſpeak.
Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again:
Imo. Moſt like;
Bringing me here to kill me.
Pis. Not ſo neither:
But if I were as wise as honeſt, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my maſter is abus'd:
Some villain, ay, and ſingular in his art,
Hath done you both this curſed injury.
Imo. Some *Roman* courtezan.
Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and ſend him
Some bloody ſign of it; for 'tis commanded
I ſhould do ſo: You ſhall be miſſ'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.
Imo. Why, good fellow,
What ſhall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?
Pis. If you'll back to the court, —
Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harſh, noble, ſimple nothing, **Cloten**;
That *Cloten*, whose love-ſuit hath been to me
As fearful as a ſiege.
Pis. If not at court,
Then not in *Britain* muſt you bide.
Imo. Where then?
Hath *Britain* all the ſun that ſhines? Day, night,

Are they not but in *Britain?* I'the world's volume
Our *Britain* ſeems as of it, but not in't;
In a great pool, a ſwan's neſt: Pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of *Britain.*
Pis. I am moſt glad
You think of other place. The embaſſador,
Lucius the *Roman*, comes to *Milford-Haven*
To-morrow: Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is; and but diſguise
That, which, to appear itſelf, muſt not yet be,
But by ſelf-danger; you ſhould tread a courſe
Pretty, and full of view: yea, haply, near
The residence of *Poſthumus*; ſo nigh, at leaſt,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report ſhould render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.
Imo. O, for ſuch means!
Though peril to my modeſty, not death on't,
I would adventure.
Pis. Well, then, here's the point:
You muſt forget to be a woman: change
Command into obedience; fear, and niceneſs,
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman it's pretty ſelf) into a waggiſh courage,
Ready in gybes, quick-anſwer'd, ſaucy, and
As quarrellous as the weazel: nay, you muſt
Forget that rareſt treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but, o, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kiſſing *Titan*; and forget
Your labourſome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great *Juno* angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I ſee into thy end, and am almoſt
A man already.
Pis. Firſt, make yourſelf but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
('Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hoſe, all
That anſwer to them: Would you in their ſerving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of ſuch a ſeaſon, 'fore noble *Lucius*
Preſent yourſelf, deſire his ſervice, tell him
Wherein you're happy, (which you'll make him know,
If that his head have ear in muſick) doubtleſs,
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, moſt holy. Your means abroad
You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor ſupplyment.
Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away:
There's more to be conſider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us: This attempt
I am ſoldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.
Pis. Well, madam, we muſt take a ſhort farewel;
Leſt, being miſſ'd, I be ſuſpected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble miſtreſs,
Here † is a box; I had it from the queen;
What's in't is precious: if you are ſick at ſea,
Or ſtomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away diſtemper. To ſome ſhade,
And fit you to your manhood: May the gods
Direct you to the beſt!
Imo. Amen: I thank thee. [*Exeunt.*

'' which will make

SCENE V. *A Room in* Cymbeline'*s Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, *Lords, and Others.*

CYM. Thus far; and ſo farewel.
LUC. Thanks, royal ſir.
My emperor hath wrote; I muſt from hence;
And am right ſorry, that I muſt report ye
My maſter's enemy.
CYM. Our ſubjects, ſir,
Will not endure his yoak; and for ourſelf
To ſhew leſs ſovereignty than they, muſt needs
Appear unkinglike.
LUC. So, ſir, I desire of you
A conduct over land, to *Milford-Haven.*—
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and yours!
CYM. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit:—
So, farewel, noble *Lucius.*
LUC. Your hand, my lord.
CLO. Receive it friendly: but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.
LUC. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner: Fare you well.
CYM. Leave not the worthy *Lucius,* good my lords,
'Till he have croſſ'd the *Severn.*—Happineſs!
[*Exit* LUCIUS, *attended.*
Que. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us,
That we have given him cause.
CLO. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant *Britains* have their wiſhes in it.
CYM. *Lucius* hath wrot already to the emperor

How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horſemen be in readineſs:
The powers that he already hath in *Gallia*
Will ſoon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for *Britain*.
Que. 'Tis not ſleepy buſineſs;
But muſt be look'd to ſpeedily, and ſtrongly.
Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the *Roman*, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: She looks as like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty;
We have noted it.—Call her before us; for
We have been too light in ſufferance. [*Exit an* Attendant.
Que. Royal ſir,
Since the exile of *Poſthumus*, moſt retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time muſt do. Beſeech your majeſty,
Forbear ſharp ſpeeches to her: She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are ſtrokes,
And ſtrokes death to her.
Re-enter the Attendant.
Cym. Where is ſhe, ſir? How
Can her contempt be anſwer'd?
Att. Please you, ſir.
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no anſwer
That will be given to the loud'ſt of noise we make.
Que. My lord, when laſt I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping cloſe;
Whereto conſtrain'd by her infirmity,
She ſhould that duty leave unpay'd to you,

[28] lowd of

Which dayly ſhe was bound to proffer: this
She wiſh'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.
Cym. Her doors lock'd? [prove falſe!
Not ſeen of late?—Grant, heavens, that, which I fear,
[*Exeunt* CYMBELINE, *and Attendants.*
Que. Son, I ſay, follow the king.
Clo. That man of hers, *Piſanio* her old ſervant,
I have not ſeen these two days.
Que. Go, look after.— [*Exit* CLOTEN.
Piſanio, thou that ſtand'ſt ſo for *Poſthumus!*—
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his abſence
Proceed by ſwallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing moſt precious. But for her,
Where is ſhe gone? Haply, deſpair hath ſeiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, ſhe's flown
To her deſir'd *Poſthumus:* Gone ſhe is,
To death, or to diſhonour; and my end
Can make good uſe of either: She being down,
I have the placing of the *Britiſh* crown.
Re-enter CLOTEN.
How now, my ſon?
Clo. 'Tis certain, ſhe is fled:
Go in, and chear the king; he rages, none
Dare come about him.
Que. All the better: May
This night fore-ſtal him of the coming day!
[*Exit* Queen.
Clo. I love, and hate her: for ſhe's fair, and royal;
And that ſhe hath all courtly parts more exquiſite
Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
The beſt ſhe hath, and ſhe, of all compounded,

Out-ſells them all: I love her therefore; But
Diſdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low *Poſthumus*, ſlanders ſo her judgment,
That what's elſe rare, is chok'd; and, in that point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

Enter PISANIO.

Shall—Who is here?—What, are you packing, ſirrah?
Come hither: Ah, you precious pandar! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word; or elſe
Thou art ſtraightway with the fiends.
PIS. O, good my lord!
CLO. Where is thy lady? or, by *Jupiter*,
I will not aſk again. Cloſe villain,
I'll have this ſecret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is ſhe with *Poſthumus?*
From whoſe ſo many weights of baſeneſs cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.
PIS. Alas, my lord,
How can ſhe be with him? When was ſhe miſſ'd?
He is in *Rome*.
CLO. Where is ſhe, ſir? Come nearer;
No farther halting; ſatiſfy me home,
What is become of her,
PIS. O, my all-worthy lord!
CLO. All-worthy villain!
Diſcover where thy miſtreſs is, at once,
At the next word,—no more of worthy lord,—
Speak, or thy ſilence on the inſtant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.
PIS. Then, ſir,
This † paper is the hiſtory of my knowledge

Touching her flight.

Clo. Let's ſee't: — I will purſue her
Even to *Auguſtus*' throne.

Pis. "Or this, or periſh."
"She's far enough; and what he learns by this,"
"May prove his travel, not her danger."

Clo. Humh!

Pis. "I'll write to my lord, ſhe's dead: — O, *Imogen*,"
"Safe may'ſt thou wander, ſafe return again!"

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is *Poſthumus*' hand; I know't. — Sirrah, if thou would'ſt not be a villain, but do me true ſervice; undergo those employments, wherein I ſhould have cauſe to uſe thee, with a ſerious induſtry, — that is, what villany ſo-e'er I bid thee do, to perform it, directly and truly, — I would think thee an honeſt man: thou ſhould'ſt neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou ſerve me? For ſince patiently and conſtantly thou haſt ſtuck to the bare fortune of that beggar *Poſthumus*, thou can'ſt not in the courſe of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou ſerve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand, here's my purſe. Haſt any of thy late maſter's garments in thy poſſeſſion?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the ſame ſuit he wore when he took leave of my lady and miſtreſs.

Clo. The firſt ſervice thou doſt me, fetch me that ſuit hither: let it be thy firſt ſervice; go.

Pis. I ſhall, my lord. [*Exit* Pisanio.

Clo. Meet thee at *Milford-Haven*: — (I forgot to aſk him one thing; I'll remember't anon:) Even there, thou villain *Poſthumus*, will I kill thee. — I would, these garments were come. She ſaid upon a time, (the bitterneſs of it I now belch from my heart) that ſhe held the very garment of *Poſthumus* in more reſpect than my noble and natural perſon, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that ſuit upon my back, will I raviſh her: Firſt kill him, and in her eyes; there ſhall ſhe ſee my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my ſpeech of inſultment ended on his dead body, — and when my luſt hath dined, (which, as I ſay, to vex her, I will execute in the cloaths that ſhe ſo prais'd) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath deſpis'd me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter Pisanio, *with the Cloaths.*

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't ſince ſhe went to *Milford-Haven*?

Pis. She can ſcarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the ſecond thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my deſign. Be but duteous, and true preferment ſhall tender itſelf to thee. — My revenge is now at *Milford*; 'Would I had wings to follow it! — Come, and be true. [*Exit* Cloten.

Pis. Thou bid'ſt me to my loſs: for, true to thee,
Were to prove falſe, which I will never be,
To him that is moſt true.—To *Milford* go,
And find not her whom thou purſu'ſt. Flow, flow,
You heavenly bleſſings, on her! This fool's ſpeed
Be croſt with ſlowneſs; labour be his meed! [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *Before the Cave of* Belarius.

Enter IMOGEN, *in Boy's Cloaths.*

Imo. I ſee, a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tir'd myſelf; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I ſhould be ſick,
But that my reſolution helps me.—*Milford,*
When from the mountain top *Piſanio* ſhew'd thee,
Thou waſt within a ken: O *Jove!* I think,
Foundations fly the wretched; ſuch, I mean,
Where they ſhould be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,
I could not miſs my way: Will poor folks lye,
That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis
A puniſhment, or trial? Yes: no wonder,
When rich ones ſcarce tell true: To lapſe in fulneſs
Is ſorer, than to lye for need; and falſhood
Is worſe in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord,
Thou art one o'the falſe ones: Now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to ſink for food.—But what is this?
Here is a path to't: 'Tis ſome ſavage hold:
I were beſt not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardneſs ever
Of hardineſs is mother.—Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, ſpeak; if ſavage,

Take, or lend. Ho!—No anſwer? then I'll enter.
Beſt draw my ſword; and if mine enemy
But fear the ſword like me, he'll ſcarcely look on't.
Such a foe, ye good heavens! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *The ſame.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS. *and* ARVIRAGUS.

BEL. You, *Paladour*, have prov'd beſt woodman, and
Are maſter of the feaſt: *Cadwal*, and I,
Will play the cook, and ſervant; 'tis our match:
The ſweat of induſtry would dry, and dye,
But for the end it works to. Come; our ſtomachs
Will make what's homely, ſavoury: Wearineſs
Can ſnore upon the flint, when reſty ſloth
Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
Poor houſe, that keep'ſt thyſelf! [*Exit, to the Cave.*

GUI. I am throughly weary.

ARV. I am weak with toil, yet ſtrong in appetite.

GUI. There is cold meat i'the cave; we'll brouze on that,
Whilſt what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Re-enter BELARIUS.

BEL. Stay; come not in:—
But that it eats our victuals, I ſhould think
Here were a fairy.

GUI. What's the matter, ſir?

BEL. By *Jupiter*, an angel: or, if not,
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineneſs
No elder than a boy.

Enter IMOGEN.

IMO. Good maſters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have beg'd, or bought, what I have took: Good troth,

I have ſtoln nought; nor would not, though I had found
Gold ſtrew'd o'the floor. Here's money for my meat:
I would have left it on the board, ſo ſoon
As I had made my meal; and parted ſo
With prayers for the provider.
Gui. Money, youth?
Arv. All gold and ſilver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worſhip dirty gods.
Imo. I ſee, you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I ſhould
Have dy'd, had I not made it.
Bel. Whither bound?
Imo. To *Milford-Haven*, ſir.
Bel. What is your name?
Imo. *Fidele*, ſir: I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for *Italy*; he embark'd at *Milford*;
To whom being going, almoſt ſpent with hunger,
I am faln in this offence.
Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almoſt night: you ſhall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks, to ſtay and eat it. —
Boys, bid him welcome.
Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I ſhould woo hard, but be your groom in honeſty;
I'd bid for you, as I'd buy.
Arv. I'll make't my comfort,
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother: —
And ſuch a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long abſence, ſuch is yours: Moſt welcome!

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[2] i' th' [28] I do buy

Be ſprightly, for you fall 'mongſt friends.
Imo. "'mongſt friends!"
"If brothers? — 'Would it had been ſo, that they"
"Had been my father's ſons! then had my price"
"Been leſs; and ſo more equal ballancing"
"To thee, *Poſthumus.*"
Bel. He wrings at ſome diſtreſs.
Gui. 'Would, I could free't!
Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it coſt, what danger! Gods!
Bel. Hark, boys. [*talks with them apart.*
Imo. "Great men,
"That had a court no bigger than this cave,"
"That did attend themſelves, and had the virtue"
"Which their own conſcience ſeal'd them, (laying by"
"That nothing gift of differing multitudes)"
"Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!"
"I'd change my ſex to be companion with them,"
"Since *Leonatus* is falſe."
Bel. It ſhall be ſo:
Boys, we'll go dreſs our hunt. — Fair youth, come in:
Diſcourſe is heavy, faſting; when we have ſup'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy ſtory,
So far as thou wilt ſpeak it.
Gui. Pray, draw near. [welcome.
Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, leſs
Imo. Thanks, ſir.
Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. Rome. *The Senate-houſe.*

Enter certain Senators, *and* Tribunes.

1. *S.* This is the tenor of the emperor's writ;

4 prize 5 ballaſting

That ſince the common men are now in action
'Gainſt the *Pannonians*, and *Dalmatians*;
And that the legions now in *Gallia* are
Full weak to undertake our wars againſt
The faln-off *Britains*; that we do incite
The gentry to this buſineſs: He creates
Lucius pro-conſul: and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His abſolute commiſſion. Long live *Cæsar!*

Tri. Is *Lucius* general of the forces?

2. *S.* Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in *Gallia?*

1. *S.* With those legions
Which I have ſpoke of, whereunto your levy
Muſt be ſupplyant: The words of your commiſſion
Will tye you to the numbers, and the time
Of their diſpatch.

Tri. We will diſcharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Country near the Cave.*

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to th' place where they ſhould meet, if *Piſanio* have map'd it truly. How fit his garments ſerve me! Why ſhould his miſtreſs, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too?- the rather (ſaving reverence of the word) for 'tis ſaid, A woman's fitneſs comes by fits: Therein I muſt play the workman. I dare ſpeak it to myſelf, (for it is not vain-glory, for a man and his glaſs to confer; in his own chamber, I mean) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no leſs young, more ſtrong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike converſant in general ſervices, and more remarkable in ſingle oppositions: yet this imperſeverant thing loves him in my deſpight. What mortality is! *Poſthumus*, thy head, which now is growing upon thy ſhoulders, ſhall within this hour be off; thy miſtreſs enforced, thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, ſpurn her home to her father; who may, haply, be a little angry for my ſo rough usage; but my mother, having power of his teſtineſs, ſhall turn all into my commendations. My horſe is tyed up ſafe: Out, ſword, and to a ſore purpose. Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very deſcription of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Before the Cave.*

Enter, from it, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, *and* IMOGEN.

BEL. You are not well: [*to* Imo.] remain here in the cave;
We'll come to you after hunting,
ARV. Brother, ſtay here:
Are we not brothers?
IMO. So man and man ſhould be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whoſe duſt is both alike. I am very ſick.
GUI. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.
IMO. So ſick I am not; yet I am not well:
But not ſo citizen a wanton, as

To ſeem to dye, ere ſick: So please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal courſe: the breach of cuſtom
Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me: Society is no comfort
To one not ſociable: I am not very ſick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, truſt me here:
I'll rob none but myſelf; and let me dye,
Stealing ſo poorly.
Gui. I love thee; I have ſpoke it:
As much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.
Bel. What? how? how?
Arv. If it be ſin to ſay ſo, ſir, I yoak me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why,
I love this youth; and I have heard you ſay,
Love's reason's without reason; the bier at door,
And a demand who is't ſhall dye, I'd ſay,
My father, not this youth.
Bel. "O noble ſtrain!"
"O worthineſs of nature! breed of greatneſs!"
"Cowards father cowards, and baſe things ſire baſe:"
"Nature hath meal, and bran; contempt, and grace."
"I am not their father; yet who this ſhould be,"
"Doth miracle itſelf, lov'd before me."
'Tis the ninth hour o'the morn.
Arv. Brother, farewell.
Imo. I wiſh ye ſport.
Arv. You health.—So please you, ſir.
Imo. "These are kind creatures. Gods, what lyes I"
"have heard!"
"Our courtiers ſay, all's ſavage, but at court:"
"Experience, o, thou diſprov'ſt report!"

"The imperious ſeas breed monſters; for the diſh,"
"Poor tributary rivers as ſweet fiſh.
"I am ſick ſtill; heart-ſick: *Piſanio*,
"I'll now taſte of thy drug.
Gui. I could not ſtir him:
He ſaid, he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Diſhoneſtly afflicted, but yet honeſt.
Arv. So did he anſwer me: yet ſaid, hereafter
I might know more.
Bel. To the field, to the field:—
We'll leave you for this time; go in, and reſt.
Arv. We'll not be long away.
Bel. Pray, be not ſick,
For you muſt be our huswife.
Imo. Well, or ill,
I am ſtill bound to you.
Bel. And ſhalt be ever.— [*Exit* Imogen.
This youth, howe'er diſtreſſ'd, appears, he hath had
Good anceſtors.
Arv. How angel-like he ſings!
Gui. But his neat cookery! He cut our roots in characters;
And ſauc'd our broths, as *Juno* had been ſick,
And he her dieter.
Arv. Nobly he yoaks
A ſmiling with a ſigh: as if the ſigh
Was that it was, for not being ſuch a ſmile;
The ſmile mocking the ſigh, that it would fly
From ſo divine a temple, to commix
With winds that ſailors rail at.
Gui. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,

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[21] Cookery? | *Arvi.* He [32] in them both

Mingle their ſpurs together.
Arv. Grow, patience;
And let the ſtinking elder, grief, untwine
His periſhing root, with the increaſing vine.
Bel. It is great morning: Come, away.—Who's there?
Enter Cloten.
Clo. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me: I am faint.
Bel. "Those runagates!"
"Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis"
"*Cloten*, the ſon o'the queen. I fear ſome ambuſh."
"I ſaw him not these many years, and yet"
"I know 'tis he: We are held as outlaws; Hence."
Gui. "He is but one: You and my brother ſearch"
"What companies are near: pray you, away;"
"Let me alone with him."
[*Exeunt* Belarius, *and* Arviragus.
Clo. Soft; What are you
That fly me thus? ſome villain mountaineers?
I have heard of ſuch.—What ſlave art thou?
Gui. A thing
More ſlaviſh did I ne'er, than anſwering
A ſlave without a knock
Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.
Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art;
Why I ſhould yield to thee?
Clo. Thou villain baſe,
Know'ſt me not by my cloaths?

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[2] patient,

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, raſcal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made thoſe cloaths,
Which, as it ſeems, make thee.
Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.
Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art ſome fool;
I am loth to beat thee.
Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble,
Gui. What's thy name?
Clo. *Cloten*, thou villain.
Gui. *Cloten*, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it toad,
'Twould move me ſooner.
Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy meer confuſion, thou ſhalt know
I am ſon to the queen.
Gui. I am ſorry for't; not ſeeming
So worthy as thy birth.
Clo. Art not afeard?
Gui. Thoſe that I reverence, thoſe I fear; the wiſe:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.
Clo. Dye the death:
When I have ſlain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow thoſe that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of *Lud*'s town ſet your heads:
Yield, ruſtick mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Re-enter BELARIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad,
Arv. None in the world: You did miſtake him, ſure.
Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it ſince I ſaw him,

14 Toad, or Adder, Spider, | 'Twould

But time hath nothing blur'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the ſnatches in his voice,
And burſt of ſpeaking, were as his: I am abſolute,
'Twas very *Cloten*.

Arv. In this place we left them;
I wiſh my brother make good time with him,
You ſay he is ſo fell.

Bel. Being ſcarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehenſion
Of roaring terrors: For defect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear,—But ſee, thy brother.

Re-enter Guiderius, *with* Cloten'*s Head.*

Gui. This *Cloten* was a fool; an empty purſe,
There was no money in't: not *Hercules*
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had born
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What haſt thou done?

Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one *Cloten*'s head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and ſwore,
With his own ſingle hand he'd take us in,
Diſplace our heads, where, thanks to the gods, they grow,
And ſet them on *Lud*'s town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to loſe,
But, that he ſwore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us; Then why ſhould we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of fleſh threat us?
Play judge, and executioner, all himſelf?
For we do fear no law. What company
Diſcover you abroad?

Bel. No ſingle ſoul
Can we ſet eye on, but, in all ſafe reaſon,
He muſt have ſome attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worſe; not frenzy, not
Abſolute madneſs could ſo far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that ſuch as we
Cave here, hunt here, are out-laws, and in time
May make ſome ſtronger head; the which he hearing,
(As it is like him) might break out, and ſwear
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he ſo undertaking,
Or they ſo ſuffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.
Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foreſay it: howſoe'er,
My brother hath done well.
Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy *Fidele*'s ſickneſs
Did make my way long forth.
Gui. With his own ſword,
Which he did wave againſt my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the ſea,
And tell the fiſhes, he's the queen's ſon, *Cloten:*
That's all I reck. [*Exit* Guiderius.
Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:
'Would, *Paladour*, thou had'ſt not don't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.
Arv. 'Would I had don't,

[3] his Honor

So the revenge alone purſu'd me! — *Paladour*,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much,
Thou haſt rob'd me of this deed: I would, revenges,
That poſſible ſtrength might meet, would ſeek us through,
And put us to our anſwer.
Bel. Well, 'tis done: —
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor ſeek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock;
You and *Fidele* play the cooks: I'll ſtay
'Till haſty *Paladour* return, and bring him
To dinner presently.
Arv. Poor ſick *Fidele!*
I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,
I'd let a pariſh of ſuch *Clotens* blood,
And praise myſelf for charity. [*Exit* Arviragus.
Bel. O thou goddeſs,
Thou divine nature, how thyſelf thou blazon'ſt
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not waging his ſweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'ſt wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him ſtoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
That an invisible inſtinct ſhould frame them
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility not ſeen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been ſow'd! Yet ſtill it's ſtrange,
What *Cloten*'s being here to us portends;
Or what his death will bring us.
Re-enter Guiderius.
Gui. Where's my brother?

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[17] Nature; thou thyſelf

I have ſent *Cloten*'s clot-pole down the ſtream,
In embaſſy to his mother; his body's hoſtage
For his return. [*ſolemn Muſick.*
Bel. My ingenious inſtrument!
Hark, *Paladour*, it ſounds! But what occaſion
Hath *Cadwal* now to give it motion? Hark.
Gui. Is he at home?
Bel. He went hence even now. [mother,
Gui. What does he mean? ſince death of my dear'ſt
It did not ſpeak before. All ſolemn things
Should anſwer ſolemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is *Cadwal* mad?

Re-enter Arviragus, *bearing* Imogen, *as dead, in his Arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occaſion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for.
Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made ſo much on. I had rather
Have ſkip'd from ſixteen years of age to ſixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have ſeen this.
Gui. O ſweeteſt, faireſt lilly!
My brother wears thee not the one half ſo well,
As when thou grew'ſt thyſelf.
Bel. O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could ſound thy bottom? find
The ooze? or ſhew what coaſt thou, ſluggiſh care,
Might'ſt eaſil'eſt harbour in? — Thou bleſſed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'ſt have made; but, ah!

4 ingenuous 30 Ooze, to ſhew what Coaſt thy ſluggiſh 32 but I

Thou dy'dſt, a moſt rare boy, of melancholy ! —
How found you him ?
Arv. Stark, as you ſee ;
Thus ſmiling, as ſome fly had tickl'd ſlumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at : his right cheek
Repoſing on a cuſhion.
Gui. Where ?
Arv. O'the floor ;
His arms thus leagu'd : I thought, he ſlept ; and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whoſe rudeneſs
Anſwer'd my ſteps too loud.
Gui. Why, he but ſleeps :
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed ;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come there.
Arv. With faireſt flowers,
Whilſt ſummer laſts, and I live here, *Fidele,*
I'll ſweeten thy ſad grave : Thou ſhalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primroſe ; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins ; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to ſlander
Out-ſweeten'd not thy breath : the raddock would,
With charitable bill, (o bill, ſore-ſhaming
Thoſe rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lye
Without a monument !) bring thee all this ;
Yea, and fur'd moſs beſides, when flowers are none,
To winter-gown thy corſe.
Gui. Pr'ythee, have done ;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is ſo ſerious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt. To the grave.

[15] come to thee, [27] winter-ground

Arv. Say, where ſhall's lay him?

Gui. By good *Euriphile*, our mother.

Arv. Be't ſo:
And let us, *Paladour*, though now our voices
Have got the maniſh crack, ſing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use like note, and words,
Save that *Euriphile* muſt be *Fidele*.

Gui. *Cadwal*,
I cannot ſing: I'll weep, and word it with thee:
For notes of ſorrow, out of tune, are worſe
Than prieſts and fanes that lye.

Arv. We'll ſpeak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I ſee, medicine the leſs: for *Cloten*
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's ſon, boys;
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He has pay'd for that: Though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one duſt; yet reverence
(That angel of the world) doth make diſtinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Therſites' body is as good as *Ajax*,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll ſay our ſong the whilſt. — Brother, begin.
[*Exit* Belarius.

Gui. Nay, *Cadwal*, we muſt lay his head to the eaſt;
My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So, — Begin.

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[6] once to our [16] He was paid

SONG. Gui.

Fear no more the heat of the ſun,
nor the furious winter's rages;
thou thy worldly taſk haſt done,
home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
golden lads and girls all muſt,
as chimney-ſweepers, come to duſt.

Arv.

Fear no more the frown o'the great,
thou art paſt the tyrant's ſtroke;
care no more to cloath, and eat;
to thee the reed is as the oak:
the ſcepter, learning, phyſick, muſt
all follow this, and come to duſt.

Gui.

Fear no more the light'ning-flaſh,

Arv.

Nor the all-dreaded thunder-ſtone;

Gui.

Fear no ſlander, cenſure raſh;

Arv.

Thou haſt finiſh'd joy and moan:

both.

All lovers young, all lovers muſt
conſign to thee, and come to duſt.

Gui.

No exorciser harm thee!

Arv.

Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

Gui.

Ghoſt unlay'd forbear thee!

Arv.

Nothing ill come near thee!
both.
Quiet conſummation have;
and renowned be thy grave!

Re enter BELARIUS, *with* Cloten'*s Body.*

GUI. We have done our obſequies: Come, lay him [down.
BEL. Here's a few flowers; but about midnight, more:
The herbs that have on them cold dew o'the night
Are ſtrewings fit'ſt for graves. Upon their faces: —
You were as flowers, now wither'd: even ſo
These herb'lets ſhall, which we upon you ſtrow. —
Come on, away; apart upon our knees.
The ground, that gave them firſt, has them again:
Their pleaſures here are paſt, ſo is their pain.
[*Exeunt* BEL. GUI. *and* ARV.
IMO. [*waking.*] Yes, ſir, to *Milford-Haven*; Which is the
I thank you. By yond' buſh? Pray, how far thither? [way?
Od's-pitikins! can it be ſix mile yet?
I have gone all night: 'Faith, I'll lye down, and ſleep.
But, ſoft; no bedfellow: — O gods, and goddeſſes!
Theſe flowers are like the pleaſures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on't. I hope, I dream;
For, ſure, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honeſt creatures: But 'tis not ſo;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, ſhot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes
Are ſometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble ſtill with fear: But if there be
Yet left in heaven as ſmall a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here ſtill: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.

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[14] ſo are their [23] For ſo I

A headleſs man! The garments of *Poſthumus!*
I know the ſhape of his leg: this is his hand;
His foot *Mercurial*; his *Martial* thigh;
The brawns of *Hercules:* but his *Jovial* face —
Murther in heaven? How? — 'Tis gone. — *Piſanio,*
All curſes madded *Hecuba* gave the *Greeks,*
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conſpir'd with that irregulous devil, *Cloten,*
Haſt here cut off my lord. — To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous: Damn'd *Piſanio*
Hath, with his forged letters, — damn'd *Piſanio* —
From this moſt braveſt veſſel of the world
Strook the main-top. — O *Poſthumus!* alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Ay me! where's that?
Piſanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left thy head on. — How ſhould this be? *Piſanio?*
'Tis he, and *Cloten:* malice and lucre in them
Have lay'd this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which, he ſaid, was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murd'rous to the ſenſes? That confirms it home:
This is *Piſanio*'s deed, and *Cloten*'s: O! —
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may ſeem to those
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

Enter, as in March, Lucius, *a* Captain,
and other Officers, and a Soothſayer.

Cap. To them, the legions garriſon'd in *Gallia,*
After your will, have croſſ'd the ſea; attending
You here at *Milford-Haven,* with your ſhips:
They are in readineſs.
Luc. But what from *Rome?*

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[9] Hath heere [16] left this head

Cap. The ſenate hath ſtir'd up the cónfiners,
And gentlemen of *Italy*; willing ſpirits,
That promiſe noble ſervice; and they come
Under the conduct of bold *Jachimo*,
Syenna's brother.
Luc. When expect you them?
Cap. With the next benefit of the wind.
Luc. This forwardneſs
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our preſent numbers
Be muſter'd; bid the captains look to't. — Now, ſir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpoſe?
Soo. Laſt night, the very gods ſhew'd me a viſion:
(I faſt, and pray'd, for their intelligence) Thus: —
I ſaw *Jove*'s bird, the *Roman* eagle, wing
From the ſpungy ſouth to this part of the weſt,
There vaniſh'd in the ſun-beams: which portends,
(Unleſs my ſins abuſe my divination)
Succeſs to the *Roman* hoſt.
Luc. Dream often ſo,
And never falſe. — Soft, ho; what trunk is here,
Without his top? The ruin ſpeaks, that ſometime
It was a worthy building. — How! a page!
Or dead, or ſleeping on him? But dead, rather:
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, to ſleep upon the dead.
Let's ſee the boy's face.
Cap. He's alive, my lord.
Luc. He'll then inſtruct us of this body. — Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it ſeems,
They crave to be demanded: Who is this,
Thou mak'ſt thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,
That, otherwiſe than noble nature did it,

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[2] Italy, moſt willing [14] wing'd [25] defunct, or ſleepe

Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy intereſt
In this ſad wreck? How came it? and who is it?
What art thou?
Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my maſter,
A very valiant *Britain*, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lyes ſlain:— Alas!
There are no more ſuch maſters: I may wander
From eaſt to occident, cry out for ſervice,
Try many, and all good, ſerve truly, never
Find ſuch another maſter.
Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'ſt no leſs with thy complaining, than
Thy maſter bleeding: Say his name, good friend.
Imo. *Richard du Champ.* "If I do lye, and do"
"No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope"
"They'll pardon it" Say you, ſir?
Luc. Thy name?
Imo. *Fidele*, ſir.
Luc. Thou doſt approve thyſelf the very ſame:
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not ſay,
Thou ſhalt be ſo well maſter'd; but, be ſure,
No leſs belov'd. The *Roman* emperor's letters,
Sent by a conſul to me, ſhould no ſooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.
Imo. I'll follow, ſir. But, firſt, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my maſter from the flies as deep
As theſe poor pick-axes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have ſtrew'd his grave,
And on it ſaid a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and ſigh;

[2] How came't? Who is't? [14] Maſter in bl-

And, leaving ſo his ſervice, follow you,
So pleaſe you entertain me.
Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee, than maſter thee. —
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
Find out the pretties̄t daizy'd plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partizans
A grave: Come, arm him. — Boy, he is prefer'd
By thee to us; and he ſhall be inter'd,
As ſoldiers can. Be chearful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to ariſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Room in* Cymbeline'*s Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE; PISANIO, Lords, *and other Attendants.*

Cym. Again; and bring me word, how 'tis with her.
[*to an Attendant; who goes out.*
A fever with the abſence of her ſon;
Madneſs, of which her life's in danger: — Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! *Imogen*,
The great part of my comfort, gone: my queen
Upon a deſperate bed; and in a time
When fearful wars point at me: her ſon gone,
So needful for this preſent: It ſtrikes me, paſt
The hope of comfort. — But for thee, *thee*, fellow,
Who needs muſt know of her departure, and
Doſt ſeem ſo ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a ſharp torture.
Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly ſet it at your will: But, for my miſtreſs,
I nothing know where ſhe remains, why gone,

20 A madneſſe

Nor when ſhe purpoſes return. Beſeech your highneſs,
Hold me your loyal ſervant.
1. *L.* Good my liege,
The day that ſhe was miſſing, he was here:
I dare be bound he's true, and ſhall perform
All parts of his ſubjection loyally.
For *Cloten*,—
There wants no diligence in ſeeking him;
And he'll, no doubt, be found.
Cym. The time is troubleſome;
We'll ſlip you for a ſeaſon; but our jealouſy
Does yet depend.
2. *L.* So pleaſe your majeſty,
The *Roman* legions, all from *Gallia* drawn,
Are landed on your coaſt; with a ſupply
Of *Roman* gentlemen, by the ſenate ſent.
Cym. Now for the counſel of my ſon, and queen!—
I am amaz'd with matter.
1. *L.* Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no leſs
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you're [ready:
The want is, but to put thoſe powers in motion,
That long to move.
Cym. I thank you: Let's withdraw;
And meet the time, as it ſeeks us. We fear not
What can from *Italy* annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here. Away.
[*Exeunt* Cymbeline, Lords, *and Attendants.*
Pis. I have had no letter from my maſter, ſince
I wrote him, *Imogen* was ſlain: 'Tis ſtrange:
Nor hear I from my miſtreſs, who did promiſe
To yield me often tidings: Neither know I

9 And will no 29 I heard no

What is betid to *Cloten*; but remain
Perplext in all. The heavens ſtill muſt work:
Wherein I am falſe, I am honeſt; not true, true:
Theſe preſent wars ſhall find I love my country,
Even to the note of the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in ſome boats, that are not ſteer'd. [*Ex.*

SCENE IV. *Before the Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv What pleaſure, ſir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way, the *Romans*
Muſt or for *Britains* ſlay us; or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their uſe, and ſlay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there ſecure us.
To the king's party there's no going: newneſs
Of *Cloten*'s death (we being not known, nor muſter'd
Among the bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd; and ſo extort from us that
Which we have done, whoſe anſwer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, ſir, a doubt,
In ſuch a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor ſatiſfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the *Roman* horſes neigh,

---

[3] true, to be true [32] heare their Roman

Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears ſo cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waſte their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.
Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though *Cloten* then but young, you ſee, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, beſides, the king
Hath not deſerv'd my ſervice, nor your loves;
Who find in my exíle the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeleſs
To have the courteſy your cradle promis'd,
But to be ſtill hot ſummer's tanlings, and
The ſhrinking ſlaves of winter.
Gui. Than be ſo,
Better to ceaſe to be. Pray, ſir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourſelf,
So out of thought, and thereto ſo o'er-grown,
Cannot be queſtion'd.
Arv. By this ſun that ſhines,
I'll thither: What thing is it, that I never
Did ſee man dye? ſcarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and veniſon?
Never beſtrid a horſe, ſave one, that had
A rider like myſelf, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel? I am aſham'd
To look upon the holy ſun, to have
The benefit of his bleſt beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.
Gui. By heavens, I'll go:
If you will bleſs me, ſir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,

The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of *Romans.*
Arv. So ſay I; Amen.
Bel. No reaſon I, ſince on your lives you ſet
So ſlight a valuation, ſhould reſerve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys:
If in your country wars you chance to dye,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lye: [ſcorn,
Lead, lead. — The time ſeems long; their blood thinks
'Till it fly out, and ſhew them princes born. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Field, in the above Country, between the* Britiſh *and* Roman *Camps. Enter* Posthumus, *with a bloody Handkerchief.*

Pos. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wiſh'd
Thou ſhould'ſt be colour'd thus. You marry'd ones,
If each of you ſhould take this courſe, how many
Muſt murther wives much better than themſelves
For wrying but a little? — O *Piſanio,*
Every good ſervant does not all commands:
No bond, but to do juſt ones. — Gods, if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this: ſo had you ſaved
The noble *Imogen* to repent; and ſtrook
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You ſnatch ſome hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more: you ſome permit
To ſecond ills with ills, each elder worſe;
And make them dreaded, to the doers' thrift.

4 ſince of your 18 I am wiſht 32 dread it,

But *Imogen* is your own: Do your beſt wills,
And make me bleſt to obey! — I am brought hither
Amongſt the *Italian* gentry, and to fight
Againſt my lady's kingdom: 'Tis enough
That, *Britain*, I have kill'd thy miſtreſs; peace,
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose: I'll diſrobe me
Of these *Italian* weeds, and ſuit myſelf
As does a *Britain* peasant: ſo I'll fight
Againſt the part I come with; ſo I'll dye
For thee, o *Imogen*, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
Pity'd nor hated, to the face of peril
Myſelf I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me than my habits ſhow.
Gods, put the ſtrength o'the *Leonati* in me!
To ſhame the guise o'the world, I will begin
The faſhion, leſs without, and more within. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The ſame.*

Enter, from opposite Sides, Lucius, Jachimo, *and the* Roman *Army: then, the* Britain *Army;* Poſthumus *following it, like a poor Soldier: They march over, and go out. Alarums as of a Battle begun. Enter, in Skirmiſh, ſeveral little Parties; with them,* JACHIMO *and* Poſthumus: *he vanquiſheth and diſarmeth* Jachimo, *and then leaves him.*

JAC. The heavineſs, and guilt, within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have bely'd a lady,
The princeſs of this country, and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me; Or could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have ſubdu'd me

In my profeſſion? Knighthoods and honours, born
As I wear mine, are titles but of ſcorn.
If that thy gentry, *Britain*, go before
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we ſcarce are men, and you are gods. [*Exit.*

The Battle continues; the Britains *fly,*
Cymbeline *is taken: Then, Enter, to his Reſcue,*
BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

BEL. Stand, ſtand! we have the advantage of the ground;
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The villany of our fears.

GUI. ARV. Stand, ſtand, and fight!

Enter Poſthumus, *and ſeconds the* Britains:
They reſcue Cymbeline, *and Exeunt. Then, Enter*
LUCIUS, JACHIMO. *and* Imogen.

LUC. Away, boy, from the troops, and ſave thyſelf:
For friends kill friends, and the diſorder's ſuch
As war were hood-wink'd.

JAC. 'Tis their freſh ſupplies.

LUC. It is a day turn'd ſtrangely: Or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Field.*

Enter POSTHUMUS, *and a* Britain *Lord.*

Lord. Cam'ſt thou from where they made the ſtand?

Pos. I did:
Though you, it ſeems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Pos. No blame be to you, ſir; for all was loſt,
But that the heavens fought: The king himſelf
Of his wings deſtitute, the army broken,

And but the backs of *Britains* ſeen, all flying
Through a ſtrait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with ſlaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, ſtrook down
Some mortally, ſome ſlightly touch'd, ſome falling
Meerly through fear; that the ſtrait paſs was dam'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To dye with lengthen'd ſhame.
Lord. Where was this lane?
Poſ. Cloſe by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf:
Which gave advantage to an ancient ſoldier,—
An honeſt one, I warrant; who deſerv'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his country; — athwart the lane,
He, with two ſtriplings, (lads more like to run
The country baſe, than to commit ſuch ſlaughter;
With faces fit for maſks, or rather fairer
Than those for preſervation caſ'd, or ſhame)
Made good the paſſage; cry'd to those that fled,
Our Britain*'s harts dye flying, not our men:*
To darkneſs fleet, ſouls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, *and will give you that*
Like beaſts, which you ſhun beaſtly; *and may ſave,*
But to look back in frown: Stand, ſtand. These three,
Three thouſand confident, in act as many,
(For three performers are the file, when all
The reſt do nothing) with this word, *ſtand, ſtand,*
Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleneſs, (which could have turn'd
A diſtaff to a lance) gilded pale looks, [ard
Part, ſhame, part, ſpirit-renew'd; that ſome, turn'd cow-
But by example (O, a ſin in war,

20 hearts

Damn'd in the firſt beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o'the hunters. Then began
A ſtop i'the chacer, a retire; anon,
A rout, confuſion-thick: forthwith, they fly
Chickens, the way which they ſtoop'd eagles; ſlaves,
The ſtrides they victors made: And now our cowards,
(Like fragments in hard voyages, become
The life o'the need) having found the back-door open
Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!
Some, ſlain before; ſome, dying; ſome, their friends
O'er-born i'the former wave: ten, chac'd by one,
Are now each one the ſlaughter-man of twenty:
Thoſe, that would dye or ere reſiſt, are grown
The mortal bugs o'the field.
Lord. This was ſtrange chance:
A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!
Pos. Nay, do not wonder at it: You are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rime upon't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preſerv'd the Britains, *was the* Romans' *bane.*
Lord. Nay, be not angry, ſir.
Pos. 'Lack, to what end?
Who dares not ſtand his foe, I'll be his friend:
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendſhip too.
You have put me into rime.
Lord. Farewel; you're angry. [*Exit* Lord.
Pos. Still going?—This is a lord: O noble miſery!
To be i'the field, and aſk, what news, of me!

[6] ſtopt [7] ſtrides the Victors [8] became

To-day, how many would have given their honours
To have ſav'd their carcaſſes? took heel to do't,
And yet dy'd too? I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel him, where he ſtrook: Being an ugly monſter,
'Tis ſtrange, he hides him in freſh cups, ſoft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more miniſters than we
That draw his knives i'the war. Well, I will find him:
For, being now a favourer to the *Britain*,
No more a *Britain*, I have reſum'd again
The part I came in: Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the verieſt hind, that ſhall
Once touch my ſhoulder. Great the ſlaughter is
Here made by the *Roman*; great the anſwer be
Britains muſt take: For me, my ranſom's death;
On either ſide I come to ſpend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by ſome means for *Imogen*.

Enter two Britain *Captains, and Soldiers.*

1. *C.* Great *Jupiter* be prais'd! *Lucius* is taken:
'Tis thought, the old man and his ſons were angels.
2. *C.* There was a fourth man, in a ſilly habit,
That gave the affront with them.
1. *C.* So 'tis reported;
But none of them can be found. — Who's there?
Pos. A *Roman*;
Who had not now been drooping here, if ſeconds
Had anſwer'd him.
2. *C.* Lay hands on him; A dog!
A leg of *Rome* ſhall not return, to tell
What crows have peck'd them here: He brags his ſervice
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

---

25 found. Stand, who's

Enter Cymbeline, *and Train*;
Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Piſanio, *and* Roman
Captives. The Captains present Poſthumus *to* Cymbeline,
*who delivers him over to a Jailer: after which,
all go out.*

SCENE IV. *A Room in a Priſon.*

Enter POSTHUMUS, *and two* Jailers.

1. *J.* You ſhall not now be ſtoln, you have locks upon you;
So, graze, as you find paſture.
2. *J.* Ay, or a ſtomach. [*Exeunt* Jailers.
Pos. Moſt welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty: Yet am I better
Than one that's ſick o'the gout; ſince he had rather
Groan ſo in perpetuity, than be cur'd
By the ſure phyſician, death; who is the key
To unbar these † locks. My conſcience! thou art fetter'd
More than my ſhanks, and wriſts: You good gods, give me
The penitent inſtrument, to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am ſorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Muſt I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gives,
Desir'd, more than conſtrain'd: to ſatiſfy,
I d'off my freedom, 'tis the main part; take
No ſtricter render of me, than my all.
I know, you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A ſixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that's not my desire:
For *Imogen*'s dear life, take mine; and though
'Tis not ſo dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:

'Tween man and man, they weigh not every ſtamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure's ſake;
You rather mine, being yours: And ſo, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold † bonds. O *Imogen!*
I'll ſpeak to thee in ſilence. [*he ſleeps.*

Solemn Muſick.

Enter, as in an Apparition, Sicillius Leonatus, *Father to* Poſthumus, *an old Man, attired like a Warrior; leading in his Hand an ancient Matron, his Wife, and Mother to* Poſthumus, *with Muſick before them: Then, after other Muſick, follow the two young* Leonati, *Brothers to* Poſthumus, *with Wounds as they dyed in the Wars: They circle* Poſthumus *round, as he lyes ſleeping.*

Fath.

* No more, thou thunder-maſter, ſhew
* thy ſpite on mortal flies:
* With *Mars* fall out, with *Juno* chide,
* that thy adulteries
* Rates, and revenges.
* Hath my poor boy done ought but well,
* whoſe face I never ſaw?
* I dy'd, whilſt in the womb he ſtay'd
* attending nature's law.
* Whoſe father then (as men report,
* thou orphans' father art)
* Thou ſhould'ſt have been, and ſhielded him
* from this earth-vexing ſmart.

Moth.

* *Lucina* lent not me her aid,
* But took me in my throws;

That from me was *Poſthumus* ript,
came crying 'mongſt his foes,
A thing of pity.
Fath.
Great nature, like his anceſtry,
molded the ſtuff ſo fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o'the world,
as great *Sicillius*' heir.
1. *B.*
When once he was mature for man,
in *Britain* where was he
That could ſtand up his parallel;
or fruitful object be
In eye of *Imogen*, that beſt
could deem his dignity?
Moth.
With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
to be exil'd, and thrown
From *Leonati*' ſeat; and caſt
from her his deareſt one,
Sweet *Imogen*?
Fath.
Why did you ſuffer *Jachimo*,
ſlight thing of *Italy*,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
with needleſs jealouſy;
And to become the geck and ſcorn
o' the other's villany?
2. *B.*
For this, from ſtiller ſeats we came,
our parents, and us twain,
That, ſtriking in our country's cause,

* fell bravely, and were ſlain;
* Our fealty, and *Tenantius'* right,
* with honour to maintain.
* 1. *B.*
* Like hardiment *Poſthumus* hath
* to *Cymbeline* perform'd:
* Then, *Jupiter*, thou king of gods,
* why haſt thou thus adjourn'd
* The graces for his merits due;
* being all to dolours turn'd?
* *Fath.*
* Thy cryſtal window ope; look out;
* no longer exercise,
* Upon a valiant race, thy harſh
* and potent injuries:
* *Moth.*
* Since, *Jupiter*, our ſon is good,
* take off his miseries.
* *Fath.*
* Peep through thy marble manſion; help;
* or we poor ghoſts will cry
* To the ſhining ſynod of the reſt,
* againſt thy deity:
* *Brothers.*
* Help, *Jupiter*; or we appeal,
* and from thy juſtice fly.

JUPITER *deſcends in Thunder and Lightning, ſitting upon his Eagle: He throws a Thunderbolt: the Ghoſts fall on their Knees.*

* *Jup.* No more, you petty ſpirits of region low,
* Offend our hearing; huſh: How dare you ghoſts
* Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,

* Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coaſts?
* Poor ſhadows of *Elyſium*, hence; and reſt
* Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
* Be not with mortal accidents oppreſt;
* No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.
* Whom beſt I love, I croſs; to make my gift,
* The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
* Your low-lay'd ſon our godhead will uplift;
* His comforts thrive, his trials well are ſpent.
* Our *Jovial* ſtar reign'd at his birth, and in
* Our temple was he marry'd:—Riſe, and fade:—
* He ſhall be lord of lady *Imogen*,
* And happier much by his affliction made.
* This † tablet lay upon his breaſt; wherein
* Our pleaſure his full fortune doth confine;
* And ſo, away: no farther with your din
* Expreſs impatience, leſt you ſtir up mine.—
* Mount, eagle, to my palace cryſtalline.

[JUPITER *aſcends.*

* *Fath.* He came in thunder; his celeſtial breath
* Was ſulphurous to ſmell: the holy eagle
* Stoop'd, as to foot us: his aſcenſion is
* More ſweet than our bleſt fields: his royal bird
* Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,
* As when his god is pleas'd.
* *all.* Thanks, *Jupiter!*
* *Fath.* The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
* His radiant roof:—Away; and, to be bleſt,
* Let us with care perform his great beheſt.

[*Ghoſts vaniſh.*

Pos. [*waking*] Sleep, thou haſt been a grandſire, and begot

A father to me: and thou haſt created
A mother, and two brothers: But (o ſcorn!)
Gone! they went hence ſo ſoon as they were born.
And ſo I am awake. Poor wretches, that depend
On greatneſs' favour, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I ſwerve:
[*ſeeing the Tablet.*
Many dream not to find, neither deſerve,
And yet are ſteep'd in favours; ſo am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why:
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, rare one!
Be not, as is our fangl'd world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be moſt unlike our courtiers,
As good as promiſe.

[*reads*] *When as a lion's whelp ſhall, to himſelf unknown, without ſeeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air; and when from a ſtately cedar ſhall be lopt branches, which, being dead many years, ſhall after revive, be jointed to the old ſtock, and freſhly grow; then ſhall* Poſthumus *end his miſeries,* Britain *be fortunate, and flouriſh in peace and plenty.*

'Tis ſtill a dream; or elſe ſuch ſtuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either, or both, or nothing:
Or ſenſeleſs ſpeaking, or a ſpeaking ſuch
As ſenſe cannot unty. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep if but for ſympathy.

Re-enter Jailers.

1. *J.* Come, ſir, are you ready for death?

Pos. Over-roaſted rather: ready long ago.

1. *J.* Hanging is the word, ſir; if you be ready for

that, you are well cook'd.

Pos. So, if I prove a good repaſt to the ſpectators, the diſh pays the ſhot.

1. *J.* A heavy reck'ning for you, ſir: But the comfort is, you ſhall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills; which are often the ſadneſs of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; ſorry that you have payed too much, and ſorry that you are payed too much; purſe and brain both empty: the brain the heavier, for being too light; the purſe too light, being drawn of heavineſs: O! of this contradiction you ſhall now be quit. — O, the charity of a penny cord! it ſums up thouſands in a trice: you have no true debitor, and creditor, but it; of what's paſt, is, and to come, the diſcharge:—Your neck, ſir, is pen, book, and counters; ſo the acquitance follows.

Pos. I am merrier to dye, than thou art to live.

1. *J.* Indeed, ſir, he that ſleeps feels not the toothach: But a man that were to ſleep your ſleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer: for, look you, ſir, you know not which way you ſhall go.

Pos. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

1. *J.* Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not ſeen him ſo pictur'd: You muſt either be directed by ſome that take upon them to know; or take upon yourſelf that which I am ſure you do not know; or jump the after-enquiry on your own peril: and how you ſhall ſpeed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

Pos. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes,

[27] or to take

to direct them the way I am going, but ſuch as wink, and will not use them.

1. *J.* What an infinite mock is this, that a man ſhould have the beſt uſe of eyes, to ſee the way of blindneſs! I am ſure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Knock off his manacles, bring your prisoner to the king.

Pos. Thou bring'ſt good news, — I am call'd to be made free.

1. *J.* I'll be hang'd then.

Pos. Thou ſhalt be then freer than a jailer; no bolts for the dead.

[*Exeunt* POSTHUMUS, Meſſenger, *and* 2. Jailer.

1. *J.* Unleſs a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never ſaw one ſo prone. Yet, on my conſcience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a *Roman:* and there be ſome of them too, that dye againſt their wills; ſo ſhould I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were deſolation of jailers, and gallowſes! I ſpeak againſt my present profit; but my wiſh hath a preferment in't. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *A Tent.*

Enter CYMBELINE; BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS; PISANIO; *Lords, Officers, and Attendants.*

CYM. Stand by my ſide, you, whom the gods have made
Preſervers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor ſoldier, that ſo richly fought,

Whoſe rags ſham'd gilded arms, whoſe naked breaſt
Stept before targe of proof, cannot be found;
He ſhall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him ſo.
  Bel. I never ſaw
Such noble fury in ſo poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.
  Cym. No tidings of him? [ving,
  Pis. He hath been ſearch'd among the dead and li-
But no trace of him.
  Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of *Britain*,
[*to* Belarius, *and Sons.*
By whom, I grant, ſhe lives: 'Tis now the time
To aſk of whence you are: report it.
  Bel. Sir,
In *Cambria* are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boaſt, were neither true nor modeſt,
Unleſs I add, we are honeſt.
  Cym. Bow your knees:
Ariſe my knights o'the battle; I create you
Companions to our perſon, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your eſtates.

Enter Cornelius, *and* Ladies.

There's buſineſs in theſe faces:—Why ſo ſadly
Greet you our victory? you look like *Romans*,
And not o'the court of *Britain*.
  Cor. Hail, great king!
To ſour your happineſs, I muſt report
The queen is dead.

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[2] Targes

Cym. Whom worſe than a phyſician
Would this report become? But I conſider,
By med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will ſeize the doctor too.—How ended ſhe?
Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Moſt cruel to herſelf. What ſhe confeſs'd,
I will report, ſo please you: These her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
Were preſent when ſhe finiſh'd.
Cym. Pr'ythee, ſay.
Cor. Firſt, ſhe confeſs'd ſhe never lov'd you; only
Affected greatneſs got by you, not you:
Marry'd your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhor'd your perſon.
Cym. She alone knew this:
And, but ſhe ſpoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.
Cor. Your daughter, whom ſhe bore in hand to love
With ſuch integrity, ſhe did confeſs
Was as a ſcorpion to her ſight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, ſhe had
Ta'en off by poiſon.
Cym. O moſt delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?
Cor. More, ſir, and worſe. She did confeſs, ſhe had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,
By inches waſte you: In which time ſhe purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kiſſing, to
O'ercome you with her ſhew: yes, and in time,
(When ſhe had fitted you with her craft) to work

Her ſon into the adoption of the crown.
But failing of her end by his ſtrange abſence,
Grew ſhameleſs-deſperate; open'd, in deſpight
Of heaven and men, her purpoſes; repented
The evils ſhe hatch'd were not effected; ſo,
Deſpairing, dy'd.
Cym. Heard you all this, her women?
Lad. We did, ſo please your highneſs.
Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for ſhe was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her ſeeming; it had been vicious,
To have miſtruſted her: yet, o my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'ſt ſay,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter, guarded, Lucius, Jachimo, *the* Soothſayer, *and other* Roman *Priſoners*; Posthumus *behind, and* Imogen.

Thou com'ſt not, *Caius*, now for tribute; that
The *Britains* have raſ'd out, though with the loſs
Of many a bold one; whoſe kinsmen have made ſuit,
That their good ſouls may be appeas'd with ſlaughter
Of you their captives, which ourſelf have granted:
So, think of your eſtate.
Luc. Conſider, ſir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We ſhould not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our priſoners with the ſword. But ſince the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ranſom, let it come: ſufficeth,
A *Roman* with a *Roman*'s heart can ſuffer:
Auguſtus lives to think on't: And ſo much

For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will intreat; My boy, [*ſhewing* Imo.] a *Britain* born,
Let him be ranſom'd: never maſter had
A page ſo kind, ſo duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occaſions, true,
So feat, ſo nurſe-like: let his virtue join
With my requeſt, which, I'll make bold, your highneſs
Cannot deny; he hath done no *Britain* harm,
Though he have ſerv'd a *Roman:* ſave him, ſir,
And ſpare no blood beſide.
CYM. I have ſurely ſeen him;
His favour is familiar to me:— Boy,
Thou haſt look'd thyſelf into my grace, and art
Mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore, but
I ſay, live, boy; ne'er thank thy maſter; live:
And aſk of *Cymbeline* what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy ſtate, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a priſoner
The nobleſt ta'en.
IMO. I humbly thank your highneſs.
LUC. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet, I know, thou wilt.
IMO. No, no; alack,
There's other work in hand; I ſee a thing [*eying* Jac.
Bitter to me as death: your life, good maſter,
Muſt ſhuffle for itſelf.
LUC. The boy diſdains me,
He leaves me, ſcorns me: Briefly dye their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.
Why ſtands he ſo perplext?
CYM. What would'ſt thou, boy?
I love thee more and more; think more and more

What's beſt to aſk. Know'ſt him thou look'ſt on? ſpeak,
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin, thy friend?
Imo. He is a *Roman*; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highneſs; who, being born your vaſſal,
Am ſomething nearer.
Cym. Wherefore ey'ſt him ſo?
Imo. I'll tell you, ſir, in private, if you pleaſe
To give me hearing.
Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my beſt attention. What's thy name?
Imo. *Fidele*, ſir.
Cym. Thou'rt my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy maſter: Walk with me; ſpeak freely.
[*They converſe aſide.*
Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?
Arv. One ſand
Another not reſembles more, than he
That ſweet and roſy lad, who dy'd, and was
Fidele: — What think you?
Gui. The ſame dead thing alive.
Bel. Peace, peace, ſee further; he eyes us not; forbear,
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am ſure
He would have ſpoke to us.
Gui. But we ſaw him dead.
Bel. Be ſilent; let's ſee further.
Pis. "It is my miſtreſs:"
"Since ſhe is living, let the time run on"
"To good, or bad."
Cym. Come, [*to* Imo. *advancing*] ſtand thou by our ſide;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [*to* Jac.] ſtep you forth,
Give anſwer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatneſs, and the grace of it,

24 we ſee him

Which is our honour, bitter torture ſhall
Winnow the truth from falſehood.—On, ſpeak to him.
Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.
Pos. "What's that to him?"
Cym. That diamond upon your finger, ſay,
How came it yours?
Jac. Thou'lt torture me to leave unſpoken that
Which, to be ſpoke, would torture thee.
Cym. How! me?
Jac. I am glad to be conſtrain'd to utter that which
Torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring; 'twas *Leonatus'* jewel, [thee,
Whom thou did'ſt baniſh; and (which more may grieve
As it doth me) a nobler ſir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt ſky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?
Cym. All that belongs to this.
Jac. That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my falſe ſpirits
Quail to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.
Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy ſtrength:
I had rather thou ſhould'ſt live while nature will,
Than dye ere I hear more: ſtrive, man, and ſpeak.
Jac. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That ſtrook the hour!) it was in *Rome*, (accurſ'd
The manſion where!) 'twas at a feaſt, (o, would
Our viands had been poiſon'd! or, at leaſt,
Those which I heav'd to head!) the good *Poſthumus*,
(What ſhould I ſay? he was too good, to be
Where ill men were; and was the beſt of all
Among the rar'ſt of good ones) ſitting ſadly,
Hearing us praiſe our loves of *Italy*

[1] One ſpeake

For beauty that made barren the ſwell'd boaſt
Of him that beſt could ſpeak : for feature, laming
The ſhrine of *Venus*, or ſtrait-pight *Minerva*,
Poſtures beyond brief nature ; for condition,
A ſhop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for ; beſides, that hook of wiving,
Fairneſs, which ſtrikes the eye :
  Cym. I ſtand on fire :
Come to the matter.
  Jac. All too ſoon I ſhall,
Unleſs thou would'ſt grieve quickly. This *Poſthumus*,
(Moſt like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover) took his hint ;
And, not diſpraiſing whom we prais'd, (therein
He was as calm as virtue) he began
His miſtreſs' picture ; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crak'd of kitchen trulls, or his deſcription
Prov'd us unſpeaking ſots.
  Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpoſe.
  Jac. Your daughter's chaſtity—there it begins.
He ſpake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreams,
And ſhe alone were cold : Whereat, I wretch
Made ſcruple of his praiſe ; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainſt this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In ſuit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery : he, true knight,
No leſſer of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, ſtakes this ring ;
And would ſo, had it been a carbuncle
Of *Phœbus'* wheel ; and might ſo ſafely, had it

Been all the worth of his car. Away to *Britain*
Poſt I in this deſign: Well may you, ſir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaſt daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine *Italian* brain
'Gan in yonr duller *Britain* operate
Moſt vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice ſo prevail'd
That I return'd with ſimilar proof enough
To make the noble *Leonatus* mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this † her bracelet,
(O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, ſome marks
Of ſecret on her perſon, that he could not
But think her bond of chaſtity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon, —
Methinks, I ſee him now, —
Pos. Ay, ſo thou doſt, [*ruſhing forward.*
Italian fiend: — Ah me, moſt credulous fool,
Egregious murtherer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains paſt, in being,
To come! O, give me cord, or knife, or poiſon,
Some upright juſticer! — Thou, king, ſend out
For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all the abhorred things o'the earth amend,
By being worſe than they. I am *Poſthumus*,
That kill'd thy daughter: — villain-like, I lye;
That caus'd a leſſer villain than myſelf,
A ſacrilegious thief, to do't: — the temple
Of virtue was ſhe; yea, and ſhe herſelf.

Spit, and throw ſtones, caſt mire upon me, ſet
The dogs o'the ſtreet to bay me: every villain
Be call'd, *Poſthumus Leonatus*; and
Be villany leſs than 'twas. — O *Imogen!*
My queen, my life, my wife! O *Imogen,*
Imogen, Imogen!
Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear.
Pos. Shall's have a play of this? Thou ſcornful page,
There lye thy part. [*ſtriking her: She falls.*
Pis. O, gentlemen, help, help! [*catching her.*
Mine, and your miſtreſs — O my lord *Poſthumus!*
You ne'er kill'd *Imogen* 'till now: — Help, help! —
Mine honour'd lady!
Cym. Does the world go round?
Pos. How come these ſtaggers on me?
Pis. Wake, my miſtreſs.
Cym. If this be ſo, the gods do mean to ſtrike me
To death with mortal joy.
Pis. How fares my miſtreſs?
Imo. O, get thee from my ſight;
Thou gav'ſt me poiſon: dangerous fellow, hence;
Breath not where princes are.
Cym. The tune of *Imogen!*
Pis. Lady, the gods throw ſtones of ſulphur on me,
If that I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.
Cym. New matter ſtill?
Imo. It poiſon'd me.
Cor. O gods! —
I left out one thing which the queen confeſſ'd,
Which muſt approve thee honeſt: If *Piſanio*
Have, ſaid ſhe, given his miſtreſs that confection

Which I gave him for cordial, ſhe is ſerv'd
As I would ſerve a rat.
CYM. What's this, *Cornelius?*
COR. The queen, ſir, very oft impórtun'd me
To temper poisons for her; ſtill pretending
The ſatiſfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no eſteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain ſtuff, which, being ta'en, would ceaſe
The present power of life; but, in ſhort time,
All offices of nature ſhould again
Do their due functions. — Have you ta'en of it?
IMO. Moſt like I did, for I was dead.
BEL. My boys,
There was our error.
GUI. This is ſure *Fidele.*
IMO. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think, that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again. [*to* Poſt. *hanging upon his Neck.*
POS. Hang there like fruit, my ſoul,
'Till the tree dye.
CYM. How now, my fleſh, my child?
What, mak'ſt thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not ſpeak to me?
IMO. Your bleſſing, ſir.
BEL. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;
You had a motive for't.
CYM. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! *Imogen,*
Thy mother's dead,
IMO. I am ſorry for't, my lord.

Cym. O, ſhe was naught; and long of her it was,
That we meet here ſo ſtrangely: But her ſon
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.
Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll ſpeak troth. Lord *Cloten*,
Upon my lady's miſſing, came to me
With his ſword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and ſwore,
If I diſcover'd not which way ſhe was gone,
It was my inſtant death: By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my maſter's
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To ſeek her on the mountains near to *Milford*;
Where, in a frenzy, in my maſter's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he poſts
With unchaſt purpoſe, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him,
I further know not.
Gui. [*advancing*] Let me end the ſtory:
I ſlew him there.
Cym. Marry, the gods fore-fend!
I would not thy good deeds ſhould from my lips
Pluck a hard ſentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.
Gui. I have ſpoke it, and I did it.
Cym. He was a prince.
Gui. A moſt uncivil one: The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me ſpurn the ſea,
If it could ſo roar to me: I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not ſtanding here
To tell this tale of mine.
Cym. I am ſorry for thee:

By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and muſt
Endure our law: Thou'rt dead.
  Imo. That headleſs man
I thought had been my lord.
  Cym. Bind the offender, [*to his Guard.*
And take him from our preſence.
  Bel. [*advancing, with* Arv.] Stay, ſir king:
This man is better than the man he ſlew,
As well deſcended as thyſelf; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of *Clotens*
Had ever ſcar for. — Let his arms alone;
They were not born for bondage.
  Cym. Why, old ſoldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpay'd for,
By haſting of our wrath? How of deſcent
As good as we?
  Arv. In that he ſpake too far.
  Cym. And thou ſhalt dye for't.
  Bel. We will dye all three:
But I will prove, that two on's are as good
As I have given out him. — My ſons, I muſt,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous ſpeech,
Though, haply, well for you.
  Arv. Your danger's ours.
  Gui. Ay, and our good is his:
  Bel. Have at it then. —
By leave; Thou had'ſt, great king, a ſubject, who
Was call'd *Belarius*:
  Cym. What of him? he is
A baniſh'd traitor.
  Bel. He it is, that hath
Aſſum'd this age: indeed, a baniſh'd man;

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15 By taſting

I know not how, a traitor.
Cym. Take him hence;
The whole world ſhall not ſave him.
Bel. Not too hot:
Firſt pay me for the nurſing of thy ſons;
And let it be confiſcate all, ſo ſoon
As I've receiv'd it.
Cym. Nurſing of my ſons?
Bel. I am too blunt, and ſaucy: Here's my knee:
Ere I ariſe, I will prefer my ſons;
Then, ſpare not the old father. Mighty ſir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my ſons, are none of mine;
They are the iſſue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.
Cym. How! my iſſue?
Bel. So ſure as you your father's. I, old *Morgan*,
Am that *Belarius* whom you ſometime baniſh'd:
Your pleaſure was my near offence, my puniſhment
Itſelf, and all my treaſon; that I ſuffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. Theſe gentle princes
(For ſuch, and ſo they are) theſe twenty years
Have I train'd up: thoſe arts they have, as I
Could put into them; and my breeding was,
Sir, as your highneſs knows. Their nurſe *Euriphile*,
Whom for the theft I wedded, ſtole theſe children
Upon my baniſhment: I mov'd her to't;
Having receiv'd the puniſhment before,
For that which I did then: Beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treaſon: Their dear loſs,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it ſhap'd
Unto my end of ſtealing them. But, gracious ſir,

Here are your ſons again; and I muſt lose
Two of the ſweet'ſt companions in the world: —
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with ſtars.
Cym. Thou weep'ſt, and ſpeak'ſt.
The ſervice, that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'ſt: I loſt my children;
If these be they, I know not how to wiſh
A pair of worthier ſons.
Bel. Be pleas'd a while.
This gentleman, whom I call *Paladour*,
Moſt worthy prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius:*
This gentleman, my *Cadwal*, *Arvirágus*,
Your younger princely ſon; he, ſir, was lapt
In a moſt curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.
Cym. *Guiderius* had
Upon his neck a mole, a ſanguine ſtar;
It was a mark of wonder.
Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him ſtill that natural ſtamp:
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.
Cym. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more: — Bleſt may you be;
That, after this ſtrange ſtarting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now! — O *Imogen*,
Thou haſt loſt by this a kingdom.
Imo. No, my lord;

28 Bleſt, pray you

I have got two worlds by't. — O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O never ſay hereafter,
But I am trueſt ſpeaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your ſiſter; I you brothers,
When you were ſo indeed.
Cym. Did you e'er meet?
Arv. Ay, my good lord.
Gui. And at firſt meeting lov'd;
Continu'd ſo, until we thought he dy'd.
Cor. By the queen's dram ſhe ſwallow'd.
Cym. O rare inſtinct!
When ſhall I hear all through? This fierce abridgement
Hath to it circumſtantial branches, which
Diſtinction ſhould be rich in. Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to ſerve our *Roman* captive?
How parted with your brothers? how firſt met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, ſhould be demanded;
And all the other by-dependancies,
From chance to chance: but nor the time, nor place,
Will ſerve long inter-rogatories. See,
Poſthumus anchors upon *Imogen*;
And ſhe, like harmleſs lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her maſter; hitting
Each object with a joy: the counter-change
Is ſeverally in all. — Let's quit this ground,
And ſmoak the temple with our ſacrifices. —
Thou art my brother; [*to* Bel.] So we'll hold thee ever.
Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To ſee this gracious ſeaſon.
Cym. All ore-joy'd,

[5] when we were [16] Brother? [17] whether theſe? [22] ſerve our long

Save theſe in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they ſhall taſte our comfort.
Imo. My good maſter,
I will yet do you ſervice.
Luc. Happy be you!
Cym. The forlorn ſoldier, that ſo nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.
Pos. I am, ſir,
The ſoldier that did company theſe three
In poor beſeeming; 'twas a fitment for
The purpoſe I then follow'd:—That I was he,
Speak, *Jachimo*; I had you down, and might
Have made you finiſh.
Jac. I am down again: [*kneeling.*
But now my heavy conſcience ſinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beſeech you,
Which I ſo often owe: but, your ring ╤ firſt;
And here ╤ the bracelet of the trueſt princeſs
That ever ſwore her faith.
Pos. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you is, to ſpare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you: Live,
And deal with others better.
Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeneſs of a ſon-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.
Arv. You holp us, ſir, [*to* Poſ.]
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.
Pos. Your ſervant, princes.—Good my lord of *Rome*,
Call forth your ſoothſayer: As I ſlept, methought,

Great *Jupiter*, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other ſprightly ſhews
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This † label on my boſom; whoſe containing
Is ſo from ſenſe in hardneſs, that I can
Make no collection of it: let him ſhew
His ſkill in the conſtruction.
Luc. *Philarmonus*,—
Soo. Here, my good lord.
Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.
Soo. [reads.] *When as a lyon's whelp ſhall, to himſelf unknown, without ſeeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air; and when from a ſtately cedar ſhall be lopt branches, which, being dead many years, ſhall after revive, be jointed to the old ſtock, and freſhly grow; then ſhall* Poſthumus *end his miſeries,* Britain *be fortunate, and flouriſh in peace and plenty.*
Thou, *Leonatus*, art the lyon's whelp;
The fit and apt conſtruction of thy name,
Being *Leo-natus*, doth import ſo much.
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter, [*to* Cym.
Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier:* which *mulier*, I divine,
Is thy moſt conſtant wife; [*to* Poſ.] who, even now,
Anſwering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unſought, were clipt about
With this moſt tender air.
Cym. This hath ſome ſeeming.
Soo. The lofty cedar, royal *Cymbeline*,
Perſonates thee: And thy lopt branches point
Thy two ſons forth: who, by *Belarius* ſtoln,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,

To the majeſtick cedar join'd; whoſe iſſue
Promiſes *Britain* peace and plenty.
  Cym. Well,
By peace we will begin:—And, *Caius Lucius*,
Although the victor, we ſubmit to *Cæsar*,
And to the *Roman* empire; promiſing
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were diſſuaded by our wicked queen;
On whom heaven's juſtice (both on her, and hers)
Hath lay'd moſt heavy hand.
  Soo. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The viſion
Which I made known to *Lucius*, ere the ſtroke
Of this yet ſcarce-cold battle, at this inſtant
Is full accompliſh'd: For the *Roman* eagle,
From ſouth to weſt on wing ſoaring aloft,
Leſſen'd herſelf, and in the beams o'the ſun
So vaniſh'd: which fore-ſhew'd, our princely eagle,
The imperial *Cæsar*, ſhould again unite
His favour with the radiant *Cymbeline*,
Which ſhines here in the weſt.
  Cym. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked ſmoaks climb to their noſtrils
From our bleſt altars.—Publiſh we this peace
To all our ſubjects. Set we forward: Let
A *Roman* and a *Britiſh* enſign wave
Friendly together: ſo through *Lud*'s town march;
And in the temple of great *Jupiter*
Our peace we'll ratify; ſeal it with feaſts.—
Set on there:—Never was a war did ceaſe,
Ere bloody hands were waſh'd, with ſuch a peace. [*Ex.*

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[4] My Peace [9] Whom heavens in Juſtice—Have laid [14] yet this

KING
LEAR.

Perſons repreſented.

Lear, *King of* Britain.
King of France.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Cornwal.
Duke of Albany.
Earl of Kent.
Earl of Gloſter.
Edgar, *Son to* Gloſter:
Edmund, *baſtard Son of the ſame:*
Curan, *a Domeſtick,* } *of the ſame.*
Old man, Tenant }
Oswald, *Steward to* Goneril.
Fool, attending Lear:
Gentleman, attending the ſame.
a Phyſician; *Herald*;
Officer, following Edmund:
Officers in the Troops of Albany, *four*;
Servants to Cornwal, *three*;
Meſſengers, two.

Goneril, }
Regan, } *Daughters to* Lear.
Cordelia, }

Divers Attendants, Officers, Soldiers, &c.
French *and* Britiſh.

Scene, Britain.

KING LEAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A State-room in King* Lear's *Palace.*

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, *and* EDMUND.

KEN. I thought, the king had more affected the duke of *Albany*, than *Cornwal.*

GLO. It did always ſeem ſo to us: but now, in the diviſion of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values moſt; for equalities are ſo weighed, that curioſity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

KEN. Is not this your ſon, my lord?

GLO. His breeding, ſir, hath been at my charge: I have ſo often bluſh'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to it.

KEN. I cannot conceive you.

GLO. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon ſhe grew round-wombed; and had, indeed, ſir, a ſon for her cradle, ere ſhe had a husband for her bed. Do you ſmell a fault?

KEN. I cannot wiſh the fault nndone, the iſſue of it being ſo proper.

GLO. But I have, ſir, a ſon by order of law, ſome year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account, though this knave came ſomething ſaucily into the world before he was ſent for: yet was his mother fair; there was good ſport at his making, and the whorſon muſt be acknowledg'd.—Do you know this noble gentleman, *Edmund?*

EDM. No, my lord.

GLO. My lord of *Kent:* remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

EDM. My ſervices to your lordſhip.

KEN. I muſt love you, and ſue to know you better.

EDM. Sir, I ſhall ſtudy deserving.

GLO. He hath been out nine years, and away he ſhall again: — The king is coming.

Flouriſh; *and Enter* LEAR, *attended*;
CORNWAL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, *and* CORDELIA.

LEA. Attend the lords of *France* and *Burgundy*, *Gloſter*.

GLO. I ſhall, my liege. [*Exeunt* GLO. *and* EDM.

LEA. Mean time we ſhall expreſs our darker purpoſe.
The map † there.—Know, that we have divided,
In three, our kingdom: and 'tis our faſt intent
To ſhake all cares and buſineſs from our age;
Conferring them on younger ſtrengths, while we
Unburthen'd crawl toward death.—Our ſon of *Cornwal*,
And you, our no leſs loving ſon of *Albany*,
We have this hour a conſtant will to publiſh
Our daughters' ſeveral dowers, that future ſtrife
May be prevented now. The princes, *France* and *Burgundy*,
Great rivals in our youngeſt daughter's love,

Long in our court have made their amorous ſojourn,
And here are to be anſwer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,
(Since now we will diveſt us, both of rule,
Intereſt of territory, cares of ſtate,)
Which of you ſhall we ſay doth love us moſt?
That we our largeſt bounty may extend
Where merit doth moſt challenge it.—*Goneril*,
Our eldeſt-born, ſpeak firſt.
Gon. Sir, I do love you
Far more than words can wield the matter: love you
Dearer than eye-ſight, ſpace and liberty;
Beyond what can be valu'd, rich or rare;
No leſs than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour:
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and ſpeech unable;
Beyond all manner of ſo much I love you.
Cor. "What ſhall *Cordelia* do? Love, and be ſilent."
Lea. Of all these † bounds, even from this line to this,
With ſhadowy foreſts and with champaigns rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-ſkirted meads,
We make thee lady: To thine and *Albany*'s iſſue
Be this perpetual.—What ſays our ſecond daughter,
Our deareſt *Regan*, wife to *Cornwal?* Speak.
Reg. I am made of that ſelf metal as my ſiſter,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find, ſhe names my very deed of love;
Only ſhe comes too ſhort: that I profeſs
Myſelf an enemy to all other joys,
Which the moſt precious ſquare of ſenſe poſſeſſes;
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear highneſs' love.
Cor. "Then poor *Cordelia!*"

"And yet not ſo; ſince, I am ſure, my love's"
"More richer than my tongue."
LEA. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third † of our fair kingdom;
No leſs in ſpace, validity, and pleaſure,
Than that confer'd on *Goneril.*—Now, our joy,
Although the laſt, not leaſt in our dear love,
What can you ſay, to win a third more opulent
Than your two ſiſters?
COR. Nothing, my lord.
LEA. How!
COR. Nothing.
LEA. Nothing can come of nothing: ſpeak again.
COR. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majeſty
According to my bond; nor more, nor leſs.
LEA. Go to, go to; mend me your ſpeech a little,
Leſt it may mar your fortunes.
COR. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and moſt honour you.
Why have my ſiſters husbands, if they ſay,
They love you, all? Haply, when I ſhall wed,
That lord, whose hand muſt take my plight, ſhall carry
Half my love with him, half my care, and duty:
Sure, I ſhall never marry like my ſiſters,
To love my father all.
LEA. But goes thy heart with this?
COR. Ay, my good lord.
LEA. So young, and ſo untender?
COR. So young, my lord, and true.

Lea. Let it be ſo,—Thy truth then be thy dower:
For, by the ſacred radiance of the ſun;
The myſteries of *Hecate*, and the night;
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exiſt, and ceaſe to be;
Here I diſclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a ſtranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous *Scythian*,
Or he that makes his generation meſſes
To gorge his appetite, ſhall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pity'd, and reliev'd,
As thou my ſometime daughter.
Ken. Good my liege,—
Lea. Peace, *Kent*;
Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
I lov'd her moſt, and thought to ſet my reſt
On her kind nurſery.—Hence, and avoid my ſight!—
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her.—Call *France*; Who ſtirs?
Call *Burgundy*.—[*Exit an Att.*] *Cornwal*, and *Albany*,
With my two daughters' dowers digeſt this † third:
Let pride, which ſhe calls plainneſs, marry her.
I do inveſt you jointly with my power,
Preheminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majeſty. Ourſelf, by monthly courſe,
With reſervation of an hundred knights,
By you to be ſuſtain'd, ſhall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we retain
The name; the additions to a king, the ſway,
Revenue, execution, and the reſt,
Beloved ſons, be yours: which to confirm,

† 29 v. *Note.*

This coronet ‡ part between you.
Ken. Royal *Lear*, [*in Action of preventing him.*
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my maſter follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—
Lea. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the ſhaft.
Ken. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be *Kent* unmannerly,
When *Lear* is mad. What would'ſt thou do, old man?
Think'ſt thou that duty ſhall have dread to ſpeak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainneſs honour's bound,
When majeſty ſtoops to folly. Reverſe thy doom;
And, in thy beſt conſideration, check
This hideous raſhneſs: anſwer my life my judgment,
Thy youngeſt daughter does not love thee leaſt;
Nor are those empty-hearted, whoſe low ſound
Reverbs no hollowneſs.
Lea. *Kent*, on thy life, no more.
Ken. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage againſt thy enemies; nor fear to loſe it,
Thy ſafety being the motive.
Lea. Out of my ſight!
Ken. See better, *Lear*; and let me ſtill remain
The true blank of thine eye.
Lea. Now, by *Apollo*,—
Ken. Now, by *Apollo!* King, thou ſwear'ſt thy gods in vain.
Lea. O, vaſſal! miſcreant!
[*in Action of drawing his Sword.*
Alb. *Cor^n.* Dear ſir, forbear. [*interpoſing.*
Ken. Do; Kill thy phyſician, and the fee beſtow
Upon thy foul diſeaſe. Revoke thy gift;

[32] the foule

Or, whilſt I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou doſt evil.
Lea. Hear me, recreant;
On thine allegiance, hear me!—
Since thou haſt ſought to make us break our vow,
(Which we durſt never yet,) and, with ſtrain'd pride,
To come between our ſentence and our power,
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,)
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee, for proviſion
To ſhield thee from diſaſters of the world;
And, on the ſixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,
Thy baniſh'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death: Away! By *Jupiter*,
This ſhall not be revok'd.
Ken. Fare thee well, king: ſith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and baniſhment is here.—
The gods to their dear ſhelter take thee, maid,
That juſtly think'ſt, and haſt moſt rightly ſaid!—
And, you, large ſpeechers, may your deeds approve
That good effects may ſpring from words of love.—
Thus *Kent*, o princes, bids you all adieu;
He'll ſhape his old courſe in a country new. [*Exit.*

Re-enter GLOSTER, *with* FRANCE, BURGUNDY, *and Attendants.*

Glo. Here's *France* and *Burgundy*, my noble lord.
Lea. My lord of *Burgundy*,
We firſt addreſs towards you, who with this king
Hath rival'd for our daughter; What, in the leaſt,
Will you require in preſent dower with her,
Or ceaſe your queſt of love?

---

[21] your large ſpeeches

Bur. Moſt royal majeſty,
I crave no more than hath your highneſs offer'd,
Nor will you tender leſs.
Lea. Right noble *Burgundy*,
When ſhe was dear to us, we did hold her ſo;
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there ſhe ſtands;
If ought within that little, ſeeming, ſubſtance,
Or all of it, with our diſpleasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and ſhe is yours.
Bur. I know no anſwer.
Lea. Sir, Will you, with those infirmities ſhe owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curſe, and ſtranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?
Bur. Pardon me, royal ſir,
Election makes not up on ſuch conditions.
Lea. Then leave her, ſir; for, by the power that made [me,
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,
I would not from your love make ſuch a ſtray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beſeech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is aſham'd
Almoſt to acknowledge hers.
Fra. This is moſt ſtrange!
That ſhe, who even but now was your beſt object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
The beſt, the deareſt; ſhould in this trice of time
Commit a thing ſo monſtrous, to diſmantle
So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence
Muſt be of ſuch unnatural degree,
That monſters it: or your fore-vouch'd affection

Fall'n into taint: which to believe of her,
Muſt be a faith, that reaſon without miracle
Could never plant in me.
Cor. I yet beſeech your majeſty,
(If for I want that glib and oily art,
To ſpeak and purpoſe not; ſince what I well intend,
I'll do't before I ſpeak) that you make known,
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulneſs,
No unchaſt action, or diſhonour'd ſtep,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour:
But even the want of that, for which I am richer;
A ſtill-ſoliciting eye, and ſuch a tongue
As I am glad I have not, though, not to have it,
Hath loſt me in your liking.
Lea. Better thou had'ſt not been born,
Than not to have pleas'd me better.
Fra. Is it but this? a tardineſs in nature,
Which often leaves the hiſtory unſpoke,
That it intends to do? — My lord of *Bungundy*,
What ſay you to the lady? Love's not love,
When it is mingl'd with regards, and ſtands
Aloof from the entire point: Say, will you have her?
She is herſelf a dowry.
Bur. Royal *Lear*,
Give but that portion which yourſelf propos'd,
And here I take *Cordelia* by the hand,
Dutcheſs of *Burgundy*.
Lea. Nothing: I have ſworn; I am firm.
Bur. I am ſorry then, you have ſo loſt a father,
That you muſt loſe a husband.
Cor. Peace be with *Burgundy!*
Since that reſpects of fortune are his love,

11 even for want 21 regards, that ſtands

I ſhall not be his wife.
Fra. Faireſt *Cordelia*, that art moſt rich, being poor;
Moſt choice, forſaken; and moſt lov'd, deſpis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I ſeize upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what's caſt away.
Gods, gods! 'tis ſtrange, that from their cold'ſt neglect
My love ſhould kindle to inflam'd reſpect.—
Thy dowerleſs daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair *France:*
Not all the dukes of wat'riſh *Burgundy*
Can buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewel, *Cordelia*, though unkind:
Thou loſeſt here, a better where to find.
Lea. Thou haſt her, *France:* let her be thine; for we
Have no ſuch daughter, nor ſhall ever ſee
That face of hers again:—Therefore be gone,
Without our grace, our love, our benizon.—
Come, noble *Burgundy.*
[*Flouriſh. Exeunt* LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORNWAL, ALBANY, GLOSTER, *and Attendants.*
Fra. Bid farewel to your ſiſters.
Cor. Ye jewels of our father, with waſh'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know what you are;
And, like a ſiſter, am moſt loth to call
Your faults as they are nam'd. Uſe well our father:
To your profeſſing boſoms I commit him:
But yet, alas, ſtood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewel to you both.
Gon. Preſcribe not us our duties.
Reg. Let your ſtudy
Be, to content your lord; who hath receiv'd you

22 The Jewels 26 profeſſed

As fortune's alms: You have obedience ſcanted, [wanted.
And well are worth to want the worth that you have

COR. Time ſhall unfold what plaited cunning hides,
Who cover'd faults at laſt with ſhame derides.
Well may you proſper!

FRA. Come, my fair *Cordelia.*

[*Exeunt* FRANCE, *and* CORDELIA.

GON. Siſter, it is not a little I have to ſay, of what moſt nearly appertains to us both. I think, our father will hence to-night.

REG. That's moſt certain, and with you; next month with us.

GON. You ſee how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been little: he always lov'd our ſiſter moſt; and with what poor judgment he hath now caſt her off, appears too groſly.

REG. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but ſlenderly known himſelf.

GON. The beſt and ſoundeſt of his time hath been but raſh; then muſt we look to receive from his age not alone the imperfections of long-ingrafted condition, but, therewithal, the unruly waywardneſs that infirm and cholerick years bring with them.

REG. Such unconſtant ſtarts are we like to have from him, as this of *Kent*'s baniſhment.

GON. There is further compliment of leave-taking between *France* and him. Pray you, let us ſit together: If our father carry authority, with ſuch diſpositions as he bears, this laſt ſurrender of his will but offend us.

REG. We ſhall further think on't.

GON. We muſt do ſomething, and i'the heat. [*Exeunt.*

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[1] at Fortunes [4] covers

SCENE II. *A Hall in the Earl of* Gloſter's *Caſtle.*

Enter EDMUND.

EDM. Thou, nature, art my goddeſs; to thy law
My ſervices are bound: Wherefore ſhould I
Stand in the plague of cuſtom; and permit
The courteſy of nations to deprive me,
For that I am ſome twelve or fourteen moon-ſhines
Lag of a brother? Why baſtard? Wherefore baſe?
When my dimenſions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my ſhape as true,
As honeſt madam's iſſue? Why brand they us
With baſe? with baſeneſs? baſtardy? baſe, baſe?
Who, in the luſty ſtealth of nature, take
More compoſition and fierce quality,
Than doth, within a dull, ſtale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween aſleep and wake? —Well then,
Legitimate *Edgar*, I muſt have your land:
Our father's love is to the baſtard *Edmund*,
As to the legitimate: Fine word, legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this † letter ſpeed,
And my invention thrive, *Edmund* the baſe
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I proſper: —
Now, gods, ſtand up for baſtards!

Enter GLOSTER.

GLO. *Kent* baniſh'd thus! And *France* in choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! ſubſcrib'd his power!
Confin'd to exhibition! All this done
Upon the gad! — *Edmund!* How now? What news?
EDM. So pleaſe your lordſhip, none.
GLO. Why ſo earneſtly ſeek you to put up that letter?

7 curioſity 24 ſhall tooth' le-

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? What needed then that terrible diſpatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not ſuch need to hide itſelf. Let's ſee: Come, if it be nothing, I ſhall not need ſpéctacles.

Edm. I beſeech you, ſir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; for ſo much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your o'er-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, ſir.

Edm. I ſhall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I underſtand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's ſee, let's ſee.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's juſtification, he wrote this but as an eſſay or taſte of my virtue.

Glo. [*reads*] *This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the beſt of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, 'till our oldneſs cannot reliſh them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppreſſion of aged tyranny; which ſways, not as it hath power, but as it is ſuffered. Come to me, that of this I may ſpeak more. If our father would ſleep 'till I wak'd him, you ſhould enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother* Edgar.

Hum—Conſpiracy!—*Sleep 'till I wak'd him,—you ſhould enjoy half his revenue.*—My ſon *Edgar!* Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord, there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the caſement of my cloſet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durſt ſwear it were his; but, in reſpect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore ſounded you in this buſineſs?

Edm. Never, my lord: But I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that, ſons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father ſhould be as ward to the ſon, and the ſon manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, deteſted, brutiſh villain; worſe than brutiſh!—Go, ſirrah, ſeek him; I'll apprehend him:—Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it ſhall please you to ſuſpend your indignation againſt my brother, 'till you can derive from him better teſtimony of his intent, you ſhould run a certain courſe; where, if you violently proceed againſt him, miſtaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and ſhake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you ſo?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you ſhall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular aſſurance have your ſatiſfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

GLO. He cannot be ſuch a monſter.

EDM. Nor is not, ſure.

GLO. To his father, that ſo tenderly and intirely loves him. Heaven and earth! — *Edmund,* ſeek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the buſineſs after your own wiſdom: I would unſtate myſelf, to be in a due resolution.

EDM. I will ſeek him, ſir, presently; convey the buſineſs as I ſhall find means, and acquaint you withal.

GLO. These late eclipſes in the ſun and moon portend no good to us: Though the wiſdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itſelf ſcourg'd by the ſequent effects: love cools, friendſhip falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, diſcord; in palaces, treason; and the bond crack'd between ſon and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's ſon againſt father: the king falls from byas of nature; there's father againſt child. We have ſeen the beſt of our time: Machinations, hollowneſs, treachery, and all ruinous diſorders, follow us diſquietly to our graves. — Find out this villain, *Edmund*; it ſhall lose thee nothing; do it carefully: — And the noble and true-hearted *Kent* baniſh'd! his offence, honeſty! Strange, ſtrange! [*Exit* GLOSTER.

EDM. This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are ſick in fortune, (often the ſurfeit of our own behaviour) we make guilty of our diſaſters, the ſun, the moon, and the ſtars: as if we were villains on neceſſity; fools, by heavenly compulſion; knaves, thieves, and trechers, by ſpherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforc'd obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thruſting on: An admirable evasion of whoremaſter man, to lay his goatiſh diſpoſition to the charge of ſtars! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *urſa major*; ſo that it follows, I am rough and letcherous: — I ſhould have been that I am, had the maidenlieſt ſtar in the firmament twinkl'd on my baſtardizing.

Enter EDGAR.

"*Edgar!* Pat; He comes like the cataſtrophe of the"
"old comedy: My cue is villainous melancholy, with"
"a ſigh like *Tom* o' *Bedlam*. O, these eclipſes do por-"
"tend these divisions!"

EDG. How now, brother *Edmund?* What ſerious contemplation are you in?

EDM. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what ſhould follow these eclipſes.

EDG. Do you busy yourſelf with that?

EDM. I promise you, the effects he writes of ſucceed unhappily. When ſaw you my father laſt?

EDG. The night gone by.

EDM. Spake you with him?

EDG. Ay, two hours together.

EDM. Parted you in good terms? Found you no diſpleasure in him, by word, or countenance?

EDG. None at all.

EDM. Bethink yourſelf, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence,'till ſome little time hath qualify'd the heat of his diſpleaſure; which at this inſtant ſo rageth in him, that without the miſchief of your perſon it would ſcarcely allay.

EDG. Some villain hath done me wrong.

EDM. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance, 'till the ſpeed of his rage goes ſlower; and, as I ſay, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord ſpeak: Pray you, go; there's my † key:—If you do ſtir abroad, go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, brother?

Edm. Brother, I adviſe you to the beſt; go arm'd; I am no honeſt man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have ſeen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do ſerve you in this buſineſs.—

[*Exit* Edgar.

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whoſe nature is ſo far from doing harms,
That he ſuſpects none; on whoſe fooliſh honeſty
My practiſes ride eaſy!—I ſee the buſineſs.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet, that I can faſhion fit.

[*Exit* Edmund.

SCENE III. *A Room in the Duke of* Albany's *Palace.*

Enter Goneril, *and* Steward.

Gon. Did my father ſtrike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Ste. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night! he wrongs me; every hour
He flaſhes into one groſs crime or other,
That ſets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himſelf upbraids us
On every trifle:—When he returns from hunting,

I will not ſpeak with him; ſay, I am ſick:—
If you come ſlack of former ſervices,
You ſhall do well; the fault of it I'll anſwer.
[*Horns within.*
Ste. He's coming, madam; I hear him.
GON. Put on what weary negligence you pleaſe,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to queſtion:—
If he diſlike it, let him to my ſiſter,
Whoſe mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-rul'd. Idle old man,
That ſtill would manage thoſe authorities
That he hath given away! Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and muſt be us'd
With checks, not flatteries when they are ſeen abus'd.
Remember what I have ſaid.
Ste. Very well, madam.
GON. And let his knights have colder looks among you;
What grows of it, no matter; adviſe your fellows ſo:
I would breed from hence occaſions, and I ſhall,
That I may ſpeak:— I'll write ſtraight to my ſiſter,
To hold my very courſe:—Prepare for dinner.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE IV. *An outer Hall in the ſame.*

Enter KENT, *diſguiſ'd.*

KEN. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my ſpeech deface, my good intent
May carry through itſelf to that full iſſue
For which I raz'd my likeneſs. Now, baniſh'd *Kent*,
If thou can'ſt ſerve where thou doſt ſtand condemn'd,
(So may it come!) thy maſter, whom thou lov'ſt,

14 checkes as flat- 28 defuſe,

Shall find thee full of labours. [*Horns.*

Enter Lear, Gentleman, *Knights,*
and Attendants.

Lea. Let me not ſtay a jot for dinner; go, get it ready. [*to an Attendant, who goes out.* How now, what art thou?

Ken. A man, ſir.

Lea. What doſt thou profeſs? What would'ſt thou with us?

Ken. I do profeſs to be no leſs than I ſeem; to ſerve him truly, that will put me in truſt; to love him that is honeſt; to converſe with him that is wise, and ſays little; to fear judgment; to fight, when I cannot choose; and to eat no fiſh.

Lea. What art thou?

Ken. A very honeſt-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lea. If thou be as poor for a ſubject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What would'ſt thou?

Ken. Service.

Lea. Whom would'ſt thou ſerve?

Ken. You.

Lea. Doſt thou know me, fellow?

Ken. No, ſir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call maſter.

Lea. What's that?

Ken. Authority.

Lea. What ſervices can'ſt thou do?

Ken. I can keep honeſt counſel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain meſſage bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualify'd in; and the beſt of me is diligence.

Lea. How old art thou?

Ken. Not ſo young, ſir, to love a woman for ſinging; nor ſo old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty eight.

Lea. Follow me; thou ſhalt ſerve me; if I like thee no worſe after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.— Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave, my fool? Go you, [*to an Attendant.*] and call my fool hither:—

Enter Steward.

You, you, ſirrah, where's my daughter?

Ste. So please you,— [*Exit.*

Lea. What ſays the fellow there? Call the clot-pole back.—Where's my fool? Ho, I think the world's aſleep.—How now, where's that mungrel?

Gen. He ſays, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lea. Why came not the ſlave back to me, when I call'd him?

Gen. Sir, he anſwer'd me in the roundeſt manner, he would not.

Lea. He would not!

Gen. My lord, I know not what the matter is, but, to my judgment, your highneſs is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himſelf alſo, and your daughter.

Lea. Ha! ſay'ſt thou ſo?

Gen. I beſeech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be miſtaken; for my duty cannot be ſilent, when I think your highneſs is wrong'd.

Lea. Thou but remember'ſt me of mine own conception: I have perceived a moſt faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curioſity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindneſs: I will look further into't.—But where's my fool?

I have not ſeen him this two days.

Gen. Since my young lady's going into *France*, ſir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lea. No more of that; I have noted it.—Go you, [*to one Attendant.*] and tell my daughter, I would ſpeak with her.—Go you, [*to another*] call hither my fool.—O,

Re-enter Steward, *brought back by*
an Attendant.

you ſir, you ſir, come you hither: Who am I, ſir?

Ste. My lady's father.

Lea. My lady's father! my lord's knave: You whorſon dog! you ſlave! you cur!

Ste. I am none of this, my lord; I beſeech you, pardon me.

Lea. Do you bandy looks with me, you raſcal?

Ste. I'll not be ſtruck, my lord.
[*in Poſture of defending himſelf.*

Ken. Nor tript neither; you baſe football-player.
[*tripping up his Heels.*

Lea. I thank thee, fellow; thou ſerv'ſt me, and I'll love thee.

Ken. Come, ſir, ariſe, away; I'll teach you differences; away, away: If you will meaſure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away: go to; Have you wiſdom? ſo. [*driving him out.*

Lea. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earneſt of thy ſervice. [*giving* Kent *Money.*

Enter Fool.

Foo. Let me hire him too;—Here's my coxcomb.
[*offering his Cap.*

Lea. How now, my pretty knave? how doſt thou?

Foo. Sirrah, you were beſt take my coxcomb.

Ken. Why, fool?

Foo. Why? For taking one's part that's out of favour: Nay, an thou can'ſt not ſmile as the wind ſits, thou'lt catch cold ſhortly: there, take my coxcomb: Why, this fellow has baniſh'd two on's daughters, and did the third a bleſſing againſt his will; if thou follow him, thou muſt needs wear my coxcomb. — How now, nuncle? 'Would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters!

Lea. Why, my boy?

Foo. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myſelf: There's † mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lea. Take heed, ſirrah; the whip.

Foo. Truth's a dog muſt to kennel; he muſt be whipt out, when the lady brach may ſtand by the fire and ſtink.

Lea. A peſtilent gall to me!

Foo. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a ſpeech.

Ken. Do.

Foo. Mark it, nuncle: —

Have more than thou ſhoweſt,
Speak leſs than thou knoweſt,
Lend leſs than thou oweſt,
Ride more than thou goeſt,
Learn more than thou troweſt,
Set leſs than thou throweſt;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou ſhalt have more
Than two tens to a ſcore.

Ken. This is nothing, fool.

Foo. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for't: — Can you make no uſe of

[18] *Lear.* Do.

nothing, nuncle?

Lea. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Foo. Pr'ythee, tell him, [*to* Kent] ſo much the rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool.

Lea. A bitter fool!

Foo. Doſt thou know the difference, nuncle, between a bitter fool and a ſweet fool?

Lea. No, lad; teach me.

Foo. That lord, that counſel'd thee
to give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,—
or do thou for him ſtand:
The ſweet and bitter fool
will preſently appear;
The one in motley here †,
the other found out there †.

Lea. Doſt thou call me fool, boy?

Foo. All thy other titles thou haſt given away; that thou waſt born with.

Ken. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Foo. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myſelf; they'll be ſnatching.—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lea. What two crowns ſhall they be?

Foo. Why, after I have cut the egg i'th' middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou cloveſt thy crown in the middle, and gaveſt away both parts, thou boreſt thine aſs on thy back over the dirt: Thou had'ſt little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gav'ſt thy golden one away. If I ſpeak like my-

6 difference my boy, be- 23 lodes

ſelf in this, let him be whipt that firſt finds it ſo.

Fools had ne'er leſs grace in a year; [*ſinging.*
for wiſe men are grown foppiſh;
and know not how their wits to wear,
their manners are ſo apiſh.

Lea. When were you wont to be ſo full of ſongs, ſirrah?

Foo. I have used it, nuncle, ever ſince thou mad'ſt thy daughters thy mothers: for when thou gaveſt them the rod, and puteſt down thine own breeches,

Then they for ſudden joy did weep, [*ſinging.*
and I for ſorrow ſung,
that ſuch a king ſhould play bo-peep,
and go the fool among.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a ſchool-maſter that can teach thy fool to lye; I would fain learn to lye.

Lea. If you lye, ſirrah, we'll have you whipt.

Foo. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipt for ſpeaking true, thou'lt have me whipt for lying; and, ſometimes, I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing, than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou haſt pared thy wit o'both ſides, and left nothing in the middle: Here comes one of the parings.

Enter Goneril.

Lea. How now, daughter? what makes that frontlet [on?
Methinks, you are too much of late i'the frown.

Foo. Thou waſt a pretty fellow, when thou had'ſt no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forſooth, [*to* Gon.] I will hold my tongue; ſo your face bids me, though

you ſay nothing. Mum, mum,
He that keeps nor cruſt nor crum,
Weary of all, ſhall want ſome.—
That's a ſhell'd peaſcod. [*to* Kent, *ſhewing* Lear.

GON. Not only, ſir, this your all-licenc'd fool,
But other of your inſolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a ſafe redreſs; but now grow fearful,
By what yourſelf too late have ſpoke and done,
That you protect this courſe, and put it on
By your allowance; which if you ſhould, the fault
Would not 'ſcape cenſure, nor the redreſſes ſleep;
Which, in the tender of a wholeſome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which elſe were ſhame, that then neceſſity
Will call diſcreet proceeding.

FOO. For you trow, nuncle,
The hedge-ſparrow fed the cuckoo ſo long,
That it had it's head bit off by it's young:
So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

LEA. Are you our daughter?

GON. Come, ſir,
I would, you would make uſe of that good wisdom
Whereof I know you are fraught; and put away
Theſe diſpoſitions, which of late tranſport you
From what you rightly are.

FOO. May not an aſs know when the cart draws the horſe?—Whoop, *Jug!* I love thee.

LEA. Does any here know me?—This is not *Lear*:
Does *Lear* walk thus? ſpeak thus?—Where are his eyes?

Either his notion weakens, his diſcernings
Are lethargy'd,—Ha! waking? 'Tis not ſo.—
Who is it that can tell me who I am?
Foo. *Lear's* ſhadow.
Lea. Your name, fair gentlewoman?
Gon. This admiration, ſir, is much o'the favour
Of other your new pranks. I do beſeech you
To underſtand my purpoſes aright:
You, as you are old and reverend, ſhould be wiſe:
Here do you keep a hundred knights and ſquires;
Men ſo diſorder'd, ſo debauch'd, and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shews like a riotous inn: epicuriſm and luſt
Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel,
Than a grac'd palace. The ſhame itſelf doth ſpeak
For inſtant remedy: Be then deſir'd
By her, that elſe will take the thing ſhe begs,
A little to diſquantity your train;
And the remainder, that ſhall ſtill depend,
To be ſuch men as may beſort your age,
And know themſelves and you.
Lea. Darkneſs and devils!—
Saddle my horſes; call my train together.—
Degenerate baſtard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter. [rabble
Gon. You ſtrike my people; and your diſorder'd
Make ſervants of their betters.

Enter Albany. [come?

Lea. Woe, that too late repents,—O, ſir, are you
Is it your will? ſpeak, ſir.—Prepare my horſes.—
Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou ſhew'ſt thee in a child,

Than the ſea-monſter!
ALB. Pray, ſir, be patient.
LEA. Deteſted kite, [*to* Goneril.] thou ly'ſt:
My train are men of choice and rareſt parts,
That all particulars of duty know;
And in the moſt exact regard ſupport
The worſhips of their name. — O moſt ſmall fault,
How ugly didſt thou in *Cordelia* ſhew!
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fixt place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O *Lear*, *Lear*, *Lear*,
Beat at this gate, [*ſtriking his Head*] that let thy folly in,
And thy dear judgment out! — Go, go, my people.
ALB. My lord, I am guiltleſs, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you.
LEA. It may be ſo, my lord. —
Hear, nature! hear, dear goddeſs; hear a father!
Suſpend thy purpoſe, if thou didſt intend
To make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey ſterility;
Dry up in her the organs of increaſe;
And from her derogate body never ſpring
A babe to honour her! If ſhe muſt teem,
Create her child of ſpleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart diſnatur'd torment to her!
Let it ſtamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
To laughter and contempt; that ſhe may feel
How ſharper than a ſerpent's tooth it is
To have a thankleſs child! — Away, away.
ALB. Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourſelf to know the cauſe;
But let his diſpoſition have that ſcope
That dotage gives it.
Lea. What, fifty of my followers, at a clap!
Within a fortnight!
Alb. What's the matter, ſir? [aſham'd
Lea. I'll tell thee;—Life and death! [*to* Gon.] I am
That thou haſt power to ſhake my manhood thus:
That theſe hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them. Blaſts and fogs upon thee!
The untented woundings of a father's curſe
Pierce every ſenſe about thee!— Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cauſe again, I'll pluck you out;
And caſt you, with the waters that you loſe,
To temper clay.—Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be ſo:—I have another daughter,
Who, I am ſure, is kind and comfortable;
When ſhe ſhall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flea thy wolfiſh viſage. Thou ſhalt find,
That I'll reſume the ſhape which thou doſt think
I have caſt off for ever; thou ſhalt, I warrant thee.
[*Exeunt* Lear, Kent, Gen. *and Att.*
Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?
Alb. I cannot be ſo partial, *Goneril*,
To the great love I bear you,—
Gon. Pray you, content.—
What, *Oswald*, ho!—
You, ſir, more knave than fool, after your maſter.
Foo. Nuncle *Lear*, nuncle *Lear*, tarry, take the fool with thee.—
A fox, when one has caught her,
And ſuch a daughter,

Should ſure to the ſlaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter;
So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*

Gon. This man hath had good counſel: A hundred
'Tis politick, and ſafe, to let him keep, [knights!
At point, a hundred knights· Yes, that on every dream,
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, diſlike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy. — *Oswald*, I ſay! —

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than truſt too far:
Let me ſtill take away the harms I fear,
Not fear ſtill to be taken. I know his heart:
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my ſiſter;
If ſhe ſuſtain him and his hundred knights,
When I have ſhew'd the unfitneſs, — How now, *Oſwald?*

Enter Steward.

What, have you writ that letter to my ſiſter?

Ste. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you ſome company, and away to horſe:
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add ſuch reasons of your own,
As may compact it more: So, get you gone;
And haſten your return. [*Exit* Ste.] No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleneſs, and courſe of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more at taſk for want of wisdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildneſs.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then —

Alb. Well, well, the event. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Court before the ſame.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, *and* Fool.

LEA. Go you before to *Gloceſter* with these ‡ letters: acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter: If your diligence be not ſpeedy, I ſhall be there afore you.

KEN. I will not ſleep, my lord, 'till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit* KENT.

Foo. If a man's brains were in's heels, wer't not in danger of kibes?

LEA. Ay, boy. [ſlip-ſhod.

Foo. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit ſhall not go

LEA. Ha, ha, ha.

Foo. Shalt ſee, thy other daughter will use thee kindly: for though ſhe's as like this, as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

LEA. What can'ſt tell, boy?

Foo. She'll taſte as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou can'ſt tell why one's nose ſtands i'the middle of one's face?

LEA. No.

Foo. Why, to keep one's eyes on either ſide one's nose; that what a man cannot ſmell out, he may ſpy into.

LEA. I did her wrong:

Foo. Can'ſt tell how an oiſter makes his ſhell?

LEA. No. [houſe.

Foo. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a ſnail has a

LEA. Why?

Foo. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a caſe.

‡‡ ſide his noſe

Lea. I will forget my nature. So kind a father!—
Be my horſes ready?

Foo. Thy aſſes are gone about 'em. The reaſon why the ſeven ſtars are no more than ſeven, is a pretty reaſon.

Lea. Becauſe they are not eight?

Foo. Yes, indeed: Thou would'ſt make a good fool.

Lea. To take it again perforce,—Monſter, ingratitude!

Foo. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lea. How's that?

Foo. Thou ſhould'ſt not have been old, 'till thou hadſt been wiſe.

Lea. O, let me not be mad, not mad, ſweet heaven!
Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!—

Enter Gentleman.

How now! Are the horſes ready?

Gen. Ready, my lord.

Lea. Come, boy. [*Exeunt* LEAR, *and* Gentleman.

Foo. She that is a maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unleſs things be cut ſhorter.
[*to the Audience, as he goes out.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Room in* Gloſter'*s Caſtle.*

Enter EDMUND, *and* CURAN, *meeting.*

Edm. Save thee, *Curan.*

Cur. And you, ſir. I have been with your father; and given him notice, that the duke of *Cornwal,* and *Regan* his dutcheſs, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not: You have heard of the news abroad; I mean, the whiſper'd ones, for they are yet but ear-kiſſing arguments?

Edm. Not I; Pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of *Cornwal* and *Albany?*

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may do then, in time. Fare you well, ſir. [*Exit* CURAN.

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! Beſt!
This weaves itſelf perforce into my buſineſs!
My father hath ſet guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queazy queſtion,
Which I muſt act:—Briefneſs, and fortune, work!—
Brother, a word, deſcend; brother, I ſay;

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches:—O ſir, fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night:—
Have you not ſpoken 'gainſt the duke of *Cornwal?*
He's coming hither; now, i'the night, i'the haſte,
And *Regan* with him; Have you nothing ſaid
Upon his party 'gainſt the duke of *Albany?*
Adviſe yourſelf.

Edg. I am ſure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming,—Pardon me;
In cunning, I muſt draw my ſword upon you:
Draw; Seem to defend yourſelf: Now quit you well.
Yield; come before my father; — Light, ho, here!—
Fly, brother; torches, torches:—[*Exit* EDG.] ſo, farewel.
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion

Of my more fierce endeavour: I have ſeen drunkards
Do more than this † in ſport.—Why, father, father!
Stop, ſtop! No help?

Enter GLOSTER, *and Servants with Torches.*

Glo. Now, *Edmund*, where's the villain?

Edm. Here ſtood he in the dark, his ſharp ſword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To ſtand his auſpicious miſtreſs:—

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, ſir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, *Edmund?*

Edm. Fled this † way, ſir. When by no means he could—

Glo. Purſue him, ho; go after.—[*Exit Servant.*] By no means what?

Edm. Perſuade me to the murder of your lordſhip;
But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainſt parricides did all their thunders bend;
Spoke, with how manifold and ſtrong a bond
The child was bound to the father;—Sir, in fine,
Seeing how lothly oppoſite I ſtood
To his unnatural purpoſe, in fell motion,
With his prepared ſword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:
But when he ſaw my beſt alarum'd ſpirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rouz'd to the encounter;
Or whether 'gaſted by the noiſe I made,—
But ſuddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far;
Not in this land ſhall he remain uncaught;
And, found, diſpatch'd: The noble duke my maſter,
My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night:
By his authority I will proclaim it,

23 lancht   30 and found; diſpatch, the

That he, which finds him, ſhall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the ſtake;
He, that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I diſſuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curſt ſpeech
I threaten'd to diſcover him: He reply'd,
Thou unpoſſeſſing baſtard, doſt thou think,
If I would ſtand againſt thee, could the reposure
Of any truſt, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I ſhould deny,
(As this I would; ay, though thou didſt produce
My very character) would turn it all
To thy ſuggeſtion, plot, and damned practice:
And thou muſt make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential ſpurs
To make thee ſeek it.

Glo. Strong and faſten'd villain! [*Trumpets within.*
Would he deny his letter, ſaid he?—I never got him.—
Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes:—
All ports I'll bar; the villain ſhall not ſcape;
The duke muſt grant me that: beſides, his picture
I will ſend far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him: and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable. [*Flouriſh.*

Enter Cornwal, Regan, *and Attendants.*

Cor. How now, my noble friend? ſince I came hither,
(Which I can call but now) I have heard ſtrange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too ſhort,
Which can purſue the offender. How does my lord?

Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd!

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12 character, ide turne

Reg. What, did my father's godſon ſeek your life?
He whom my father nam'd? your *Edgar?*
Glo. O, lady, lady, ſhame would have it hid!
Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?
Glo. I know not, madam:
It is too bad, too bad.
Edm. Yes, madam, he was.
Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the expence and waſte of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my ſiſter
Been well inform'd of them; and with ſuch cautions,
That, if they come to ſojourn at my houſe,
I'll not be there.
Cor. Nor I, aſſure thee, *Regan.*—
Edmund, I hear that you have ſhewn your father
A child-like office.
Edm. 'Twas my duty, ſir.
Glo. He did bewray his practiſe; and receiv'd
This hurt you ſee, ſtriving to apprehend him.
Cor. Is he purſu'd?
Glo. Ay, my good lord.
Cor. If he be taken, he ſhall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose
How in my ſtrength you please.—For you, *Edmund*,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this inſtant
So much commend itſelf, you ſhall be ours;
Natures of ſuch deep truſt we ſhall much need;
You we firſt ſeize on.
Edm. I ſhall ſerve you, ſir,
Truly, however elſe.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.
Cor. You know not why we came to viſit you,—
Reg. Thus out of ſeaſon; threading dark-ey'd night.
Occaſions, noble *Gloſter*, of ſome price,
Wherein we muſt have uſe of your advices:
Our father he hath writ, ſo hath our ſiſter,
Of differences, which I beſt thought it fit
To anſwer from our home; the ſeveral meſſengers
From hence attend diſpatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your boſom; and beſtow
Your needful counſel to our buſineſs,
Which craves the inſtant uſe.
Glo. I ſerve you, madam:
Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before the Caſtle.*

Enter Kent, *and* Steward, *meeting.*

Ste. Good even to thee, friend: Art of the houſe?
Ken. Ay.
Ste. Where may we ſet our horſes?
Ken. I' th' mire.
Ste. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.
Ken. I love thee not.
Ste. Why, then I care not for thee.
Ken. If I had thee in *Lipſbury* pinfold, I would make thee care for me.
Ste. Why doſt thou uſe me thus? I know thee not.
Ken. Fellow, I know thee.
Ste. What doſt thou know me for?
Ken. A knave, a raſcal, an eater of broken meats; a baſe, proud, ſhallow, beggarly, three-ſuited, hundred-pound, filthy worſted-ſtocking knave; a lilly-liver'd,

5 advice,

action-taking knave; a whorſon glaſs-gazing, ſuper-ſerviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting ſlave; one that would'ſt be a bawd, in way of good ſervice, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the ſon and heir of a mungrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny'ſt the leaſt ſyllable of thy addition.

Ste. Why, what a monſtrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Ken. What a brazen-fac'd varlet art thou, to deny thou knoweſt me? Is it two days, ſince I tript up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, the moon ſhines; I'll make a ſop o'the moon-ſhine of you: Draw, you whorſon cullionly barber-monger, draw.

Ste. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

Ken. Draw, you raſcal: you come with letters againſt the king; and take vanity, the puppet's, part, againſt the royalty, her father: Draw, you rogue, or I'll ſo carbonado your ſhanks: draw, you raſcal; come your ways.

Ste. Help, ho! murther! help!

Ken. Strike, you ſlave; ſtand, rogue; ſtand, you neat ſlave, ſtrike.

Ste. Help, ho! murther, murther!

Enter EDMUND, *with his Sword drawn*;
CORNWAL, REGAN, GLOSTER,
and Servants.

Edm. How now? What's the matter? Part.

Ken. With you, goodman boy, if you please; come, I'll fleſh you; come on, young maſter.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Cor. Keep peace, upon your lives;

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19 royalty of her

He dies, that ſtrikes again : What is the matter?
Reg. The meſſengers from our ſiſter and the king.
Cor. What is your difference? ſpeak.
Ste. I am ſcarce in breath, my lord.
Ken. No marvel, you have ſo beſtir'd your valour.
You cowardly raſcal, nature diſclaims in thee;
A tailor made thee.
Cor. Thou art a ſtrange fellow:
A tailor make a man?
Ken. Ay, a tailor, ſir: a ſtone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him ſo ill, though they had been but two years o'the trade.
Cor. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?
Ste. This ancient ruffian, ſir, whoſe life I have ſpar'd
At ſuit of his grey beard,—
Ken. Thou whorſon zed! thou unneceſſary letter!— My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my grey beard, you wag-tail?
Cor. Peace, ſirrah:
You beaſtly knave, know you no reverence?
Ken. Yes, ſir; but anger has a priviledge.
Cor. Why art thou angry?
Ken. That ſuch a ſlave as this ſhould wear a ſword,
Who wears no honeſty. Such ſmiling rogues as theſe,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain
Which are too intrince to unlooſe: ſooth every paſſion
That in the nature of their lords rebels;
Bring oil to fire, ſnow to the colder moods:
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their maſters;
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.—

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[27] ſmooth [28] natures—rebell

A plague upon your epileptick viſage!
Smile you my ſpeeches, as I were a fool?
Gooſe, if I had you upon *Sarum* plain,
I'd drive you cackling home to *Camelot*.
Cor. What, art thou mad, old fellow?
Glo. How fell you out? ſay that.
Ken. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and ſuch a knave. [fault?
Cor. Why doſt thou call him knave? What is his
Ken. His countenance likes me not. [hers.
Cor. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor
Ken. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
I have ſeen better faces in my time,
Than ſtands on any ſhoulder that I ſee
Before me at this inſtant.
Cor. This is ſome fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntneſs, doth affect
A ſaucy roughneſs; and conſtrains the garb,
Quite from his nature: He cannot flatter, he,—
An honeſt mind and plain,—he muſt ſpeak truth:
An they will take it, ſo; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainneſs
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty ſilly ducking obſervants,
That ſtretch their duties nicely.
Ken. Sir, in good faith, in ſincere verity,
Under the allowance of your grand aſpéct,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering *Phœbus'* front,—
Cor. What mean'ſt by this?
Ken. To go out of my dialect, which you diſcommend ſo much. I know, ſir, I am no flatterer: he that

beguil'd you, in a plain accent, was a plain knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I ſhould win your diſpleasure to entreat me to it.

Cor. What was the offence you gave him?

Ste. I never gave him any:
It pleas'd the king his maſter, very late,
To ſtrike at me, upon his miſconſtruction;
When he, conjunct, and flattering his diſpleasure,
Tript me behind; being down, inſulted, rail'd,
And put upon him ſuch a deal of man,
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was ſelf-ſubdu'd;
And, in the fleſhment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Ken. None of these rogues, and cowards,
But *Ajax* is their fool.

Cor. Fetch forth the ſtocks.—
You ſtubborn ancient knave, you unreverent braggart,
We'll teach you:

Ken. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your ſtocks for me: I ſerve the king;
On whose employment I was ſent to you:
You ſhall do ſmall reſpect, ſhow too bold malice
Againſt the grace and perſon of my maſter,
Stocking his meſſenger.

Cor. Fetch forth the ſtocks:—
As I have life and honour, there ſhall he ſit 'till noon.

Reg. 'Till noon! 'till night, my lord; and all night too.

Ken. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You ſhould not use me ſo.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will. [*Stocks brought out.*

Cor. This is a fellow of the ſelf-ſame colour

Our ſiſter ſpeaks of: — Come, bring away the ſtocks.
GLO. Let me beſeech your grace not to do ſo:
His fault is much, and the good king his maſter
Will check him for't: your purpos'd low correction
Is ſuch, as baſeſt and contemned'ſt wretches,
For pilferings and moſt common treſpaſſes,
Are puniſh'd with: the king muſt take it ill,
That he's ſo ſlightly valu'd in his meſſenger,
Should have him thus reſtrain'd.
COR. I'll anſwer that.
REG. My ſiſter may receive it much more worſe,
To have her gentleman abus'd, aſſaulted,
For following her affairs. — Put in his legs. —
Come, my lord; away.
[*Exeunt* COR. REG. EDM. Ste. *and Ser.*
GLO. I am ſorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,
Whoſe diſpoſition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rub'd, nor ſtopt: I'll entreat for thee.
KEN. Pray, do not, ſir: I have watch'd, and travel'd hard;
Some time I ſhall ſleep out, the reſt I'll whiſtle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good morrow!
GLO. The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken.
[*Exit* GLOSTER.
KEN. Good king, that muſt approve the common ſaw!
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'ſt
To the warm ſun.
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this † letter: — Nothing almoſt ſees miracles,
But miſery: — I know, 'tis from *Cordelia*;

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[5] and temneſt

Who hath moſt fortunately been inform'd
Of my obſcured courſe; and ſhall find time
From this enormous ſtate, ſeeking to give
Loſſes their remedies. All weary and o'er-watch'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This ſhameful lodging.
Fortune, good night; ſmile once more, turn thy wheel!

Enter EDGAR, *at a Diſtance.*

EDG. I heard myſelf proclaim'd;
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
Eſcap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and moſt unuſual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may 'ſcape,
I will preſerve myſelf: and am bethought
To take the baſeſt and moſt pooreſt ſhape
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beaſt: my face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elf all my hair with knots;
And with preſented nakedneſs out-face
The winds, and perſecutions of the ſky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of *Bedlam* beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, ſprigs of roſemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, ſheep-cotes, and mills,
Sometime with lunatick bans, ſometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity: — Poor *Turlygood!* poor *Tom!* —
That's ſomething yet; *Edgar* I nothing am. [*Exit.*

Enter LEAR, Fool, *and* Gentleman.

LEA. 'Tis ſtrange, that they ſhould ſo depart from home,

And not ſend back my meſſenger.
Gen. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpoſe in them
Of this remove.
KEN. Hail to thee, noble maſter!
LEA. Ha! Mak'ſt thou this ſhame thy paſtime?
KEN. No, my lord.
Foo. Ha, ha; look, he wears crewel garters! Horſes are ty'd by the heads; dogs, and bears, by the neck; monkies by the loins, and men by the legs: when a man is over-luſty at legs, then he wears wooden nether ſtocks.
LEA. What's he, that hath ſo much thy place miſtook
To ſet thee here?
KEN. It is both he and ſhe,
Your ſon and daughter.
LEA. No.
KEN. Yes.
LEA. No, I ſay.
KEN. But I ſay, yea.
LEA. By *Jupiter*, I ſwear, no.
KEN. By *Juno*, I ſwear, ay.
LEA. They durſt not do't;
They could not, would not do't; 'tis worſe than murder,
To do upon reſpect ſuch violent outrage:
Reſolve me, with all modeſt haſte, which way
Thou might'ſt deſerve, or they impoſe, this uſage,
Coming from us.
KEN. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highneſs' letters to them,
Ere I was riſen from the place that ſhew'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking poſt,
Stew'd in his haſte, half breathleſs, panting forth,

From *Goneril* his miſtreſs, ſalutation;
Deliver'd letters, ſpight of intermiſſion,
Which preſently they read: on whoſe contents,
They ſummon'd up their meiny, ſtraight took horſe;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leiſure of their anſwer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other meſſenger,
Whoſe welcome, I perceiv'd, had poiſon'd mine,
(Being the very fellow that of late
Diſplay'd ſo ſawcily againſt your highneſs)
Having more man than wit about me, I drew;
He rais'd the houſe with loud and coward cries:
Your ſon and daughter found this treſpaſs worth
The ſhame which here it ſuffers.

Foo. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geeſe fly that way.
Fathers, that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall ſee their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—
But, for all this, thou ſhalt have as many dolors from thy dear daughters, as thou can'ſt tell in a year.

LEA. O, how this mother ſwells up toward my heart!
Hyſterica paſſio! down, thou climbing ſorrow,
Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

KEN. With the earl, ſir, here within.

LEA. Follow me not, ſtay here. [*Exit.*

Gen. Made you no more offence than what you ſpeak of?

KEN. None.
How chance the king comes with ſo ſmall a train?

---

[22] for thy [25] *Hiſtorica*

Foo. An thou had'ſt been ſet i'the ſtocks for that queſtion, thou had'ſt well deserv'd it.

Ken. Why, fool?

Foo. We'll ſet thee to ſchool to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring in the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty, but can ſmell him that's ſtinking. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, leſt it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes upward, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counſel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, ſince a fool gives it.

That ſir, that ſerves for gain,
  And follows but for form,
Will pack, when it 'gins rain,
  And leave thee in the ſtorm.
But I will tarry, the fool will ſtay,
  And let the wise man fly:
The fool turns knave, that runs away;
  The fool no knave, perdy.

Ken. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Foo. Not i'the ſtocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, *with* GLOSTER.

Lea. Deny to ſpeak with me? They are ſick, they are weary,
They have travel'd hard to night? Meer fetches;
The images of revolt and flying off!
Fetch me a better anſwer.

Glo. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremoveable and fixt he is

---

16 begins to raine 20 knave turnes foole

In his own courſe.

Lea. Vengeance, plague, death, confuſion!
Fiery? what quality? Why, *Gloſter*, *Gloſter*,
I'd ſpeak with the duke of *Cornwal*, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them ſo.

Lea. Inform'd them! Doſt thou underſtand me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lea. The king would ſpeak with *Cornwal*; the dear father
Would with his daughter ſpeak, commands her ſervice:
Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and blood!
Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke, that—
No, but not yet; may be, he is not well:
Infirmity doth ſtill neglect all office
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourſelves,
When nature, being oppreſt, commands the mind
To ſuffer with the body: I'll forbear;
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indiſpos'd and ſickly fit
For the ſound man. Death on my ſtate! wherefore
Should he ſit here? This act perſuades me,
That this remotion of the duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my ſervant forth:
Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd ſpeak with them,
Now, preſently; bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
'Till it cry, *Sleep to death.*

Glo. I'd have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

Lea. O me, my heart! my riſing heart!—but, down.

Foo. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels, when ſhe put 'em i'the paſte alive; ſhe knapt 'em o'th' coxcombs with a ſtick, and cry'd, *Down, wantons, down:* 'Twas her brother, that, in pure kindneſs to his horſe, butter'd his hay.

Re-enter GLOSTER, *with* CORNWAL, REGAN,
and Servants.

LEA. Good morrow to you both.
COR. Hail to your grace. [Kent *is ſet at Liberty.*
REG. I am glad to ſee your highneſs.
LEA. *Regan,* I think you are; I know what reason
I have to think ſo: if thou ſhould'ſt not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulch'ring an adult'reſs. — O, are you free?
Some other time for that. — Beloved *Regan,*
Thy ſiſter's naught: O *Regan,* ſhe hath ty'd
Sharp-tooth'd unkindneſs, like a vulture, † here, —
I can ſcarce ſpeak to thee; thou'lt not believe,
Of how deprav'd a quality — O *Regan!*
REG. I pray you, ſir, take patience; I have hope,
You leſs know how to value her desert,
Than ſhe to ſcant her duty.
LEA. How is that?
REG. I cannot think, my ſiſter in the leaſt
Would fail her obligation: If, ſir, perchance,
She have reſtrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on ſuch ground, and to ſuch wholeſome end,
As clears her from all blame.
LEA. My curſes on her!
REG. O, ſir, you are old;
Nature in you ſtands on the very verge
Of her confine: you ſhould be rul'd, and led
By ſome diſcretion, that discerns your ſtate
Better than you yourſelf: Therefore, I pray you
That to our ſiſter you do make return;
Say, you have wrong'd her, ſir.

Lea. Aſk her forgiveneſs?
Do you but mark how this becomes the houſe:
Dear daughter, I confeſs that I am old;
Age is unneceſſary: on my knees I beg,
That you'll vouchſafe me raiment, bed, and food.
Reg. Good ſir, no more; these are unſightly tricks:
Return you to my ſiſter.
Lea. Never, *Regan:*
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; ſtrook me with her tongue,
Moſt ſerpent-like, upon the very heart:
All the ſtor'd vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameneſs!
Cor. Fie, ſir, fie.
Lea. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her ſcornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-ſuck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful ſun,
O, fall, and blaſt her pride!
Reg. O the bleſt gods!
So will you wiſh on me, when the raſh mood is on.
Lea. No, *Regan*, thou ſhalt never have my curſe;
Thy tender-hefted nature ſhall not give
Thee o'er to harſhneſs; her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn: 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleaſures, to cut off my train,
To bandy haſty words, to ſcant my ſcizes,
And, in concluſion, to oppoſe the bolt
Againſt my coming in: thou better know'ſt
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courteſy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o'the kingdom haſt thou not forgot,

Wherein I thee endow'd.
Reg. Good ſir, to the purpoſe. [*Trumpet within.*
Lea. Who put my man i'the ſtocks?
Cor. What trumpet's that?
Enter Steward.
Reg. I know't, my ſiſter's: this approves her letter,
That ſhe would ſoon be here.—'s your lady come?
Lea. This is a ſlave, whoſe eaſy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows:—
Out, varlet, from my ſight.
Cor. What means your grace?
Enter Goneril. [hope
Lea. Who ſtock'd my ſervant? *Regan*, I have good
Thou did'ſt not know on't.—Who comes here? O hea-
If you do love old men, if your ſweet ſway [vens,
Allow obedience, if yourſelves are old,
Make it your cauſe; ſend down, and take my part!—
Art not aſham'd to look upon this beard?—
O, *Regan*, wilt thou take her by the hand? [ded?
Gon. Why not by the hand, ſir? How have I offen-
All's not offence, that indiſcretion finds,
And dotage terms ſo.
Lea. O, ſides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i'the ſtocks?
Cor. I ſet him there, ſir: but his own diſorders
Deſerv'd much leſs advancement.
Lea. You? did you?
Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, ſeem ſo.
If, 'till the expiration of your month,
You will return and ſojourn with my ſiſter,
Diſmiſſing half your train, come then to me;
I am now from home, and out of that proviſion

Which ſhall be needful for your entertainment.
Lea. Return to her, and fifty men diſmiſſ'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage againſt the enmity of the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,
Neceſſity's ſharp pinch; — Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded *France*, that dowerleſs took
Our youngeſt born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, ſquire-like, penſion beg
To keep baſe life a-foot; — Return with her?
Perſuade me rather to be ſlave and ſumpter
To this † deteſted groom.
Gon. At your choice, ſir.
Lea. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewel:
We'll no more meet, no more ſee one another: —
But yet thou art my fleſh, my blood, my daughter;
Or, rather, a disease that's in my fleſh,
Which I muſt needs call mine: thou art a bile,
A plague-ſore, an emboſſed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let ſhame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer ſhoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging *Jove:*
Mend, when thou can'ſt; be better, at thy leiſure:
I can be patient; I can ſtay with *Regan*,
I, and my hundred knights.
Reg. Not altogether ſo, ſir;
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome: Give ear, ſir, to my ſiſter;
For those that mingle reaſon with your paſſion,
Muſt be content to think you old, and ſo —

But ſhe knows what ſhe does,
Lea. Is this well ſpoken?
Reg. I dare avouch it, ſir: What, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What ſhould you need of more?
Yea, or ſo many? ſith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainſt ſo great a number? How, in one houſe,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almoſt impoſſible.
Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that ſhe calls ſervants, or from mine?
Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to ſlack you,
We could controul them: If you will come to me,
(For now I ſpy a danger) I intreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place, or notice.
Lea. I gave you all;
Reg. And in good time you gave it.
Lea. Made you my guardians, my depoſitaries;
But kept a reservation to be ſollow'd
With ſuch a number: What, muſt I come to you
With five and twenty, *Regan?* ſaid you ſo?
Reg. And ſpeak it again, my lord; no more with me.
Lea. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd.
When others are more wicked, not being the worſt
Stands in ſome rank of praise: — I'll go with thee;
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.
Gon. Hear me, my lord;
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a houſe, where twice ſo many
Have a command to tend you?

23 v. *Note*.

Reg. What need one?
Lea. O, reaſon not the need: our baſeſt beggars
Are in the pooreſt thing ſuperfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beaſt's: thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'ſt,
Which ſcarcely keeps thee warm. — But, for true need,
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!
You ſee me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both;
If it be you that ſtir these daughters' hearts
Againſt their father, fool me not ſo much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!
O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks! — No, you unnatural hags,
I will have ſuch revenges on you both,
That all the world ſhall,—I will do ſuch things,—
What they are, yet I know not; but they ſhall be
The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep:
No, I'll not weep; I have full cause of weeping;
But This heart ſhall break into a thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep: — O, fool, I ſhall go mad.
[*Exeunt* Lear, Gloster, Kent, Gentleman, *and* Fool. *Storm heard at a Diſtance.*
Cor. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a ſtorm.
Reg. This houſe
Is little; the old man and his people cannot
Be well beſtow'd.
Gon. 'Tis his own blame; he hath put
Himſelf from reſt, and muſt needs taſte his folly.
Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,

[12] ſtirres

But not one follower.
Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my lord of *Gloſter?*

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Cor. Follow'd the old man forth:—he is return'd.
Glo. The king is in high rage.
Cor. Whither is he going?
Glo. He calls to horſe; but will I know not whither.
Cor. 'Tis beſt to give him way; he leads himſelf.
Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to ſtay.
Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the high winds
Do ſorely ruſtle; for many miles about
There's ſcarce a buſh.
Reg. O, ſir, to wilful men,
The injuries, that they themſelves procure,
Muſt be their ſchoolmaſters: Shut up your doors;
He is attended with a deſperate train;
And what they may incenſe him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.
Cor. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night;
My *Regan* counſels well: come out o'the ſtorm. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Heath.*

A Storm, with Thunder and Lightning.
Enter KENT, *and* Gentleman, *meeting.*

Ken. What's here, beſide foul weather?
Gen. One minded like the weather, moſt unquietly.
Ken. I know you; Where's the king?
Gen. Contending with the fretful element:

Bids the wind blow the earth into the ſea,
Or ſwell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or ceaſe: tears his white hair;
Which the impetuous blaſts, with eyeleſs rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strives in his little world of man to out-ſcorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.
Ken. But who is with him?
Gen. None but the fool; who labours to out-jeſt
His heart-ſtrook injuries.
Ken. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my art,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is diviſion,
Although as yet the face of it is cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt *Albany* and *Cornwal:*
Who have (as who have not, that their great ſtars
Throne and ſet high?) ſervants, who ſeem no leſs;
Which are to *France* the ſpies and ſpeculations
Intelligent of our ſtate: what hath been ſeen,
Either in ſnuffs and packings of the dukes;
Or the hard rein which both of them have born
Againſt the old kind king; or ſomething deeper,
Whereof, perchance, these are but furniſhings;—
But, true it is, from *France* there comes a power
Into this ſcatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wiſe in our negligence, have ſecret foot
In ſome of our beſt ports, and are at point
To ſhew their open banner. Now to you:

21 Thron'd 30 feet

If on my credit you dare build ſo far
To make your ſpeed to *Dover*, you ſhall find
Some that will thank you, making juſt report
Of how unnatural and bemadding ſorrow
The king hath cauſe to plain. I am a gentleman,
Of blood and breeding; and, from ſome knowledge and
Aſſurance of you, offer this office to you.

Gen. I will talk further with you.

KEN. No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out wall, open this † purſe, and take
What it contains: If you ſhall ſee *Cordelia*,
(As fear not but you ſhall) ſhew her this † ring;
And ſhe will tell you who your fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this ſtorm!
I will go ſeek the king.

Gen. Give me your hand.
Have you no more to ſay?

KEN. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That, when we have found the king, (in which, your pain
That † way; I'll † this) he that firſt lights on him,
Holla the other. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Heath. Storm ſtill.*
Enter LEAR, *and* Fool.

LEA. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, ſpout
'Till you have drench'd our ſteeples, drown'd the cocks!
You ſulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vant-couriers of oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head! And thou all-ſhaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity of the world!

Crack nature's molds; all germens ſpill at once,
That make ingrateful man!

Foo. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry houſe is better than this rain-water out o'door. Good nuncle, in; aſk thy daughters bleſſing; here's a night pitties neither wiſe men nor fools.

Lea. Rumble thy belly full! Spit, fire! Spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindneſs,
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no ſubſcription; then let fall
Your horrible pleaſure; here I ſtand, your ſlave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and deſpis'd old man:—
But yet I call you ſervile miniſters,
That will with two pernicious daughters join
Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainſt a head
So old and white as † this. O, o, 'tis foul!

Foo. He that has a houſe to put's head in, has a good head-piece. [*ſings.*

The cod-piece, that will house,
before the head as any;
the head and he ſhall louse;—
ſo beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
what he his heart ſhould make,
ſhall of a corn cry, woe,
and turn his ſleep to wake.

—for there was never yet fair woman but ſhe made mouths in a glaſs.

Enter Kent.

Lea. No, I will be the pattern of all patience,
I will ſay nothing.

Ken. Who's there?

Foo. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece; that's, a wiſe man, and a fool.

Ken. Alas, ſir, are you here? things that love night,
Love not ſuch nights as theſe; the wrathful ſkies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: Since I was man,
Such ſheets of fire, ſuch burſts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
The affliction, nor the fear.

Lea. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful thund'ring o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That haſt within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipt of juſtice: Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjur'd, and thou ſimular man of virtue
That art inceſtuous: Caitiff, to pieces ſhake,
That under covert and convenient ſeeming
Haſt practiſ'd on man's life; Cloſe-pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
Theſe dreadful ſummoners grace. I am a man,
More ſin'd againſt, than ſinning.

Ken. Alack, bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendſhip will it lend you 'gainſt the tempeſt;
Repoſe you there: while I to this hard houſe
(More hard than is the ſtone whereof 'tis rais'd;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Deny'd me to come in) return, and force
Their ſcanted courteſy.

Lea. My wits begin to turn.—

Come on, my boy: How doſt, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myſelf.—Where is this ſtraw, my fellow?
The art of our neceſſities is ſtrange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.—
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's ſorry yet for thee.

Foo. *He that has a little tiny wit,*— [*ſings.*
with hey, ho, the wind and the rain—
muſt make content with his fortunes fit;
for the rain it raineth every day.

Lea. True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to this hovel. [*Exeunt* Lear, *and* Kent.

Foo. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.
I'll ſpeak a prophecy ere I go:
When prieſts are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No hereticks burn'd, but wenches' ſuitors:
When every caſe in law is right;
No ſquire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When ſlanders do not live in tongues;
Nor cut-purſes come not to throngs;
When uſurers tell their gold i'the field;
And bawds, and whores, do churches build;—
Then ſhall the realm of *Albion*
Come to great confuſion:—
Then comes the time, who lives to ſee't,
That going ſhall be us'd with feet.
This prophecy *Merlin* ſhall make;
For I do live before his time. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A Room in* Gloſter's *Caſtle.*

Enter GLOSTER, *and* EDMUND.

GLO. Alack, alack, *Edmund*, I like not this unnatural dealing: When I deſired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the uſe of mine own houſe; charged me, on pain of perpetual diſpleaſure, neither to ſpeak of him, intreat for him, nor any way ſuſtain him.

EDM. Moſt ſavage, and unnatural!

GLO. Go to; ſay you nothing: There is diviſion between the dukes; and a worſe matter than that: I have received a letter this night; 'tis dangerous to be ſpoken; I have lock'd the letter in my cloſet: theſe injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed: we muſt incline to the king; I will ſeek him, and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived; if he aſk for me, I am ill, and gone to bed: if I dye for it, as no leſs is threaten'd me, the king my old maſter muſt be relieved. There is ſome ſtrange thing toward *Edmund*; pray you, be careful. [*Exit.*

EDM. This courteſy, forbid thee, ſhall the duke
Inſtantly know; and of that letter too: —
This ſeems a fair deſerving, and muſt draw me
That which my father loſes; no leſs than all:
The younger riſes, when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Heath; a Hovel upon it. Storm ſtill. Enter* KENT, LEAR, *and* Fool.

KEN. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure.

Lea. Let me alone.
Ken. Good my lord, enter here.
Lea. Wilt break my heart?
Ken. I had rather break mine own: Good my lord, enter. [ſtorm
Lea. Thou think'ſt 'tis much, that this contentious
Invades us to the ſkin: ſo 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The leſſer is ſcarce felt. Thou'dſt ſhun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the raging ſea,
Thou'dſt meet the bear i'the mouth. When the mind's [free,
The body's delicate: the tempeſt in my mind
Doth from my ſenſes take all feeling elſe,
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth ſhould tear this hand,
For lifting food to't?—But I will puniſh home:—
No, I will weep no more.—In ſuch a night
To ſhut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:—
In ſuch a night as this! O *Regan*, *Goneril*,
Your old kind father, whoſe frank heart gave all,—
O, that way madneſs lies; let me ſhun that;
No more of that,
Ken. Good my lord, enter here.
Lea. Pr'ythee, go in thyſelf; ſeek thine own eaſe;
This tempeſt will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more. But I'll go in:—
In, boy; go firſt.—You houſeleſs poverty,—
Nay, get thee in. [*Exit* Fool.] I'll pray, and then I'll [ſleep.—
Poor naked wretches, whereſoe'er you are,
That 'bide the pelting of this pitileſs ſtorm,
How ſhall your houſeleſs heads, and unfed ſides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedneſs, defend you

From ſeasons ſuch as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physick, pomp;
Expose thyſelf to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'ſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhew the heavens more juſt. [Poor *Tom!*

EDG. [*within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half:

Fool *runs out from the Hovel.*

Foo. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a ſpirit; help me, help me!

KEN. Give me thy hand. — Who's there?

Foo. A ſpirit, a ſpirit; he ſays, his name's poor *Tom.*

KEN. What art thou that doſt grumble there i'the
Come forth. [ſtraw?

Enter EDGAR, *diſguis'd like a Madman.*

EDG. Away! the foul fiend follows me! —
Through the ſharp hauthorn blows the cold wind. —
Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

LEA. Did'ſt thou give all to thy daughters? And art thou come to this?

EDG. Who gives any thing to poor *Tom?* whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirl-pool, over bog and quag-mire; that hath lay'd knives under his pillow, and halters in his pue; ſet rats-bane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horſe over four-inch'd bridges, to courſe his own ſhadow for a traitor:—Bleſs thy five wits! *Tom's* a cold: O, do, de, de, do, do, do: Bleſs thee from whirl-winds, ſtar-blaſting, and taking! Do poor *Tom* ſome charity, whom the foul fiend vexes: There could I have him now, and there, and there again, and there. [paſs?—

LEA. What, have his daughters brought him to this

Could'ſt thou ſave nothing? Did'ſt thou give them all?

Foo. Nay, he reſerv'd a blanket, elſe we had been all ſhamed.

Lea. Now, all the plagues, that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Ken. He hath no daughters, ſir.

Lea. Death, traitor! nothing could have ſubdu'd nature
To ſuch a lowneſs, but his unkind daughters.—
Is it the faſhion, that diſcarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their fleſh?
Judicious puniſhment! 'twas this fleſh begot
Those pelican daughters.

Edg. *Pilicock* ſat on *Pilicock* hill;—Haloo, loo, loo.

Foo. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed of the foul fiend: Obey thy parents; keep thy word juſtly; ſwear not; commit not with man's ſworn ſpouse; ſet not thy ſweet heart on proud array:—*Tom*'s a-cold.

Lea. What haſt thou been?

Edg. A ſerving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curl'd my hair, wore gloves in my cap, ſerv'd the luſt of my miſtreſs's heart, and did the act of darkneſs with her: ſwore as many oaths as I ſpake words, and broke them in the ſweet face of heaven: one, that ſlept on the contriving of luſt, and wak'd to do it: Wine lov'd I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, outparamour'd the *Turk:* Falſe of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; Hog in ſloth, fox in ſtealth, wolf in greedineſs, dog in madneſs, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of ſhoes, nor the ruſtling of ſilks, betray thy poor heart to woman: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend. — Still through the hauthorn blows the cold wind. — Ha! *nenni*; dolphin, my boy, my boy, *ſeſſe*; let him trot by.

LEA. Thou wert better in thy grave, than to anſwer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the ſkies. — Is man no more than this? Conſider him well: Thou ow'ſt the worm no ſilk, the beaſt no hide, the ſheep no wool, the cat no pérfume: — Ha! here's three on's are ſophiſticated! — Thou art the thing itſelf: unaccommodated man is no more but ſuch a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. — Off, off, you lendings; — come, unbutton here. [*tearing off his Cloaths*; Kent *and the Fool ſtrive to hinder him.*

FOO. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to ſwim in. — Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old letcher's heart; a ſmall ſpark, all the reſt of's body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

Enter GLOSTER, *with a Torch.*

EDG. This is the foul fiend *Fliberdegibbet:* he begins at curfeu, and walks 'till the firſt cock; he gives the web and the pin, ſquints the eye, and makes the harelip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

St *Withold* footed thrice the wold;
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, Aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

KEN. How fares your grace?

LEA. What's he?

4 v. *Note.* 26 *Swithold*—the old

Ken. Who's there? What is't you ſeek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor *Tom*; that eats the ſwimming frog, the toad, the tad-pole, the wall-newt, and the water-newt; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for ſallets, ſwallows the old rat and the ditch-dog, drinks the green mantle of the ſtanding pool; who is whipt from tything to tything, and ſtock-puniſh'd, and impriſon'd; who hath had three ſuits to his back, ſix ſhirts to his body, horſe to ride, and weapon to wear,—

But mice, and rats, and ſuch ſmall deer,
Have been *Tom*'s food for ſeven long year.
Beware my follower:—Peace, *Smolkin*; peace, thou fiend.

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkneſs is a gentleman;
Modo he's call'd, and *Mahu*.

Glo. Our fleſh and blood, my lord, is grown ſo vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor *Tom*'s a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot ſuffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you;
Yet have I ventur'd to come ſeek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lea. Firſt let me talk with this philoſopher:—
What is the cauſe of thunder?

Ken. Good my lord, take his offer;
Go into the houſe.

Lea. I'll talk a word with this ſame learned *Theban*:—
What is your ſtudy?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermine.
Lea. Let me aſk you one word in private.
Ken. Impórtune him once more to go, my lord,
His wits begin to unſettle.
Glo. Can'ſt thou blame him?
His daughters ſeek his death: — Ah, that good *Kent!*
He ſaid, it would be thus: Poor baniſh'd man! —
Thou ſay'ſt, the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,
I am almoſt mad myſelf: I had a ſon,
Now out-law'd from my blood, he ſought my life,
But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend, —
No father his ſon dearer: true to tell thee,
The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this? —
I do beſeech your grace, —
Lea. O, cry you mercy: —
Noble philoſopher, your company.
Edg. *Tom*'s a-cold.
Glo. In, fellow, there, to the hovel; keep thee warm.
Lea. Come, let's in all.
Ken. This way, my lord.
Lea. With him;
I will keep ſtill with my philoſopher.
Ken. Good my lord, ſooth him; let him take the fellow.
Glo. Take him you on.
Ken. On, ſirrah; go with us.
Lea. Come, good *Athenian.*
Glo. No words, no words; huſh.
Edg. Child *Rowland* to the dark tower come,
++++++++++++++++++
His word was ſtill, — *Fie, fo, and fum,*
I ſmell the blood of a Britiſh *man.* [*Exeunt.*

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[18] there, into th' [25] Sirra, come on, go along with

SCENE V. *A Room in* Gloſter's *Caſtle.*

Enter CORNWAL, *and* EDMUND.

COR. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his houſe.

EDM. How, my lord, I may be cenſur'd, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, ſomething fears me to think of.

COR. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil diſpoſition made him ſeek his death; but a provoking merit, ſet a'work by a reproveable badneſs in himſelf.

EDM. How malicious is my fortune, that I muſt repent to be juſt! This † is the letter he ſpoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of *France.* O heavens! that this treaſon were not, or not I the detector!

COR. Go with me to the dutcheſs.

EDM. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty buſineſs in hand.

COR. True, or falſe, it hath made thee earl of *Gloſter.* Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehenſion.

EDM. "If I find him comforting the king, it will" "ſtuff his ſuſpicion more fully." — I will perſevere in my courſe of loyalty, though the conflict be ſore between that and my blood.

COR. I will lay truſt upon thee; and thou ſhalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *A Room in ſome of the out-buildings of the Caſtle.*

Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, *and* EDGAR.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Ken. All the power of his wits hath given way to his impatience: The gods reward your kindneſs!
[*Exit* Gloster.

Edg. *Frateretto* calls me; and tells me, *Nero* is an angler in the lake of darkneſs. Pray innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Foo. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lea. A king, a king.

Foo. No; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his ſon: for he's a mad yeoman, that ſees his ſon a gentleman before him.

Lea. To have a thousand with red burning ſpits
Come hizzing in upon them:

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Foo. He's mad, that truſts in the tameneſs of a wolf, a horſe's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lea. It ſhall be done, I will arraign them ſtraight:—
Come, ſit thou here, moſt learned juſticer;— [*to* Edgar.
Thou, ſapient ſir, [*to the Fool.*] ſit here.—Now, you ſhe
foxes!

Edg. Look, where he ſtands and glares!—Wanteſt thou eyes at trial, madam?—
Come o'er the boorne, Beſſy, *to me:* [*ſinging.*
Foo. *Her boat hath a leak,*
and ſhe muſt not ſpeak
why ſhe dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor *Tom* in the voice of a nightingale. *Hop-dance* cries in *Tom's* belly for two white

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22 Juſtice, 27 broome

herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Ken. How do you, ſir? Stand you not ſo amaz'd:
Will you lye down and reſt upon the cuſhions?

Lea. I'll ſee their trial firſt;—Bring in the evidence.—
Thou robed man of juſtice, [*to* Edg.] take thy place;—
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [*to the Fool.*
Bench by his ſide:—you are of the commiſſion, [*to* Kent.
Sit you too.

Edg. Let us deal juſtly. [*ſings.*

Sleepeſt, or wakeſt thou, jolly ſhepherd?
thy ſheep be in the corn;
and for one blaſt of thy minikin mouth,
thy ſheep ſhall take no harm.

Pur! the cat is grey.

Lea. Arraign her firſt; 'tis *Goneril.* I here take my oath before this honourable aſſembly, ſhe kick'd the poor king her father.

Foo. Come hither, miſtreſs; Is your name *Goneril?*

Lea. She cannot deny it.

Foo. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-ſtool.

Lea. And here's another, whoſe warpt looks proclaim
What ſtore her heart is made on:— Stop her there!
Arms, arms, ſword, fire! Corruption in the place!—
Falſe juſticer, why haſt thou let her 'ſcape?

Edg. Bleſs thy five wits!

Ken. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now,
That you ſo oft have boaſted to retain?

Edg. "My tears begin to take his part ſo much,"
"They'll mar my counterfeiting."

Lea. The little dogs and all,
Tray, *Blanch*, and *Sweet-heart*, ſee, they bark at me.

Edg. *Tom* will throw his head at them:—Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poiſons if it bite;
Maſtiff, grey-hound, mungrel grim,
Hound, or ſpaniel, brach, or lym,
Or bob-tail tight, or trundle-tail;
Tom will make them weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do, do, de, de, &c. [*ſinging.*

Come, march to wakes and fairs, and market-towns:— "Poor *Tom*, thy horn is dry."

Lea. Then let them anatomize *Regan*, ſee what breeds about her heart: Is there any cauſe in nature, that makes theſe hard hearts?—You, ſir, [*to* Edg.] I entertain you for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the faſhion of your garments: you will ſay, they are *Perſian*; but let them be chang'd.

Ken. Now, good my lord, lye here, and reſt a while.

[*pointing to a mean Couch.*

Lea. Make no noiſe, make no noiſe; draw the curtains; ſo, ſo, ſo: We'll go to ſupper in the morning: So, ſo, ſo.

Foo. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter Gloster.

Glo. Come hither, friend; Where is the king my maſter?

Ken. Here, ſir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms;
I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him:
There is a litter ready; lay him in't,
And drive toward *Dover*, friend, where thou ſhalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy maſter:

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[5] or Hym

If thou ſhould'ſt dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in aſſured loſs: Take up, take up;
And follow me, that will to ſome proviſion
Give thee quick conduct.

KEN. Oppreſſ'd nature ſleeps: —
This reſt might yet have balm'd thy broken ſenſes,
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure. — Come, help to bear thy maſter;
Thou [*to the Fool.*] muſt not ſtay behind.

GLO. Come, come, away. [*Exeunt* KENT, GLOSTER,
and the Fool, *bearing off* LEAR.

EDG. When we our betters ſee bearing our woes,
We ſcarcely think our miſeries our foes.
Who alone ſuffers, ſuffers moſt i'the mind;
Leaving free things, and happy ſhows, behind:
But then the mind much ſufferance doth o'er-ſkip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowſhip.
How light and portable my pain ſeems now,
When that, which makes me bend, makes the king bow;
He childed, as I father'd! — *Tom*, away:
Mark the high noiſes; and thyſelf bewray,
When falſe opinion, whoſe wrong thought defiles thee,
In thy juſt proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night? — Safe 'ſcape the king! —
Lurk, lurk. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *A Room in the Caſtle.*

Enter CORNWAL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND,
and Servants.

COR. Poſt ſpeedily to my lord your husband; ſhew him this † letter: the army of *France* is landed: — Seek

7 ſinewes 23 thoughts defile

out the villain *Gloſter*. [*Exeunt ſome of the Servants.*

Reg. Hang him inſtantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Cor. Leave him to my diſpleaſure.—*Edmund*, keep you our ſiſter company; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father, are not fit for your beholding. Adviſe the duke, where you are going, to a moſt feſtinate preparation; we are bound to the like. Our poſts ſhall be ſwift in intelligence betwixt us.—Farewel, dear ſiſter;—farewel, my lord of *Gloſter*.—

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the king?

Ste. My lord of *Gloſter* hath convey'd him hence:
Some five or ſix and thirty of his knights,
Hot queſtriſts after him, met him at gate;
Who, with ſome other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him towards *Dover*; where they boaſt
To have well-armed friends.

Cor. Get horſes for your miſtreſs.

Gon. Farewel, ſweet lord, and ſiſter.

[*Exeunt* GONERIL, EDMUND, *and* Steward.

Cor. *Edmund*, farewel.—Go, ſeek the traitor *Gloſter*,
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:—

[*Exeunt other Servants.*

Though well we may not paſs upon his life
Without the form of juſtice; yet our power
Shall do a courteſy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not controul.—Who's there? The traitor?

Re-enter Servants, with GLOSTER, *Prisoner.*

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Cor. Bind faſt his corky arms. [conſider

Glo. What mean your graces?—Good my friends,

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[9] ſwift and in—

You are my gueſts: do me no foul play, friends.
COR. Bind him, I ſay.
REG. Hard, hard: — O filthy traitor!
GLO. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none. [find—
COR. To this chair bind him: — Villain, thou ſhalt
GLO. By the kind gods, 'tis moſt ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.
REG. So white, and ſuch a traitor!
GLO. Naughty lady,
These hairs, which thou doſt raviſh from my chin,
Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am your hoſt;
With robbers' hands, my hoſpitable favours
You ſhould not ruffle thus. What will you do?
COR. Come, ſir, what letters had you late from *France?*
REG. Be ſimple-anſwer'd, for we know the truth.
COR. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom? [king?
REG. To whose hands have you ſent the lunatick
Speak.
GLO. I have a letter gueſſingly ſet down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.
COR. Cunning.
REG. And falſe.
COR. Where haſt thou ſent the king?
GLO. To *Dover.*
REG. Wherefore to *Dover?*
Waſt thou not charg'd at peril? —
COR. Wherefore to *Dover?* —
Let him firſt anſwer that.
GLO. I am ty'd to the ſtake,
And I muſt ſtand the courſe.

Reg. Wherefore to *Dover?*

Glo. Becauſe I would not ſee thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce ſiſter
In his anointed fleſh ſtick boariſh phangs.
The ſea, with ſuch a ſtorm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the ſtelled fires: yet, poor old heart,
He holp the heavens to rage.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that dearn time,
Thou ſhould'ſt have ſaid, *Good porter, turn the key:*
All cruels elſe ſubſcrib'd: — But I ſhall ſee
The winged vengeance overtake ſuch children. [chair:—

Cor. See it ſhalt thou never: — Fellows, hold the
Upon these eyes of thine I'll ſet my foot.

[Gloſter *is held down in his Chair, while* Cornwal *plucks out one of his Eyes, and ſtamps on it.*

Glo. He, that will think to live 'till he be old,
Give me ſome help: O cruel! O ye gods!

Reg. One ſide will mock another; th' other too.

Cor. If you ſee vengeance,—

1. *S*. Hold your hand, my lord:
I have ſerv'd you ever ſince I was a child;
But better ſervice have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog?

1. *S*. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd ſhake it on this quarrel: What do you mean?

Cor. My villain! [*Draws, and runs at him.*

1, *S*. Nay, then come on, and take the chance of anger.
[*Draws too, and they fight.*

Reg. Give me thy ſword;—A peasant ſtand up thus!
[*ſnatches a Sword from an Att: and ſtabs him.*

1. *S*. O, I am ſlain !—My lord, you have one eye left
To ſee ſome miſchief on him : — O! [*dies*.

Cor. Leſt it ſee more, prevent it :—Out, vile jelly !
[*daſhing* Gloſter's *other Eye to the Ground*.
Where is thy luſtre now ?

Glo. All dark and comfortleſs.—Where's my ſon *Ed*- [*mund?*
Edmund, enkindle all the ſparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'ſt on him that hates thee : it was he
That made the overture of thy treaſons to us ;
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies !
Then *Edgar* was abus'd.—
Kind gods, forgive me that, and proſper him !

Reg. Go, thruſt him out at gates, and let him ſmell
His way to *Dover*.—How is't, my lord ? How look you?

Cor. I have receiv'd a hurt : Follow me, lady. —
Turn out that eyeleſs villain ; throw this ſlave
Upon the dunghill. — *Regan*, I bleed apace :
Untimely comes this hurt : Give me your arm.
[*Exeunt* Cornwal, *and* Regan. *Servants*
unbind Gloster, *and lead him out*.

2. *S*. I'll never care what wickedneſs I do,
If this man come to good.

3. *S*. If ſhe live long,
And, in the end, meet the old courſe of death,
Women will all turn monſters.

2. *S*. Let's follow the old earl, and get the *Bedlam*
To lead him where he would ; his roguiſh madneſs
Allows itſelf to any thing.

3. *S*. Go thou ; I'll fetch ſome flax, and whites of eggs,

To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him!
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT IV.
SCENE I. *The Heath.*
Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than ſtill contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worſt,
The loweſt, moſt dejected thing of fortune,
Stands ſtill in eſperance, lives not in fear:
The lamentable change is from the beſt;
The worſt returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unſubſtantial air, that I embrace!
The wretch, that thou haſt blown unto the worſt,
Owes nothing to thy blaſts.—But who comes here?
Enter GLOSTER, *and an* old Man.
My father, poorly led?—World, world, o world!
But that thy ſtrange mutations make us wait thee,
Life would not yield to age.

o. m. O my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourſcore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

o. m. You cannot ſee your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I ſtumbl'd when I ſaw: Full oft 'tis ſeen,
Our mean ſecures us; and our meer defects
Prove our commodities. Ah, dear ſon *Edgar*,
The food of thy abuſed father's wrath!

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[10] flattered to be [11] loweſt and moſt
[20] make us hate thee [30] meanes ſecure

Might I but live to ſee thee in my touch,
I'd ſay, I had eyes again.
o. m. How now? Who's there?
Edg. "O gods! Who is't can ſay, *I am at the worſt?*"
"I am worſe than e'er I was:"
o. m. 'Tis poor mad *Tom.*
Edg. "And worſe I may be yet: The worſt is not,"
"So long as we can ſay, *This is the worſt.*
o. m. Fellow, where goeſt?
Glo. Is it a beggar-man?
o. m. Madman and beggar too.
Glo. He has ſome reaſon, elſe he could not beg.
I'the laſt night's ſtorm I ſuch a fellow ſaw;
Which made me think a man a worm: My ſon
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind [ſince:
Was then ſcarce friends with him: I have heard more
As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their ſport.
Edg. "How ſhould this be?—"
"Bad is the trade that muſt play fool to ſorrow,"
"Ang'ring itſelf and others."—Bleſs thee, maſter!
Glo. Is that the naked fellow?
o. m. Ay, my lord.
Glo. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone: If, for my ſake,
Thou wilt o'er-take us, hence a mile or twain,
I'the way towards *Dover*, do it for ancient love;
And bring ſome covering for this naked ſoul,
Whom I'll entreat to lead me.
o. m. Alack, ſir, he is mad. [blind:
Glo. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleaſure;
Above the reſt, be gone.

o. m. I'll bring him the beſt 'parrel that I have,
Come on't what will. [*Exit* old Man.
Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow, —
Edg. Poor *Tom*'s a-cold.— "I cannot daub it further."
Glo. Come hither, fellow. [bleed.
Edg. "And yet I muſt." — Bleſs thy ſweet eyes! they
Glo. Know'ſt thou the way to *Dover?*
Edg. Both ſtile and gate, horſe-way and foot-path. Poor *Tom* hath been ſcar'd out of his good wits: Bleſs thee, good man's ſon, from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor *Tom* in once: of luſt, as *Obidicut*; *Hobbididdance*, prince of darkneſs; *Mahu*, of ſtealing; *Modo*, of murder; *Fliberdegibbet*, of mopping and mowing; who ſince poſſeſſes chamber-maids and waiting-women. So, bleſs thee, maſter! [ven's plagues
Glo. Here, take this ╤ purſe, thou whom the hea-
Have humbl'd to all ſtrokes: that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier: — Heavens, deal ſo ſtill!
Let the ſuperfluous, and luſt-dieting man,
That ſlaves your ordinance, that will not ſee
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So diſtribution ſhould undo exceſs,
And each man have enough. — Doſt thou know *Dover?*
Edg. Ay, maſter.
Glo. There is a cliff, whoſe high and bending head
Looks fearfully on the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the miſery thou doſt bear
With ſomething rich about me: from that place
I ſhall no leading need.
Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor *Tom* ſhall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

19 luſt dieted 26 in the

SCENE II. *Before* Albany'*s Palace.*

Enter GONERIL, *and* EDMUND; Steward
meeting them.

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild husband
Not met us on the way: — Now, where's your maſter?
Ste. Madam, within; but never man ſo chang'd:
I told him of the army that was landed;
He ſmil'd at it: I told him, you were coming;
His anſwer was, *The worſe:* of *Gloſter*'s treachery,
And of the loyal ſervice of his ſon,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me ſot;
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong ſide out:—
What moſt he ſhould diſlike, ſeems pleaſant to him;
What like, offenſive.
Gon. Then ſhall you go no further.
It is the cowiſh terror of his ſpirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tye him to an anſwer: Our wiſhes on the way
May prove effects. Back, *Edmund*, to my brother;
Haſten his muſters, and conduct his powers:
I muſt change arms at home, and give the diſtaff
Into my husband's hands. This truſty ſervant
Shall paſs between us: ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A miſtreſs's command. Wear † this; ſpare ſpeech;
Decline your head: this kiſs, if it durſt ſpeak,
Would ſtretch thy ſpirits up into the air;—
Conceive, and fare thee well.
Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.
Gon. My moſt dear *Gloſter!* [*Exit* EDMUND.
O, the ſtrange difference of man and man!—

To thee a woman's ſervices are due;
My fool usurps my body.
Ste. Madam, here comes my lord. [*Exit* Steward.
Enter ALBANY.
GON. I have been worth the whiſtle.
ALB. O *Goneril*,
You are not worth the duſt which the rude wind
Blows in your face. I fear your diſpoſition:
That nature, which contemns it's origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itſelf;
She that herſelf will ſliver and diſbranch
From her material ſap, perforce muſt wither,
And come to deadly uſe.
GON. No more; the text is fooliſh.
ALB. Wiſdom and goodneſs to the vile ſeem vile:
Filths ſavour but themſelves. What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whoſe reverend head the rugged bear would lick,
Moſt barbarous, moſt degenerate! have you madded.
Could my good brother ſuffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him ſo benefited?
If that the heavens do not their viſible ſpirits
Send quickly down to tame the vile offences,
Humanity muſt perforce prey on itſelf,
Like monſters of the deep.
GON. Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'ſt a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who haſt not in thy brows an eye diſcerning
Thine honour from thy ſuffering; that not know'ſt,
Fools do those villains pity, who are puniſh'd
Ere they have done their miſchief. Where's thy drum?

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[19] reverence the head-lug'd Beare [22] beneflicted

France ſpreads his banners in our noiſeleſs land;
With plumed helm thy ſlayer begins his threats;
While thou, a moral fool, ſit'ſt ſtill, and cry'ſt,
Alack, why does he ſo?
Alb. See thyſelf, devil!
Proper deformity ſeems not in the fiend
So horrid, as in woman.
Gon. O vain fool! [ſhame
Alb. Thou chang'd and ſelf-converted thing, for
Be-monſter not thy feature. Were it my fitneſs
To let theſe hands obey my boiling blood,
They are apt enough to diſlocate and tear
Thy fleſh and bones: Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's ſhape doth ſhield thee.
Gon. Marry, your manhood now,—
Enter a Meſſenger.
Alb. What news?
Meſ. O my good lord, the duke of *Cornwal*'s dead;
Slain by his ſervant, going to put out
The other eye of *Gloſter*.
Alb. *Gloſter*'s eyes!
Meſ. A ſervant that he bred, thrill'd with remorſe,
Oppos'd againſt the act, bending his ſword
To his great maſter; who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and among'ſt them fell'd him dead:
But not without that harmful ſtroke, which ſince
Hath pluck'd him after.
Alb. This ſhews you are above,
You juſtices, that theſe our nether crimes
So ſpeedily can venge.—But, o poor *Gloſter!*
Loſt he his other eye?
Meſ. Both, both, my lord.—

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9 ſelfe-coverd

This † letter, madam, craves a ſpeedy anſwer;
'Tis from your ſiſter.
Gon. "One way I like this well;"
"But being widow, and my *Gloſter* with her,"
"May all the building in my fancy pluck"
"Upon my hateful life: Another way,"
"The news is not ſo tart."—I'll read, and anſwer. [*Exit.*
Alb. Where was his ſon, when they did take his eyes?
Meſ. Come with my lady hither.
Alb. He's not here.
Meſ. No, my good lord; I met him back again.
Alb. Knows he the wickedneſs? [him;
Meſ. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd againſt
And quit the houſe on purpoſe, that their puniſhment
Might have the freer courſe.
Alb. *Gloſter*, I live
To thank thee for the love thou ſhew'dſt the king,
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend;
Tell me what more thou know'ſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. French *Camp*, *under* Dover.

Enter Kent, *and* Gentleman.

Ken. The king of *France* ſo ſuddenly gone back!
Know you the reaſon?
Gen. Something he left imperfect in the ſtate,
Which ſince his coming forth is thought of; which
Imports to the kingdom ſo much fear and danger,
That his return was moſt requir'd and neceſſary.
Ken. Who hath he left behind him general?
Gen. The mareſchal of *France*, monſieur *le Fer*.
Ken. Well; ſay, ſir, did your letters pierce the queen
To any demonſtration of her grief?

23 v. *Note.* 28 his perſonall returne 30 *la Far.*

Gen. Ay, ſir; ſhe took them, read them in my preſence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it ſeem'd, ſhe was a queen
Over her paſſion; who, moſt rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.
Ken. O, then it mov'd her.
Gen. Not to a rage: patience and ſorrow ſtrove
Who ſhould expreſs her goodlieſt. You have ſeen
Sunſhine and rain at once? Her ſmiles and tears
Were like a wetter *May:* Those happy ſmiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, ſeem'd not to know
What gueſts were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropt. In brief, ſir, ſorrow
Would be a rarity moſt belov'd, if all
Could ſo become it.
Ken. Made ſhe no verbal queſtion?
Gen. Yes; once, or twice, ſhe heav'd the name of father
Pantingly forth, as if it preſſ'd her heart:
Cry'd, *Siſters! ſiſters! ſhame of ladies! ſiſters!*
Ken. Father· Siſters·
Gen. *What, i'the ſtorm? i'the night?*
Let it not be believed: There ſhe ſhook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moiſten'd: then away ſhe ſtarted,
To deal with grief alone.
Ken. It is the ſtars,
The ſtars above us, govern our conditions;
Elſe one ſelf mate and mate could not beget
Such different iſſues. You ſpoke not with her ſince?
Gen. No.
Ken. Was this before the king return'd?
Gen. No, ſince.

[10] a better way, [22] Let pitty not [24] moiſtened her, then

Ken. Well, ſir; The poor diſtreſſed *Lear* is i'the town;
Who ſometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to ſee his daughter.
Gen. Why, good ſir? [kindneſs,
Ken. A ſovereign ſhame ſo bows him: his own un-
That ſtrip'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things ſting
His mind ſo venomouſly, that burning ſhame
Detains him from *Cordelia.*
Gen. Alack, poor gentleman! [not?
Ken. Of *Albany*'s and *Cornwal*'s powers you heard
Gen. 'Tis ſo; they are afoot.
Ken. Well, ſir, I'll bring you to our maſter *Lear,*
And leave you to attend him: ſome dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up a while;
When I am known aright, you ſhall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. Pray you, along with me.

SCENE IV. *The ſame. A Tent.*

Enter CORDELIA, *attended*; Physician,
Officers, Guards, &c.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
As mad as the vext ſea: ſinging aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiterr, and furrow weeds,
With bur-docks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our ſuſtaining corn. — A century ſend forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye.— [*to an Officer, who goes out.*
What can man's wisdom do, in the reſtoring

[6] ſo elbowes [19] I pray you go along [26] femiter [27] hor-docks

Of his bereaved ſenſe? He, that helps him,
Take all my outward worth.
Phy. There is means, madam:
Our foſter nurſe of nature is repoſe,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many ſimples operative, whoſe power
Will cloſe the eye of anguiſh.
Cor. All bleſt ſecrets,
All you unpubliſh'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,
In the good man's diſtreſs! — Seek, ſeek for him;
Leſt his ungovern'd rage diſſolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. News, madam;
The *Britiſh* powers are marching hitherward.
Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation ſtands
In expectation of them. — O dear father,
It is thy buſineſs that I go about;
Therefore great *France*
My mourning, and importunate tears, hath pity'd:
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
Soon may I hear, and ſee him! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A Room in* Gloſter's *Caſtle.*

Enter REGAN, *and* Steward.

Reg. But are my brother's powers ſet forth?
Ste. Ay, madam.
Reg. Himſelf
In perſon there?
Ste. Madam, with much ado:

[21] importun'd

Your ſiſter is the better ſoldier.
Reg. Lord *Edmund* ſpake not with your lord at home?
Ste. No, madam.
Reg. What might import my ſiſter's letter to him?
Ste. I know not, lady.
Reg. 'Faith, he is poſted hence on ſerious matter.
It was great ignorance, *Gloſter*'s eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts againſt us: *Edmund*, I think, is gone,
In pity of his miſery, to diſpatch
His nighted life; moreover to deſcry
The ſtrength o' the enemy.
Ste. I muſt needs after him, madam, with my letter.
Reg. Our troops ſet forth to-morrow; ſtay with us;
The ways are dangerous.
Ste. I may not, madam;
My lady charg'd my duty in this buſineſs.
Reg. Why ſhould ſhe write to *Edmund?* Might not you
Tranſport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something; I know not what: — I'll love thee much,
Let me unſeal the letter.
Ste. Madam, I had rather—
Reg. I know, your lady does not love her husband;
I am ſure of that: and, at her late being here,
She gave ſtrange *oeillades*, and moſt ſpeaking looks,
To noble *Edmund:* I know, you are of her bosom.
Ste. I, madam?
Reg. I ſpeak in underſtanding; you are, I know it:
Therefore, I do advise you, take this note:
My lord is dead; *Edmund* and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's: — You may gather more.

25 Eliads

If you do find him, pray you, give him † this ;
And when your miſtreſs hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Perferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Ste. 'Would I could meet him, madam! I would ſhew
What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE VI. *Fields near* Dover.

Enter Edgar, *habited like a Peasant, and* Gloster.

Glo. When ſhall I come to the top of that ſame hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we labour.

Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible ſteep:
Hark, hark; do you not hear the ſea?

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then your other ſenſes grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguiſh.

Glo. So may it be, indeed:
Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou ſpeak'ſt
With better phrase, and matter, than thou did'ſt.

Edg. You're much deceiv'd; in nothing am I chang'd
But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks, you are better ſpoken. [How fearful

Edg. Come on, ſir; here's the place: – ſtand ſtill;—
And dizzy 'tis, to caſt one's eyes ſo low?
The crows, and coughs, that wing the midway air,
Shew ſcarce ſo groſs as beetles: Half way down
Hangs one that gathers ſampire; dreadful trade!

Methinks, he ſeems no bigger than his head:
The fiſhermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon' tall anchoring bark
Diminiſh'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almoſt too ſmall for ſight: The murmuring ſurge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebble chafes,
Cannot be heard ſo high: — I'll look no more;
Leſt my brain turn, and the deficient ſight
Topple down headlong.
Glo. Set me where you ſtand.
Edg. Give me your hand: You are now within a foot
Of the extream verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap out-right.
Glo. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, 's another † purſe; in it, a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: Fairies, and gods,
Proſper it with thee! Go thou farther off,
Bid me farewel, and let me hear thee going.
Edg. Now fare you well, good ſir.
Glo. With all my heart.
Edg. "Why do I trifle thus with his deſpair?"
"'Tis done to cure it."
Glo. O you mighty gods,
This world I do renounce; and, in your ſights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great oppoſeleſs wills,
My ſnuff, and loathed part of nature, ſhould
Burn itſelf out. If *Edgar* live, o, bleſs him! —
Now, fellow, fare thee well.
[*throws himſelf forward, and falls.*
Edg. Good ſir, farewel.

[13] upright [21] I do

"And yet I know not how conceit may rob"
"The treaſury of life, when life itſelf"
"Yields to the theft: Had he been where he thought,"
"By this, thought had been paſt." Alive, or dead?
Ho, you ſir, you ſir, friend! Hear you, ſir? Speak:
"Thus might he paſs indeed: Yet he revives:"
What are you, ſir?
GLO. Away, and let me dye. [air,
EDG. Had'ſt thou been ought but goſſemeer, feathers,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou had'ſt ſhiver'd like an egg: but thou doſt breath;
Haſt heavy ſubſtance; bleed'ſt not; ſpeak'ſt; art ſound.
Ten maſts attach'd make not the altitude
Which thou haſt perpendicularly fallen;
Thy life's a miracle: Speak yet again.
GLO. But have I fallen, or no?
EDG. From the dread ſummit of this chalky bourn:
Look up a-height; the ſhrill-gorg'd lark ſo far
Cannot be ſeen, or heard: do but look up.
GLO. Alack, I have no eyes.—
Is wretchedneſs depriv'd that benefit,
To end itſelf by death? 'Twas yet ſome comfort,
When miſery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And fruſtrate his proud will.
EDG. Give me your arm:
Up:—So; How is't? Feel you your legs? You ſtand.
GLO. Too well, too well.
EDG. This is above all ſtrangeneſs.
Upon the crown o'the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?
GLO. A poor unfortunate beggar.
EDG. As I ſtood here below, methought, his eyes

[13] Maſts at each make [14] fell

Were two full moons; he had a thouſand noſes,
Horns welk'd, and wav'd like the enridged ſea;
It was ſome fiend: Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the cleareſt gods, who make them honours
Of men's impoſſibilities, have preſerv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, 'till it do cry out itſelf,
Enough, enough, and, *dye.* That thing you ſpeak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould ſay,
The fiend, the fiend: he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.—But who comes here?

Enter Lear, *fantaſtically dreſt up with Flowers.*

The ſafer ſenſe will ne'er accommodate
His maſter thus.

Lea. No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the king himſelf.

Edg. "O thou ſide-piercing ſight!"

Lea. Nature's above art in that reſpect.—There's your preſs-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard.—Look, look, a mouſe! Peace, peace; this piece of toaſted cheese will do't.—There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills.—O, well flown, bird!—I'the clout, i'the clout; hewgh!—Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjerom.

Lea. Paſs.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lea. Ha! *Goneril* with a white beard!—They flatter'd me like a dog; and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To ſay, *ay,* and *no,* to every thing I ſaid! Ay and no too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found them, there I ſmelt them out. Go to, they are not men of their words: they told me, I was every thing; 'tis a lye, I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember;
Is't not the king?

Lea. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do ſtare, ſee, how the ſubject quakes.
I pardon that man's life: What was the cause? —
Adultery. —
Thou ſhalt not dye: Dye for adultery! No:
The wren goes to't, and the ſmall gilded fly
Does letcher in my ſight. Let copulation thrive:
For *Gloſter*'s baſtard ſon was kinder to his father,
Than were my daughters got 'tween the lawful ſheets.
To't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack ſoldiers. —
Behold yon' ſimp'ring dame,
Whoſe face between her forks preſageth ſnow;
That minces virtue, and does ſhake the head
To hear of pleasure's name;
The fitchow, nor the ſoyled horſe, goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waſte they are centaurs,
Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends'; there's hell, there's darkneſs,
There is the ſulphurous pit, burning, ſcalding, ſtench, conſumption;—Fie, fie, fie; pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to ſweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.

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[11] thy cauſe

Glo. O, let me kiſs that hand!

Lea. Let me wipe it firſt; it ſmells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
Shall ſo wear out to nought.—Doſt thou know me?

Lea. I remember thine eyes well enough. Doſt thou ſquiny at me? No, do thy worſt, blind *Cupid*; I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters ſuns, I could not ſee one.

Edg. "I would not take this from report; it is,"
"And my heart breaks at it."

Lea. Read.

Glo. What, with this caſe of eyes?

Lea. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purſe? Your eyes are in a heavy caſe, your purſe in a light: Yet you ſee how this world goes?

Glo. I ſee it feelingly.

Lea. What, art mad? A man may ſee how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears: ſee how yon' juſtice rails upon yon' ſimple thief. Hark, in thine ear: Change places; and, handy-dandy, Which is the juſtice, which is the thief?—Thou haſt ſeen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glo. Ay, ſir.

Lea. And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'ſt behold the great image of authority: a dog's obey'd in office.—
Thou raſcal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:
Why doſt thou laſh that whore? Strip thine own back;
Thou hotly luſt'ſt to uſe her in that kind
For which thou whip'ſt her. The uſurer hangs the cozener.

[13] the caſe [31] luſts

Through tatter'd cloaths ſmall vices do appear;
Robes, and fur'd gowns, hide all. Plate ſins with gold,
And the ſtrong lance of juſtice hurtleſs breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's ſtraw does pierce it.
None does offend, none, I ſay, none; I'll able 'em:
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To ſeal the accuser's lips. Get thee glaſs eyes;
And, like a ſcurvy politician, ſeem
To ſee the things thou doſt not.—Now, now, now, now:
Pull off my boots; harder, harder; ſo.

EDG. "O, matter and impertinency mixt;"
"Reason in madneſs!"

LEA. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough; thy name is *Gloſter*:
Thou muſt be patient; we came crying hither.
Thou know'ſt, the firſt time that we ſmell the air,
We wail, and cry:—I will preach to thee; mark me.

GLO. Alack, alack the day!

LEA. When we are born, we cry, that we are come
To this great ſtage of fools;—This a good block?—
It were a delicate ſtratagem, to ſhoe
A troop of horſe with felt: I'll put it in proof;
And when I have ſtoln upon these ſon-in laws,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter Gentleman, *and Attendants of*
Cordelia; *and Guard.*

Gen. O, here he is; lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your moſt dear daughter—

LEA. No reſcue? What, a priſoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune.—Uſe me well;
You ſhall have ranſom. Let me have a ſurgeon,
I am cut to the brains.

Gen. You ſhall have any thing.
LEA. No ſeconds? All myſelf?
Why, this would make a man a man of ſalt;
To uſe his eyes for garden water-pots,
And laying autumn's duſt. — I will dye bravely,
Like a ſmug bride-groom: What; I will be jovial:
Come, come;
I am a king, my maſters; Know you that?
Gen. You are a royal one, and we obey you.
LEA. Then there's life in't. — Nay, an you get it, you ſhall get it with running. Sa, ſa, ſa, ſa.
[*Exit, running; Attendants and Guard follow.*
Gen. A ſight moſt pitiful in the meaneſt wretch;
Paſt ſpeaking of in a king! — Thou haſt one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curſe
Which twain have brought her to.
EDG. Hail, gentle ſir.
Gen. Sir, ſpeed you: What's your will?
EDG. Do you hear ought, ſir, of a battle toward?
Gen. Moſt ſure, and vulgar: every one hears that,
Which can diſtinguiſh ſound.
EDG. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army?
Gen. Near, and on ſpeedy foot; the main deſcry
Stands on the hourly thought.
EDG. I thank you, ſir: that's all.
Gen. Though that the queen on ſpecial cauſe is here,
Her army is mov'd on.
EDG. I thank you, ſir. [*Exit* Gentleman.
GLO. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worſer ſpirit tempt me again
To dye before you pleaſe!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good ſir, what are you?

Edg. A moſt poor man, made tame to fortune's blows;
Who, by the art of known and feeling ſorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to ſome biding.

Glo. Hearty thanks:
The bounty and the benizon of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter Steward.

Ste. A proclaim'd prize! Moſt happy!
That eyeleſs head of thine was firſt fram'd fleſh
To raiſe my fortunes. — Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyſelf remember: the ſword is out,
That muſt deſtroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put ſtrength enough to it.

Ste. Wherefore, bold peaſant,
Dar'ſt thou ſupport a publiſh'd traitor? Hence;
Leſt the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Ch'ill not
Let go, zir, without vurther 'caſion.

Ste. Let go, ſlave, or thou dy'ſt.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gate, and let poor volk paſs: an ch'ud have been zwagger'd out of my life, 'twould not have been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight: Nay, come not near the old man; keep out, che 'vore ye, or iz try whether your coſtard or my bat be the harder: Ch'ill be plain with you.

Ste. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Ch'ill pick your teeth, zir: come,

No matter vor your foins
[*They fight*; *and* Edg. *knocks him down.*
Ste. Slave, thou haſt ſlain me: Villain, take my purſe:
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters, which thou find'ſt about me,
To *Edmund* earl of *Gloſter*; ſeek him out
Upon the *Britiſh* party: —
O, untimely death, death,— [*dies.*
EDG. I know thee well: A ſerviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy miſtreſs,
As badneſs would desire.
GLO. What, is he dead?
EDG. Sit you down, father; reſt you. —
[*ſeating him at a Diſtance.*
Let's ſee these pockets: the letters, that he ſpeaks of,
May be my friends. — He's dead; I am only ſorry
He had no other death's-man. — Let us ſee:
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;
Their papers, is more lawful.

[*reads.*] *Let our reciprocal vows be remember'd. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror; then am I the priſoner, and his bed my jayl: from the loath'd warmth whereof deliver me, and ſupply the place for your labour.*

Your Wife, (ſo I would ſay;) and your
affectionate Servant, Goneril.

O undiſtinguiſh'd ſpace of woman's will!—
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange, my brother! — Here, in the ſands,

Thee I'll rake up, the poſt unſanctify'd
Of murtherous letchers: and, in the mature time,
With this † ungracious paper ſtrike the ſight
Of the death-practiſ'd duke: For him 'tis well,
That of thy death and buſineſs I can tell.
[*Exit* EDGAR, *dragging out the Body.*

GLO. The king is mad: How ſtiff is my vile ſenſe,
That I ſtand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge ſorrows! Better I were diſtract:
So ſhould my thoughts be ſever'd from my griefs;
And woes, by wrong imaginations, loſe
The knowledge of themſelves.

Re-enter EDGAR.

EDG. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll beſtow you with a friend.
[*Exit, leading out* GLOSTER.

SCENE VII. *The* French *Camp. A Tent.*

LEAR, *upon a Bed, aſleep*; Physician, Gentleman,
and Others, attending: Enter KENT,
and CORDELIA.

COR. O thou good *Kent!*
How ſhall I live, and work, to match thy goodneſs?
My life will be too ſhort, and every meaſure fail me.

KEN. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'er-pay'd.
All my reports go with the modeſt truth;
Nor more, nor clipt, but ſo.

COR. Be better ſuited:
These weeds are memories of thoſe worſer hours;
I pr'ythee, put them off.

KEN. Pardon, dear madam;

Yet to be known, ſhortens my made intent:
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
'Till time and I think meet.
  Cor. Then be it ſo, my lord.—
How does the king? [*going towards the Bed.*
  Gen. Madam, ſleeps ſtill.
  Cor Kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abuſed nature!
The untun'd and jarring ſenſes, o, wind up
Of this child-changed father!
  Phy. So please your majeſty,
That we may wake the king? he hath ſlept long.
  Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I'the ſway of your own will. Is he array'd?
  Gen. Ay, madam; in the heavineſs of ſleep,
We put freſh garments on him.
  Phy. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.
  Cor. Very well. [there.
  Phy. Please you, draw near.—Louder, the muſick
  Cor. O my dear father!—Reſtauration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this † kiſs
Repair those violent harms, that my two ſiſters
Have in thy reverence made!
  Ken. Kind and dear princeſs!
  Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd againſt the warring winds?
To ſtand againſt the deep dread-bolted thunder;
In the moſt terrible and nimble ſtroke
Of quick croſs light'ning? to watch (poor perdu!)
With this thin helm? Mine injurer's dog,

7 O you kinde 32 injurious dogge

Though he had bit me, ſhould have ſtood that night
Againſt my fire; And waſt thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with ſwine, and rogues forlorn,
In ſhort and muſty ſtraw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all. — He wakes; ſpeak to him.

Phy. Madam, do you, 'tis fitteſt.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majeſty?

Lea. You do me wrong, to take me out o'the grave: —
Thou art a ſoul in bliſs; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do ſcald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lea. You are a ſpirit, I know: When did you dye?

Cor. Still, ſtill, far wide!

Phy. He's ſcarce awake; let him alone a while.

Lea. Where have I been? Where am I? — Fair daylight? —
I am mightily abus'd. — I ſhould even dye with pity,
To ſee another thus. — I know not what to ſay.
I will not ſwear, theſe are my hands: Let's ſee;
I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were aſſur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O, look upon me, ſir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me: —
No, ſir, you muſt not kneel.

Lea. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very fooliſh fond old man,
Fourſcore and upward;
Not an hour more, nor leſs: and, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks, I ſhould know you, and know this man;

Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the ſkill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge laſt night: Do not laugh at me,
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child *Cordelia*.
Cor. And ſo I am, I am.
Lea. Be your tears wet? Yes,'faith. I pray, weep not:
If you have poiſon for me, I will drink it.
I know, you do not love me; for your ſiſters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have ſome cauſe, they have not.
Cor. No cauſe, no cauſe.
Lea. Am I in *France?*
Ken. In your own kingdom, ſir.
Lea. Do not abuſe me.
Phy. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You ſee, is cur'd in him; and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has loſt:
Deſire him to go in; trouble him no more,
'Till further ſetling.
Cor. Wilt pleaſe your highneſs walk?
Lea. You muſt bear with me:
Pray you now, forget and forgive; I am old, and fooliſh.
[*Exeunt* Cor. Lea. Phy. *and Attendants.*
Gen. Holds it true, ſir,
The duke of *Cornwal* was ſo ſlain?
Ken. Moſt certain, ſir.
Gen. Who is conductor of his people?
Ken. 'Tis ſaid,
The baſtard ſon of *Gloſter*.
Gen. They ſay, *Edgar*,

[27] that the [30] As tis

His baniſh'd ſon, is with the earl of *Kent*
In *Germany*.
Ken. Report is changeable.
'Tis time to look about; the powers o'the kingdom
Approach apace.
Gen. And the arbitrement
Is like to be moſt bloody. Fare you well, ſir. [*Exit.*
Ken. My point and period will be throughly wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Camp of the* Britiſh *Forces, near* Dover.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, Edmund, Regan;
Officers, and Others, attending.

Edm. Know of the duke, if his laſt purpose hold;
Or whether ſince he is adviſ'd by ought
To change the courſe: He's full of alteration,
And ſelf-reproving:—bring his conſtant pleaſure.
[*to an Officer; who bows, and goes out.*
Reg. Our ſiſter's man is certainly miſcarry'd.
Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.
Reg. Now, ſweet lord,
You know the goodneſs I intend upon you:
Tell me, but truly, but then ſpeak the truth,
Do you not love my ſiſter?
Edm. In honour'd love.
Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the fore-fended place?
Edm. That thought abuſes you.
Reg. I never ſhall endure her: Dear my lord,

Be not familiar with her.
Edm. Fear me not : —
She, and the duke her husband,—

Enter, with Drum and Colours, attended,
Albany, *and* Goneril.

Gon. " I had rather loſe the battle, than that ſiſter"
" Should looſen him and me."
Alb. Our very loving ſiſter, well be met. —
Sir, this I hear, The king is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our ſtate
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honeſt,
I never yet was valiant : for this buſineſs,
It toucheth us as *France* invades our land,
Not holds for the king ; with others, whom, I fear,
Moſt juſt and heavy cauſes make oppoſe.
Edm. Sir, you ſpeak nobly.
Reg. Why is this reaſon'd ?
Gon. Combine together 'gainſt the enemy :
For theſe domeſtick and particular broils
Are not to queſtion here.
Alb. Let's then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceeding.
Edm. I ſhall attend you preſently at your tent.
Reg. Siſter, you'll go with us ?
Gon. No.
Reg. 'Tis moſt convenient ; pray you, go with us.
Gon. " O, ho, I know the riddle :" I will go.

[*As they are going out, and* Albany *laſt,*
Enter Edgar.

Edg. If e'er your grace had ſpeech with man ſo poor,
Hear me one word.
Alb. I'll overtake you. — Speak.

14 Not holds the

[*Exeunt* EDM. REG. GON. *Off. and Att.*
EDG. Before you fight the battle, ope this ǂ letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet ſound
For him that brought it: wretched though I ſeem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there: If you miſcarry,
Your buſineſs of the world hath ſo an end,
And machination ceaſes. Fortune love you!
ALB. Stay, 'till I have read the letter.
EDG. I was forbid it.
When time ſhall ſerve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. [*Exit* EDGAR.
ALB. Why, fare thee well; I will o'er-look thy paper.
Re-enter EDMUND.
EDM. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.
Here ǂ is the gueſs of their true ſtrength and forces
By diligent diſcovery; — but your haſte
Is now urg'd on you.
ALB. We will greet the time. [*Exit* ALBANY.
EDM. To both theſe ſiſters have I ſworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the ſtung
Are of the adder. Which of them ſhall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: To take the widow,
Exaſperates, makes mad her ſiſter *Goneril*;
And hardly ſhall I carry out my ſide,
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll uſe
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her, who would be rid of him, deviſe
His ſpeedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to *Lear*, and to *Cordelia*,—
The battle done, and they within our power,

Shall never ſee his pardon: for my ſtate
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Field between the Camps.*

Alarum within. Enter, with Drum and Colours,
Lear, Cordelia, *and their Forces; and Exeunt.*
Enter EDGAR, *and* GLOSTER.

EDG. Here, father, take the ſhadow of this tree
For your good hoſt; pray that the right may thrive:
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

GLO. Grace go with you, ſir! [*Exit* EDGAR.

Loud Alarums; afterwards, a Retreat.
Re-enter EDGAR.

EDG. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away;
King *Lear* hath loſt, he and his daughter ta'en;
Give me thy hand, come on.

GLO. No farther, ſir; a man may rot even here.

EDG. What, in ill thoughts again? Men muſt endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeneſs is all: Come on.

GLO. And that's true too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The* Britiſh *Camp under* Dover.

Flouriſh. Enter, as from Conqueſt, EDMUND;
LEAR, *and* CORDELIA, *Priſoners;*
Officers, Soldiers, &c.

EDM. Some officers take them away: good guard;
Until their greater pleaſures firſt be known,
That are to cenſure them.

COR. We are not the firſt,
Who, with beſt meaning, have incurr'd the worſt.

For thee, oppreſſed king, am I caſt down;
Myſelf could elſe out-frown falſe fortune's frown.—
Shall we not ſee these daughters, and these ſiſters?
Lea. No, no, no, no; come, let's away to prison:
We two alone will ſing like birds i' the cage:
When thou doſt aſk me bleſſing, I'll kneel down,
And aſk of thee forgiveneſs: So we'll live,
And pray, and ſing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,—
Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;—
And take upon us the myſtery of things,
As if we were God's ſpies: And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and ſects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.
Edm. Take them away.
Lea. Upon ſuch ſacrifices, my *Cordelia*,
The gods themſelves throw incenſe. Have I caught thee?
He, that parts us, ſhall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
The goujeres ſhall devour them, fleſh and fell,
Ere they ſhall make us weep: we'll ſee them ſtarve firſt.
Come. [*Exeunt* LEAR *and* CORDELIA, *guarded.*
Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.
Take thou this † note; go, follow them to prison:
One ſtep I have advanc'd thee; if thou doſt
As this inſtructs thee, thou doſt make thy way
To noble fortunes: Know thou this,—that men
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
Does not become a ſword:—Thy great employment
Will not bear queſtion; either ſay, thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means.

---

[21] The good yeares ſhall

Off. I'll do't, my lord. [done.
Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou haſt
Mark,—I ſay, inſtantly; and carry it ſo
As I have ſet it down. [*Exit* Officer.

Flouriſh. Enter Albany, Regan, Goneril,
Officers, and Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have ſhewn to-day your valiant ſtrain,
And fortune led you well: You have the captives
Who were the oppoſites of this day's ſtrife:
We do require them of you; ſo to uſe them,
As we ſhall find their merits and our ſafety
May equally determine.
Edm. Sir, I thought fit
To ſend the old and miſerable king
To ſome retention, and appointed guard;
Whoſe age has charms in it, whoſe title more,
To pluck the common boſom on his ſide,
And turn our impreſt lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I ſent the queen;
My reaſon all the ſame; and they are ready,
To-morrow, or at further ſpace, to appear
Where you ſhall hold your ſeſſion. At this time,
We ſweat, and bleed: the friend hath loſt his friend;
And the beſt quarrels, in the heat, are curſ'd
By thoſe that feel their ſharpneſs:—
The queſtion of *Cordelia*, and her father,
Requires a fitter place.
Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a ſubject of this war,
Not as a brother.
Reg. That's as we liſt to grace him.
Methinks, our pleaſure might have been demanded,

---

13 thought it fit

Ere you had ſpoke ſo far. He led our powers;
Bore the commiſſion of my place and perſon;
The which immediacy may well ſtand up,
And call itſelf your brother.
Gon. Not ſo hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himſelf,
More than in your advancement.
Reg. In my rights,
By me inveſted, he compeers the beſt.
Gon. That were the moſt, if he ſhould husband you.
Reg. Jeſters do oft prove prophets.
Gon. Hola, hola!
That eye, that told you ſo, look'd but a-ſquint.
Reg. Lady, I am not well; elſe I ſhould anſwer
From a full-flowing ſtomach.—General,
Take thou my ſoldiers, priſoners, patrimony;
Diſpoſe of them, of me; the walls are thine:
Witneſs the world, that I create thee here
My lord and maſter.
Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?
Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.
Edm. Nor in thine, lord.
Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.
Reg. Let the drum ſtrike, and prove my title thine.
Alb. Stay yet; hear reaſon:—*Edmund*, I arreſt thee
On capital treaſon; and, in thy arreſt,
This gilded ſerpent:—for your claim, fair ſiſter,
I bar it in the intereſt of my wife;
'Tis ſhe is ſub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your banes.
If you will marry, make your loves to me,
My lady is beſpoke.

[28] I bare it

Gon. An interlude! [ſound:—
Alb. Thou art arm'd, *Gloſter* :— Let the trumpet
If none appear to prove upon thy perſon
Thy heinous, manifeſt, and many treaſons,
There † is my pledge; I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taſte bread, thou art in nothing leſs
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.
Reg. Sick, o, ſick!
Gon. "If not, I'll ne'er truſt poiſon."
Edm. There's † my exchange: what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by thy trumpet; he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.
Alb. A herald, ho.
Edm. A herald, ho, a herald.
Alb. Truſt to thy ſingle virtue; for thy ſoldiers,
All levy'd in my name, have in my name
Took their diſcharge.
Reg. My ſickneſs grows upon me.
Enter a Herald.
Alb. She is not well, convey her to my tent.—
[*Exit* Regan, *led.*
Come hither, herald,— Let the trumpet ſound,—
And read out † this.
Off. Sound, trumpet. [*a Trumpet ſounds.*
Herald *reads.*

If any man of quality or degree, within the liſts of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, *ſuppos'd earl of* Glo'ſter, *that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third ſound of the trumpet: he is bold in his defence.*

Edm. Sound. 1. *Trumpet.*
Her. Again. 2. *Trumpet.*
Her. Again. 3. *Trumpet.*
[*Trumpet anſwers within.*

Enter Edgar, *arm'd.*

Alb. Aſk him his purpoſes, why he appears
Upon this call o'the trumpet.
Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality? and why you anſwer
This preſent ſummons?
Edg. Know, my name is loſt;
By treaſon's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble, as the adverſary
I come to cope withal.
Alb. Which is that adverſary?
Edg. What's he, that ſpeaks for *Edmund* earl of *Gloſter?*
Edm. Himſelf; What ſay'ſt thou to him?
Edg. Draw thy ſword;
That, if my ſpeech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee juſtice: here † is mine.
Behold, it is the priviledge of my tongue,
My oath, and my profeſſion: I proteſt, —
Maugre thy ſtrength, youth, place and eminence,
Deſpight thy victor ſword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart,—thou art a traitor:
Falſe to the gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conſpirate 'gainſt this high illuſtrious prince;
And, from the extreameſt upward of thy head
To the deſcent and duſt below thy foot,
A moſt toad-ſpotted traitor. Say thou, *No*,
This ſword, this arm, and my beſt ſpirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I ſpeak,

27 Conſpicuate

Thou ly'ſt.
EDM. In wisdom, I ſhould aſk thy name;
But, ſince thy out-ſide looks ſo fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue ſome 'ſay of breeding breaths,
What ſafe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I diſdain and ſpurn:
Back do I toſs these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lye o'er-whelm thy heart;
Which for they yet glance by, and ſcarcely bruise,
This ſword of mine ſhall give them inſtant way
Where they ſhall reſt for ever.—Trumpets, ſpeak.
[*Alarums. They fight.* Edmund *falls.*
ALB. Save him, ſir, ſave him.
GON. This is practice, *Gloſter:*
By the law of arms, thou waſt not bound to anſwer
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquiſh'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.
ALB. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this † paper ſhall I ſtop it:—Hold, ſir:—
Thou worſe than any name, read thine own evil:
No tearing, lady; I perceive, you know it.
GON. Say, if I do; the laws are mine, not thine:
Who ſhall arraign me for't?
ALB. Moſt monſterous!
Know'ſt thou this paper?
GON. Aſk me not what I know. [*Exit* GONERIL.
ALB. Go after her; ſhe's deſperate; govern her.
[*to an* Officer, *who goes out after her.*
EDM. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done;
And more, much more: the time will bring it out;
'Tis paſt, and ſo am I: But what art thou,
That haſt this fortune on me? If thou art noble,

I do forgive thee.
Edg. Let us exchange charity.
I am no leſs in blood than thou art, *Edmund*;
If more, the more thou haſt wrong'd me.
My name is *Edgar*, and thy father's ſon.
The gods are juſt, and of our pleaſant vices
Make inſtruments to ſcourge us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got
Coſt him his eyes.
Edm. Thou haſt ſpoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle, I am † here.
Alb. Methought, thy very gait did propheſy
A royal nobleneſs: I muſt embrace thee:
Let ſorrow ſplit my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee or thy father!
Edg. Worthy prince,
I know it well.
Alb. Where have you hid yourſelf?
How have you known the miſeries of your father?
Edg. By nurſing them, my lord. Liſt a brief tale;—
And, when 'tis told, o that my heart would burſt!—
The bloody proclamation to eſcape,
That follow'd me ſo near, (O our lives' ſweetneſs!
That we the pain of death would hourly dye,
Rather than dye at once!) taught me to ſhift
Into a madman's rags; to aſſume a ſemblance
That very dogs diſdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious ſtones new loſt; became his guide,
Led him, beg'd for him, ſav'd him from deſpair;
Never (o fault!) reveal'd myſelf unto him,
Until ſome half hour paſt, when I was arm'd,

Not ſure, though hoping, of this good ſucceſs,
I aſk'd his bleſſing, and from firſt to laſt
Told him my pilgrimage: But his flaw'd heart,
(Alack, too weak the conflict to ſupport!)
'Twixt two extreams of paſſion, joy and grief,
Burſt ſmilingly.

EDM. This ſpeech of yours hath mov'd me,
And ſhall, perchance, do good: but ſpeak you on,
You look as you had ſomething more to ſay.

ALB. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in;
For I am almoſt ready to diſſolve,
Hearing of this.

EDG. This would have ſeem'd a period
To ſuch as love not ſorrow; but, another;
(To amplify too-much, to make much more,
And top extremity,)
Whilſt I was big in clamour, came there a man,
Who having ſeen me in my worſt eſtate,
Shun'd my abhor'd ſociety; but then, finding
Who 'twas that ſo endur'd, with his ſtrong arms
He faſten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burſt heaven; threw him on my father;
Told the moſt piteous tale of *Lear* and him,
That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting,
His grief grew puiſſant, and the ſtrings of life
Began to crack: Twice then the trumpet ſounded,
And there I left him tranc'd.

ALB. But who was this?

EDG. *Kent*, ſir, the baniſh'd *Kent*; who in diſguiſe
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him ſervice
Improper for a ſlave.

Re-enter Officer *haſtily, with a bloody Knife.*

[15] too much | Would make [22] threw me on

Off. Help, help, o, help!
Edg. What kind of help?
Alb. Speak, man.
Edg. What means that bloody knife?
Off. It's hot, it ſmokes,
It came even from the heart of—
Alb. Who, man? ſpeak.
Off. Your lady, ſir, your lady: and her ſiſter
By her is poiſon'd; ſhe confeſſes it.
Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an inſtant.
Edg. Here comes *Kent*, ſir.

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead.—
This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity.—O, 'tis he:
The time will not allow the compliment
That very manners urges.
Ken. I am come
To bid my king and maſter aye good-night;
Is he not here?
Alb. Great thing of us forgot!—
Speak, *Edmund*, where's the king, and where's *Cordelia?*—
See'ſt thou this object, *Kent?*

[*the Bodies of* Reg. *and* Gon. *are brought in.*

Ken. Alack, why thus?
Edm. Yet *Edmund* was belov'd:
The one the other poiſon'd for my ſake,
And after ſlew herſelf
Alb. Even ſo.—Cover their faces.
Edm. I pant for life,—Some good I mean to do,
Deſpight of mine own nature. Quickly ſend,

Be brief in it, to the caſtle; for my writ
Is on the life of *Lear*, and on *Cordelia:*
Nay, ſend in time.

ALB. Run, run, o, run,—

EDG. To who, my lord?—Who has the office? ſend
Thy token of reprieve.

EDM. Well thought on; take my ſword,
Give it the captain.

ALB. Haſte thee for thy life.

[*Exeunt* EDGAR, *and Others.*

EDM. He hath commiſſion from thy wife and me
To hang *Cordelia* in the priſon, and
To lay the blame upon her own deſpair.

ALB. The gods defend her!—Bear him hence a while.

[EDMUND *is born off.*

Enter LEAR, *with* Cordelia *in his Arms:*
EDGAR, *and the reſt, return.* [ſtones;

LEA. Howl, howl, howl, howl! O, you are men of
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them ſo [ever!—
That heaven's vault ſhould crack:—O, ſhe is gone for
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth:—Lend me a looking-glaſs;
If that her breath will miſt or ſtain the ſtone,
Why, then ſhe lives.

KEN. Is this the promis'd end?

EDG. O image of that horror!

ALB. Fall, and ceaſe!

LEA. This feather ſtirs; She lives! if it be ſo,
It is a chance that does redeem all ſorrows
That ever I have felt.

KEN. O my good maſter! [*kneels.*

LEA. Pr'ythee, away.

[26] Or image

Edg. 'Tis noble *Kent*, your friend.
Lea. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have ſav'd her; now ſhe's gone for ever!—
Cordelia, *Cordelia*, ſtay a little.
Ha! What is't thou ſay'ſt?—Her voice was ever ſoft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman:—
I kill'd the ſlave that was a hanging thee.
Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.
Lea. Did I not, fellow?
I have ſeen the day, with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them ſkip: I am old now,
And theſe ſame croſſes ſpoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are none o'the beſt: I'll tell you ſtraight.
Ken. If fortune brag of two ſhe lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.
Lea. This ſight of mine
Is a dull ſight: Are you not *Kent?*
Ken. The ſame;
Your ſervant *Kent:* Where is your ſervant *Caius?*
Lea. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll ſtrike, and quickly too:—He's dead and rotten.
Ken. No, my good lord; I am the very man:
Lea. I'll ſee that ſtraight.
Ken. That, from your firſt of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your ſad ſteps.
Lea. You are welcome hither. [deadly.—
Ken. Nor no man elſe; all's cheerleſs, dark, and
Your eldeſt daughters have fore-doom'd themſelves,
And deſperately are dead.
Lea. Ay, ſo I think.
Alb. He knows not what he ſays; and vain it is
That we preſent us to him.

Edg. Very bootleſs.

Enter an Officer.

Off. *Edmund* is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.—
You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be apply'd: For us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majeſty,
To him our abſolute power: — You, to your rights;
With boot and ſuch addition as your honours
Have more than merited. — All friends ſhall taſte
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deſervings. — O, ſee, ſee!

Lea. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life:
Why ſhould a dog, a horſe, a rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come no more!
Never, never, never, never, never! —
Pray you, undo this button: Thank you, ſir. —
Do you ſee this? Look on her, look on her lips,
Look there, look there! [*dies.*

Edg. He faints; — My lord, my lord; —

Ken. Break, heart; I pr'ythee, break.

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Ken. Vex not his ghoſt: o, let him paſs! he hates him,
That would upon the rack of this rough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone, indeed.

Ken. The wonder is, he hath endur'd ſo long:
He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence. —
Our preſent buſineſs
Is general woe. Friends of my ſoul, you twain

Rule in this realm, and the gor'd ſtate ſuſtain.
Ken. I have a journey, ſir, ſhortly to go;
My maſter calls me, I muſt not ſay, no.
Alb. The weight of this ſad time we muſt obey;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to ſay.
The oldeſt have born moſt: we, that are young,
Shall never ſee ſo much, nor live ſo long.
[*Exeunt, with a dead March.*

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